



# Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

JULY, 1859.

From the Westminster Review.

## THE COURT OF WEIMAR AND ITS CELEBRITIES.\*

THERE is no country which presents so many difficulties to the national historian as Germany; none in which the principle of centralization was so long and so completely excluded, and in which it still exists in so imperfect a degree. The Roman Germanic empire was in its very essence opposed to that principle. It was the secular representation of the universality of the Church. Divided into above two hundred little States, which are completely

independent of the other, being connected by no link save one common tongue, Germany, despite her poets' continual invocation of the "Fatherland," has never had any real existence as a nation. Indeed, until the present century, the patriotic attachments and sympathies of her sons had always been confined to the particular spot which gave them birth. Whether in the Middle Ages, after the Reformation, or during the Thirty Years' War, we find the same civil feuds and divisions. The Germans were Guelphs and Ghibellines, Saxons or Thuringians, Bavarians or Swabians. The triumphs of Frederick the Great, the most popular of German heroes, were the triumphs of one German over the other, the humiliation of the House of Hapsburg by that of

\* *Geschichte des Hauses von Sachsen.* Von Dr. EDUARD VEHSE. Hamburg. 1848.  
*Briefe an Seine Schwester Henrietta.* Von KARL LUDWIG V. KSEREL. Leipzig. 1857.  
*Weimar der Musen Hof.* Leipzig. 1848.  
*Goethe und die lustige Zeit zu Weimar.* Von AUG. DIKEMANN. Leipzig. 1857.  
 VOL. XLVII.—NO. III.

Brandenburg. It was not till the galling yoke of Napoleon, by pressing with equal weight upon the whole empire, roused one universal thrill of shame and indignation, that for the first time, and for a brief space only, the Germans became indeed one nation. The peril over, the victory achieved, they relapsed once more into their former condition, and in this they still remain. This was strikingly exemplified in the revolution of 1848, when the mutual jealousies between the various States, large and small, prevented the realization of their long-cherished project of forming a "united Germany."

Under these circumstances, a national history must be admitted to be a most difficult undertaking. It is only within the last fifty years that it has been attempted, and even now, despite the high merits and popularity of Wenzel, Häuser, and some others, with but partial success. On the other hand, the number of provincial and dynastic historians is particularly large. Justes, Moeser, Spittler, Schlosser, etc., have treated successively with more or less talent the origin and history of the little principalities to which they severally belong. Dr. Vehse has followed in their footsteps. His *History of the Prussian Court and People*, which appeared in 1851, though very verbose and somewhat wearisome, still attracted sufficient attention to induce the author to follow it up by others of the Courts of Austria, Bavaria, Saxony, etc. It is the last of these, which has just reached a second edition, to which we now invite the reader's attention, deriving as it does a peculiar attraction from the individuals of whom it treats—the eccentric John Frederic Carl Auguste, the friend and patron of Goethe, his mother Amelia, the noble and high-minded Duchess Louise, who forced even the conqueror and oppressor of her native land to respect and admiration, and, above all, Goethe himself, and his cotemporaries Wieland, Herder, and Schiller. The other volumes prefixed to this article also throw some new light on the habits, manners, and history of the Court of Weimar. We shall therefore freely avail ourselves of them while sketching, as we now propose to do, some of the more salient features and incidents of that Court.

Weimar, indeed, is but a little spot on the map of Europe; but in the history of the empire to which it belongs, and,

above all, in the history of the human mind, it occupies a far more conspicuous place than the proud capitals of Austria and Prussia. Its most brilliant days were at the close of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century. This was the golden age of German philosophy and literature, and almost all the celebrated men of the epoch seem to have met in the capital of Carl Auguste's dominions. The German rulers had never evinced much inclination to favor the development of literary genius in their own land. They either despised it as unworthy their attention, or dreaded it as inimical to their authority. It was to a foreign monarch that Klopstock was indebted for his pension, and all his worldly advantages. Schubert languished for ten long years in the prisons of Hohen-Asberg, without one neighboring sovereign interesting himself in his behalf, and was at length indebted for his freedom to the intercession of an English prince. Burger, poor and neglected, applied in vain to the greatest of German kings in his distress. Lessing owed nothing to any earthly potentate. Thus unaided and unprotected, German poetry had slowly but successfully emerged from obscurity, and worked out its way to the light. As yet, indeed, it had achieved no signal triumph; no mighty master of song, no Homer, no Dante, Milton, or Shakspeare had shone forth with dazzling splendor to form the wonder of succeeding ages. Even the *Messiah* of Klopstock, hailed as it had been with rapturous applause, could not claim a place beside the glorious monuments of human genius of which Greece, Italy, and England may be so justly proud. But enough had been achieved to give hope and promise of brighter days. It was at this moment that a woman-regent of a little principality, numbering scarcely thirty thousand inhabitants, and hitherto almost unknown and unnoticed, stepped forward as the good genius of her country's muse, and forever associated her name with that of its most gifted sons. While Goethe, Schiller, Wieland, and Herder are remembered, Amelia of Weimar will not be forgotten in the literary annals of the land those great names adorn.

The founder of the present reigning House of Weimar (the younger branch of the Saxon line, the "Ernestonians," called after the first of their race) was the



Duke William, born in 1598. He was one of eleven brothers, among whom was that Bernard, so famous in the Thirty Years' War, and the unfortunate John Frederic, whose strange and tragic story still lives in the recollection of his countrymen. Like his brother, John Frederic offered his sword to the Protestant cause; but the singularity of his character, and the dark reports already attached to his name, made him rather shunned than sought by his companions in arms. It was rumored that he had devoted himself to forbidden studies, and the faith in witchcraft and demonology was at that time so universally diffused, that the tale found easy credence. Far from seeking to destroy this impression, John Frederic did his best to confirm it. Shutting himself up in his hereditary castle, he devoted his days and nights to the study of Paracelsus, Cornelius Agrippa, and other necromantic writers, in the hope of discovering the awful secrets of magic; his name became a by-word, and nothing but his rank and position saved him from the fate of a sorcerer. In the year 1625 he entered the service of King Christian of Denmark, then at the head of the Protestant cause, in whose ranks his younger brother, the famous Bernard, had already enlisted. But a dispute with a Danish officer, in which his violent and unjustifiable conduct excited general indignation, soon brought about his dismissal. Burning with rage, he abandoned the Protestant cause and faith, and joined the Imperial army, where he was well received. Ere long, however, he was compelled to fly in consequence of a duel in which he ran his adversary through the body, and falling into the hands of the enraged Protestants, was thrown into a dungeon and loaded with fetters, as at once a renegade, a traitor, a maniac, and magician—attributes, one alone of which would have sufficed to render him an object of universal horror and detestation. The Court of Weimar claiming him, he was given up to it on condition of his being kept in close custody—a condition rigorously fulfilled. Caged like a wild beast, conscious that he was the object of general hatred and terror, the mind of the wretched captive, already deeply shaken, completely gave way, till, in a fit of despair or insanity, he declared he had entered into a pact with the devil, had signed it with his blood, and hourly

expected his deliverance by the Prince of Darkness. What passed on a certain awful night in the captive's chamber has never been revealed to human ear; but the next morning the wretched man was found dead on the floor, bathed in blood. The report was industriously spread that the foul fiend, enraged by his disclosure of their secret intercourse, had destroyed the wretched prisoner, as he had destroyed Faust, and so many others who had pledged their eternal weal, and that in the dead of night unearthly howlings had rent the air, and that the very walls had trembled as though shaken by an earthquake. But the immediate reception of the guards, who had watched the captive, into the Duke's service, the lavish bestowal of presents on the captains and officers, and the absence of all investigation, seem to point to a more probable, though scarcely less horrid, solution of the gloomy tale. However this may be, the popular belief, as usual in Germany, inclined to the supernatural version of the story. The building which had been the scene of the tragedy was shut up, and such was the terror with which it was regarded, that an inhabitant of Weimar would have gone miles out of his way rather than pass it after sunset. At length, in 1817, it was pulled down, and its place supplied by modern houses, to which is attached no such fearful mystery. This crime of fratricide, if indeed it was committed by the Duke of Weimar, is strangely in contrast with his general character—that of an honest, open-hearted man. He reigned peacefully for twenty years; his successor was so deeply engrossed by theological pursuits, that he found little time for the duties of government; holding religious conferences, and examining his hearers on the state of their consciences, instead of attending to public affairs. His grandson, Ernest Augustus, was one of the most singular characters of the day, and occupies some amusing pages in the memoirs of the Margravine of Baireuth, who met him at her father-in-law's court in 1732. He was carried off by a fever, when his son, the father of Carlé Auguste, had attained his eleventh year; and that Prince likewise dying at the age of one-and-twenty, his widow, Amelia, became Dowager Duchess of Weimar.

Amelia of Brunswick was born the fourteenth of October, 1742. The Court of

Brunswick was at that period the most highly cultivated in Germany, and the Princess enjoyed the advantages of a careful and solid education. Her youth, however, was far from happy. Her father, stern, cold, and haughty, regarded his children, especially his daughters, as mere household appendages, to be disposed of as best suited his personal convenience and his political interests. The strict etiquette on which he insisted, not only deprived the young girl of all the delights of intimate friendship with those of her own age, but exercised a chilling influence even over the heart of her royal mother, and introduced itself like a dark specter between parent and child. In 1756 she was given in marriage to the Duke of Weimar. It was a union in which the heart had little share. "I was married as princesses generally are," she said; nevertheless, she could not but rejoice at her deliverance from the harsh treatment to which she had been subjected under the parental roof, and which, it appears, went even to the length of blows. Her gentle sweetness gained the confidence and affection of her not very congenial spouse, so as to render her married life at least supportable, if not happy. In 1757 she became the mother of Carl Auguste. A year later her husband died, leaving her *enciente* with her second son, Constantine. By the Duke's will, Amelia's father was appointed Regent and guardian of mother and children; but at the expiration of a twelvemonth, the fair widow was declared of age by the Emperor, and invested with the sole regency of her little realm.

Her position was a difficult one for a young, lovely, and inexperienced woman; but the zeal and earnestness with which she applied herself to her new duties went far to supply the place of the knowledge of affairs and practical wisdom in which she was necessarily deficient. The following document, found among her papers after her decease, will give some idea of her thoughts at this momentous epoch of her existence, and proves that it was not only in the family of Frederic William of Prussia that princesses were subject to corporeal chastisement:

"MY THOUGHTS.

"From childhood my lot has been nothing but self-sacrifice. Never was education so little fitted as mine to form one destined to rule

others. Those who directed it themselves needed direction; she to whose guidance I was intrusted was the sport of every passion, subject to innumerable wayward caprices, of which I became the unresisting victim. Unloved by my parents, ever kept in the background, I was regarded as the outcast of the family. The sensitive feelings I had received from nature made me keenly alive to this cruel treatment; it often drove me to despair; I became silent, reserved, concentrated, and thus gained a certain firmness, which gradually degenerated into obstinacy. I suffered myself to be reproached, insulted, beaten, without uttering a word, and still as far as possible persisted in my own course. At length in my sixteenth year I was married. In my seventeenth I became a mother. It was the first unmingled joy I had ever known. It seemed to me as though a host of new and varied feelings had sprung into life with my child. My heart became lighter, my ideas clearer; I gained more confidence in myself. In my eighteenth year arrived the greatest epoch in my life. I became a mother for the second time, a widow, and Regent of the Duchy. The sudden changes which one after another had taken place in my existence, created such a tumult in my mind, that for some time I could scarcely realize what had occurred. A rush of ideas and feelings, all undeveloped, and no friend to whom I could open my heart! I felt my own incapacity, and yet I was compelled to find every thing in my own resources. Never have I prayed with truer or deeper devotion than at that moment. I believe I might have become the greatest of saints. When the first storm was over, and I could look within and around with more calmness, my feelings were, I confess, those of awakened vanity. To be Regent! so young! to rule and command! It could not be otherwise. But a secret voice whispered, Beware! I heard it, and my better reason triumphed. Truth and self-love struggled for the mastery; truth prevailed. Then came war. My brothers and nearest relations were crowned with laurels. Nothing was heard but the name of Brunswick. It was sung alike by friend and foe. This roused my ambition. I, too, longed for praise. Day and night I studied to render myself mistress of my new duties. Then I felt how absolutely I needed a friend in whom I could place my entire confidence. There were many who courted my favors; some by flattery, other by a show of disinterestedness. I seemed to accept all, in the hope that among them I should find the pearl of great price. At length I did find it, and it filled me with the same joy which others experience at the discovery of a treasure. If a prince, and the individual he selects as a confident, are both noble-minded, the sincerest affection may exist between them; and thus the question is decided, whether or no princes can have friends."

These extracts prove how deeply the young Duchess felt the responsibility of

her new position. She soon displayed talents for government which, in a wider sphere of action, might have given her a name in history. The state of the little Duchy was lamentable; the treasury was empty, agriculture was neglected, and the people were discontented. With the aid of her faithful ministers she succeeded in restoring something like order to the exhausted finances, established schools and charitable asylums, and left untried no means of promoting the general prosperity. Disgusted by the wearisome etiquette of which her youth had been a victim, she banished all that was not absolutely indispensable to the due maintenance of her dignity; while in her love of literature she succeeded in drawing round her a galaxy of genius which recalled the Court of Ferrara in the days of Alfonso. The first who answered her call was Herder. After spending some years at Bückeberg, one of the innumerable little principalities into which Germany was then divided, he accepted her proposal to settle at Weimar as chaplain and superintendent of the schools she had established there.

Few men have possessed greater virtues, or faculties more lofty and varied than Herder. Like Lessing, he may be regarded as one of the pioneers of the German intellect. But his temper was too uncertain, his sensibility too morbidly keen, to permit him to live on very good terms with those around him. He was perpetually imagining some offense where none was intended, and lending every word and action an import of which their authors probably had never even dreamt. He reminds us of an instrument of exquisite tone, in which, by some fault of mechanism, a slight but oft-recurring jar mars the delicious harmony. Perhaps his frequent attacks of ill-health, his position, which never exactly suited his taste or his temperament, may in some degree account for the fits of irritability and hypochondria which at times darkened his noble nature. These defects, however, did not prevent him from being generally loved and admired both as a writer and a man. A poet, in the highest sense of the word, perhaps he was not, for in the creative faculty he was deficient; but no man had a deeper sense of the beautiful, or keener powers of analysis and criticism. Indeed, whatever the defects of his works, they are forgotten amid their many beauties. In every line we trace a pure, noble, lofty

spirit, the love of God and man; a mind equally removed from incredulity and bigotry. "He was inspired," says Edgar Quinet, one of his warmest admirers, "by something nobler than love of fame, by a sincere and constant desire to promote the best and highest interests of humanity."

Wieland played a more conspicuous part than Herder at the little Court of Weimar. When he first made his appearance, he was at the very zenith of his popularity, the pride and darling of his countrymen. His *Oberon*, indeed, on which his celebrity principally if not entirely rests, the only one of his numerous productions which still maintains its place among the classic works of Germany, was not yet composed, but his poem of *Musarion*, in which Goethe delighted, and the classic romance, the *Agathon*, now almost forgotten, sufficed to raise him to the very pinnacle of literary fame. The latter, indeed, had called forth the unmingled praises of the severe Lessing, who, in his *Dramaturgie*, declared it, without contradiction, "the most remarkable work of its era." Carl Auguste was then in his sixteenth year. The high and varied endowments, and the private virtues of Wieland, decided the Duchess on selecting him as the preceptor of the young prince. The appointment, indeed, was not unopposed, for spotless as was Wieland's life, his works were by no means equally immaculate; and it was but too easy to point out passages, both in the *Agathon* and *Musarion*, strangely at variance with that sound and lofty morality which ought to form the basis of every education, more especially that of one born to rule the destinies of his fellow-men. But the Duchess, who, despite her unsullied purity, was somewhat tainted by the philosophy of the day, and who held the delusive though plausible theory, that no license of tone, or warmth of coloring, could injure any really heathful and high-toned mind, cast these objections to the wind. We have Wieland's well-known honor as guarantee that he never betrayed the sacred trust reposed in him. But there were not wanting many who attributed that tendency to licentious habits—which was the only stain upon Carl Auguste's many virtues—if not to the instructions of his tutor, at least to the perusal of his works, the evil effects of which even his example could not suffice

to neutralize. The emolument offered to Wieland was so small as to appear almost ludicrous in our eyes. He was to receive 1000 gulden, or £90 per annum, for three years, to be followed by the magnificent pension of 300 gulden, or £23 per annum for life. But in this world every thing is comparative. The £90 went further in Germany in the eighteenth century than £300 would in England at the present day.

The tastes of the inhabitants were simple. The price of all the necessities of life was comparatively small.\* Schiller, some years later, declared that he could live charmingly at Jena for 300 florins, or £60 per annum, with wife and children; that he had a servant who, when necessary, could perform the part of a secretary, for 18s. quarter, and a carriage and horses for £60 per annum. Thus Wieland's salary, with what he gained by his literary labors, was sufficient for his wants and those of an increasing family. The close intimacy between the Duchess Amelia and her son's tutor was broken only by death. Nor could even the more brilliant glory of a Goethe or a Schiller eclipse his in the estimation of this devoted friend.

In 1776 the Duchess resigned the reins of government to Carl Auguste, then eighteen years of age, and set out for Italy, that land which had ever been the darling dream of her existence.

"My son," were her last words on quitting her little capital, "I confide to your hands the happiness of your subjects; be it your care as it has been mine." In many respects Carl Auguste was no ordinary man. Frederick the Great, who saw him at the Court of Brunswick in 1771, when he was but fourteen, declared he had never beheld a youth who at an early age justified such lofty hopes; and in 1775, the Prince-primate Dalberg, writing to Gorres, observes: "He unites an excellent understanding to all the frankness and true heartiness of his age; he has a princely soul such as I have never yet seen. Taught both by precept and example to place little value upon empty pomp and splendor, he carries his dislike to all courtly forms and ceremonials to an even exaggerated degree." How early and how well Carl Auguste

had learnt to value genius, is evident from the discourse he addressed to his Council in his nineteenth year, in which he expressed his intention of inviting Goethe to his Court. "The judgment of the world," observes the young prince, "may perhaps censure me for placing Dr. Goethe in my most important university, without his having passed the grades of professor, chancellor, etc. The world judges according to its own prejudices; but I do not act like others for the sake of fame, or the approbation of the world, but to justify myself before God and my own conscience."

Occasionally the thoughtlessness and reckless love of pleasure, which in his earlier years contrasted so strangely with the Duke's loftier qualities of head and heart, may have led him astray; but his nature was essentially generous and noble; his ear ever open to the cry of the suffering and distressed, his hand ever ready, so far as his means allowed, to aid them. In 1774 the Duke left Weimar to celebrate his union with the Princess Louise. On his way through Frankfort, Goethe, already celebrated as the author of *Gotz von Berlichingen* and *Werter*, was introduced to him. Fascinated by the charm of his genius, by the grace and gayety of his manner, the Duke invited him to visit his Court; and Goethe, only too happy to escape from Frankfort, and from the vicinity of the fair Lili—that bright being he had, at least as he imagined, once so passionately loved, but whom he had, as usual, discovered was not a meet partner for his glorious destinies—at once accepted the proposition.

It was arranged that the Duke's chamberlain, Herr Von Kalb, who having lingered behind at Strasburg to execute some commissions for his master, was to arrive at Frankfort on a certain day, should call for the new guest. But days and weeks passed on, and no Von Kalb made his appearance. Goethe's father was a burgher of the old school, and thoroughly disliking kings and princes, had always been exceedingly averse to the project. He now insisted that the whole affair was a hoax, and urged his son to wait no longer, but to set off at once on his long-proposed journey to Italy, and Goethe at length consented. In the journal he now commenced, which, however, was carried on only for a very brief period, we find certain expressions

\* Beef was 4 kreutzers (a penny farthing) per pound; wood 6 gulden, or 11s. a load, (it is now 28 gulden;) and every thing in proportion.



which induce the belief that his resolutions to break off his marriage with Lili were aided by a dawning inclination for another, Augusta Stolberg, sister to the two counts of that name. "How shall I call thee," he writes, "thou whom I cherish as a spring blossom in my heart? Thou shalt bear the name of fairest flower. How shall I take leave of thee? Comfort—for it is time—the full time. A few days, and already—oh! farewell! Am I, then, only in the world to involve myself eternally in involuntary guilt?"

The meaning of these last words is not very apparent, unless it be that Goethe's feelings towards Augusta were of a warmer nature than has generally been supposed. The correspondence is altogether of the most romantic cast; and many of the letters, written long before Goethe's engagement with Lili was broken off, sound not a little strange from a man passionately attached and already affianced to another. "My dearest," he writes, in one of the earliest of these epistles, "I will give you no name, for what are the names of friend, sister, beloved, bride, or even a word which would comprehend all these, in comparison with my feelings? I can write no more." To this he added his silhouette, entreating she would send him hers in return; the receipt of it seems to have filled him with delight. "How completely is my belief in physiognomy confirmed," he writes; "that pure thoughtful eye, that sweet firm nose, those dear lips. Thanks, my love, thanks. Oh! that I could repose in your heart, rest in your eyes." It is true that Goethe had never seen Augusta, and that her rank as Countess rendered a union with her in those days almost impossible; so strict was the line of demarkation between the nobles and burghers, that even Goethe's already brilliant fame would not have enabled him to surmount the barrier. Nor, perhaps, did the idea ever take a tangible form; but it seems pretty certain that this half-ideal, half-romantic passion for one whom imagination invested with every conceivable perfection, tended somewhat to cool his affection for the gay open-hearted young creature, who, while loving him with truth and tenderness, was too much accustomed to homage to hang upon his every word and look as Fredricka had done, and Augusta seemed inclined to do.

Goethe proceeded to Heidelberg, and from thence was about to depart to Italy when the long-expected messenger from Weimar arrived, and he set off post-haste for the little capital of which he was henceforth to be the brightest ornament. His appearance was the signal for *fêtes* and rejoicings, and he himself seems to have given free vent to the spirit of youthful gayety and love of pleasure which at this time possessed him.

The author of the *Musen Hof*, who is nevertheless one of his warmest admirers, declares that his *immediate* influence over the young Duke was not peculiarly beneficial, as he led him into dissipations prejudicial alike to his health and domestic happiness, and certainly the letters of his contemporaries—of Bottiger, Bertheuch, Knebel, nay of Madame von Stein herself—seem to have corroborated this assertion. "Goethe," says the latter, "causes a terrible commotion here; all our happiness has disappeared. A ruler dissatisfied with himself and every one about him, risking his life constantly in mad follies, with little health to sustain him, a mother annoyed and vexed, a wife discontented," etc. It is evident that the strange mode of existence in which the Duke and Goethe indulged, and the infelicity of the royal pair which seems to have been the result, must have attracted general attention, since it reached the ears of Klopstock, and induced the aged poet to address a letter to Goethe on the subject, which, like most advice of a similar nature, served only to displease all parties.

We will not enter further into this much-vexed question. At all events, Goethe soon grew weary of a mode of life so little in accordance with the higher aspirations of the poet's soul. He gradually retired more and more from the noisy pleasures of the court, spending a considerable portion of his time in the quiet retirement of his garden pavilion. A new and all-engrossing passion had likewise its share in withdrawing him from pursuits unworthy of his nobler nature. He loved, not indeed for the first, second, or third time, as his annals attest, but with a warmth, a tenderness, and above all, a constancy, which neither the fair, innocent, and trusting Fredricka, nor the bright and graceful Lili, had been able to inspire. And yet the woman to whom was reserved the triumph of

fettering for ten long years the heart of one of the most gifted and most inconstant of mortals was no longer in the early bloom of womanhood; she had attained her thirty-third year, and Goethe was but twenty-eight. Beautiful in the strict sense of the word she had never been, but there was a mingled grace, sweetness, and dignity in her glance and demeanor which exercised a singular fascination on all around her. Goethe, the young, the gallant, the admired of all admirers, was at once enthralled by her spell. "I can only explain," he writes to Wieland, "the power she exercises over me by the theory of the transmigration of souls. Yes! we were formerly man and wife. Now, I can find no name for us, for the past, the future." Unluckily, Charlotte von Stein was already the wife of another, the mother of six children. That she returned the passion of her adorer can not be doubted; but if we are to believe the assurance of her son, in his preface to Goethe's letters to his mother, and the testimony of many of her cotemporaries, among others, that of Schiller—she never transgressed the strictest bounds of virtue. She had been indoctrinated with the questionable morality of the eighteenth century, and was married while yet a girl to a man infinitely her inferior in all mental endowments, and for whom she had little sympathy or affection. She was thrown, by her position as lady of honor to the Dowager Duchess, into the constant society of the young and brilliant genius—already the day-star of his age and country. Proud in conscious virtue, it is perhaps not to be wondered at that she could not prevail on herself to break an intercourse so replete with every charm of intellect and fancy, to refuse an homage so flattering alike to her heart and her vanity, if she permitted herself to be the Laura of this new Petrarch:

"Indeed," observes Frederick von Stein, "if this correspondence proves that emotions even dangerous in their warmth were not far distant from this intercourse, it also serves to place in a still stronger light the virtue and prudence of the woman who, while keeping her young, gifted, and ardent lover within the limits of the strictest reserve, still contrived to reconcile him to her severity, by sincere sympathy in all his trials, both mental and material, by fully comprehending his glorious vocation, and by soothing him with the most sincere and lasting friendship."

More than one German author, especially Adolphe Stahr, in his well-known work *Weimar and Jena*, has actually censured Madame von Stein in no measured terms for refusing to accede to Goethe's entreaties that she would obtain a divorce from her husband, the father of her children, against whom she had no just cause of complaint, and become his wife—that is, when he found it impossible to induce her to listen to a suit of any other description. Upon this refusal is thrown the whole responsibility of the poet's subsequent *liaison* with Christina Vulpius. These authors seem never even to imagine that there may be some slight fault on Goethe's side; that if Madame von Stein was blamable in admitting him to an intimacy endangering her peace of mind, if not her conjugal fidelity, he was not perfectly justifiable in seeking with all the eloquence of genius to win the heart of a woman already bound by the most sacred ties to another. But Nemesis was not forgetful. The connection which in a moment of ennui and weariness Goethe formed with Christina Vulpius—a connection which he had not the courage or cruelty to break, and which he ultimately confirmed by marriage—embittered his latter years, and could not but exercise an unfavorable influence on his whole nature. Would not Fredrika or Lili have been a more genial companion than Christina Vulpius for that great poet of whom his native land is so justly proud? Who could have dreamt of such a bride for the beautiful gifted Apollo, as Adolphe Stahr calls him, when he first set foot in the dominions of Carl Auguste!

Weimar, consecrated to all lovers of poetry, scarcely deserved the name of a town when Goethe first lived there. Schiller, in a letter to Körner, calls it "something between a town and a hamlet." Goethe laughingly observed one day to his friend Zetter, when the latter spoke of building a theater for the people: "How is it possible to talk of the people of Weimar in this little residence, where there are ten thousand poets and five hundred inhabitants?"

The park did not then exist. A few trees alone waved on the spot now so beautifully diversified with verdant wood and grassy lawn. On the Curplatz, now covered with stately houses, stood nothing save the straw-thatched huts of the Weimar peasants; one thing only have we to

regret in the changes which have gradually transformed an insignificant village into a stately city. On the esplanade, which as late as 1770 was the favorite promenade of the good inhabitants, stands a dwelling so humble as scarcely to attract attention among the more conspicuous buildings around. It is the house of Schiller. Here, in this modest retreat, did the author of *Wallenstein* spend the latter years of his existence. He purchased it at the high price, as he called it, of 4000 gulden, £300. He entered it on the twenty-ninth of April, full of delight at possessing one spot on earth he could call his own. A heavy domestic calamity soon came to damp this joy. Within a few days he received a letter informing him of the death of his mother, that mother to whom he was so devotedly attached. The blow was a heavy one. Amid every change of place and scene, domestic joys and sorrows, amid fame, homage, toil and suffering, his heart had ever clung with inexpressible fondness to the home of his childhood, and above all to the parent who had watched over his infant years.

"Would," he writes to his sister, "that I had been able to aid you in tending our beloved mother during her last illness. O dear sister! now our parents are sunk to rest, the most holy bond which united us is torn asunder. It makes me unspeakably sad, and I feel desolate though surrounded by the loved and loving. Yet I have you too, my sister, to whom I can fly in joy and sorrow. Oh! let us now, there are but three of us remaining in the paternal house, cling close to each other. Never forget you have a loving brother. I remember vividly the days of our youth, when we were all in all to each other. Life has divided our destiny; but confidence and affection may at least remain unalterable."

It is scarcely possible to enter without a feeling of deep emotion that humble dwelling, where so many glorious works of genius were brought forth, where one of the purest and noblest spirits that ever breathed on earth passed away. Three years only was Schiller permitted to inhabit this lowly but pleasant abode, so modest that even Goethe's house, though not particularly splendid, looks like a palace in comparison. The middle story in which the family resided, is let; only the room which Schiller himself inhabited is shown to the visitor, the town having at length purchased the house. In the center stands the table on which he was in

the habit of writing, that very table which, as he informs his friend Körner, "cost two carolines," a heavy sum for his narrow finances at that period. It is of the very commonest wood, and so low as perfectly to explain his unfortunate habit of bending over it when composing. One drawer was always filled with half-rotten apples, the smell of which was peculiarly agreeable to the poet. The walls are covered with green paper; the furniture is of light mahogany, covered with leather. A little guitar, a few bad-colored prints of Palermo, the bed in which Schiller breathed his last, a portrait taken from his bust, and a second painted after death—these complete the picture. When Schiller resided at this cottage, it had nothing but green trees around and upland shades before it.

Improvements, however, so far as the Duke's finances allowed, went on rapidly under the supervision of the almost ubiquitous Goethe. The park owes its origin to a tragic incident which occurred about the beginning of 1780—the suicide of a young and blooming girl, Christel von Lasberg, who in despair at the infidelity of her lover, destroyed herself on a spot Goethe was compelled to pass on his way to and from the ducal castle. This affected him painfully, the more so as his *Werter* was found in her pocket, though it appeared that this was but an accidental coincidence. At first he resolved on erecting a monument to her memory, but abandoned this project, "because," as he said, "one could neither pray nor love there." But the gloom of the spot, overhung by dark pine trees, and peopled by such terrible recollections, became intolerable to Goethe, and he determined to try and lend it a more cheerful aspect. To this end he had some of the trees cut down, the rocks planted with shrubs and flowers; this suggested the idea of further changes, which at length resulted in that beautiful park which is now the principal ornament of Weimar.

"The Duke and Goethe," says Wieland to Merck, June third, 1778, "came back yesterday afternoon from their trip to Leipzig, Dessau, and Berlin. In the evening I went with my wife and both my eldest girls to see the exercise-grounds opposite Goethe's garden, and arranged according to his own plans; thence I proceeded to the so-named 'Star' to show my wife the new *Poemata*, which has been made by the Duke, after Goethe's designs, and is laid

out with wonderful skill, to represent a wild, solitary, yet not completely sequestered assemblage of rocks, where Goethe and the Duke often dine together with some goddess or half-goddess. We met both with the fair Corinna Schröder, who with her exquisite attic elegance, her lovely form, her simple yet inexpressively-graceful attire, looks like the very nymph of this sequestered spot."

The words "in the society of some goddess," let us into something of the secret origin of the Weimar scandal. There were other pleasures, however, of a less objectionable character:

"Last Saturday," writes Wieland to Merck, August twenty-first, 1779, "we drove to Goethe's, who had invited the Duchess Amelia to spend the evening with him in his garden, to regale her with all the poems he had composed during her absence. We dined in a charming solitary spot. When we rose from table, and the doors were thrown open, we beheld before us a scene which resembled a realization of a poet's dream. The whole banks of the Ilm were illuminated quite in the taste of Rembrandt, a wondrous enchanting mixture of light and shadow, which produced an effect beyond all description. The Duchess was delighted, so were we all. As we descended the little steps of the hermitage, and wandered along the banks of the Ilm, amid the rocks and bushes which unite this spot with the Star, the whole vision changed into a number of small pictures, 'au Rembrandt,' which one could have looked on forever. The carnival time," he continues, "has brought with it its usual gayeties, and we have done our best to make the ordinary court malady, 'ennui,' as brilliant as possible."

The limited finances of the little court somewhat interfered with these courtly amusements. Carl August often found himself in difficulties, which neither his own skill nor that of his counselors could suffice to remove. When tormented by some of these petty annoyances, or fatigued with the cares of state, he would retire to a little country-house, where, dismissing all his train, he would remain alone.

"It is just ten o'clock," he writes to Knebel; "I am sitting at the window, and writing to you. The day has been exquisitely beautiful, and this my first evening of liberty. I have enjoyed to the utmost. I feel so far removed from the affairs of earth, so completely in a better, a higher sphere. Man is not destined to be the miserable 'philister' of this every-day life. Never do we feel so noble, so elevated, as when we behold the sun sink to rest, and the stars rise, and know that all this is created for its

own sake alone, not for that of man, and yet we enjoy it as though it were all made for us. I will bathe with the evening star, and draw in new life. Till then farewell. I come from my bath. The water was cold, night already lay upon its bosom. It seems as though I had plunged into the cold night itself when I took the first dip, all was so calm, so holy. Over the distant hills rose the full moon. All was silent, and the intense stillness made me hear, or fancy I heard purer sounds than those which really reached the ear."

The individual to whom this letter is addressed enjoyed, next to Goethe, the confidence and affection of the Duke. Knebel, better known as the friend and companion of poets and princes than by any celebrity of his own, was one of those peculiarly constituted natures which seem destined to act rather in calling forth the powers of others, than in displaying their own. These perhaps are, on the whole, the happiest. Free from those feverish impulses, that burning thirst for fame which so often torment more highly gifted spirits, they can enjoy to the full the productions of genius without envy or regret. They, too, are poets; but they are content to find poetry in life and nature, in the summer flowers, in the murmur of the fountain, in the whispering of the breeze, instead of attempting to give it form and shape in verse. They compose, but only for the amusement of a leisure hour, yet no men have had more influence on the great minds of their age. Most rare and valuable are such spirits, sufficiently gifted to appreciate the lofty endowments of genius, to sympathize in all its varied moods and sublime aspirations, and yet content to play the humble part of confident and admirer. Such a man was Knebel. His literary works, though not absolutely devoid of merit, have been long since forgotten, but the ascendancy he exerted over the intellect of the great men of his country and his time has associated his name lastingly with theirs.

Descended from a Flemish family, he was born at Wallenstein, in Ottingen, 1744. One of his ancestors having paid the penalty of his religious opinions by a cruel death under Philip II., the family had fled from the land of their birth, and taken refuge in Germany. Stern, harsh, and unbending, Knebel's father was feared rather than loved by his son, and the youth always attributed his timidity in



after-life to the severity exercised towards him in childhood. His delicate and somewhat fastidious tastes seemed continually in the way. At the university they rendered the rude habits of his companions insupportable. When he entered the service of Frederick the Great he found the want of education and literary taste among his brother officers still more intolerable. He felt like an automaton, deprived of all individuality of action; and despite the royal notice, with which he was occasionally honored, he grew sad and dispirited.

Knebel spent ten years in the Prussian service—ten long and weary years, as he calls them. In 1772 he obtained his discharge with a small pension, and a letter of introduction to the young Duchess of Weimar from the Crown Prince, in whose regiment he had served. By her he was graciously received, while by Wieland, who had already resided at Weimar, as tutor to the young Duke, he was warmly welcomed. In 1773 he was himself appointed professor of mathematics to Carl Auguste and his brother. Shortly afterwards he accompanied the princes on a visit to some of the courts of Germany, and afterwards to Paris. Knebel was delighted with the novelty of all he beheld, and especially with the grace of French manners. "They may say what they like," he wrote to Wieland, "the French are an agreeable and amiable people; no where else does one find so much urbanity." "I saw a good deal of Diderot," he adds in a subsequent letter. He expressed his amazement that Mendelssohn was not admitted to the Royal Academy of Berlin. Though royalty still seemed to reign supreme, the revolutionary spirit was already abroad. "Many young men of distinguished talent," says Knebel in his letters, "repeated to me continually that henceforward all must be equal—nobles, peers, burghers, and peasant, and *such like trash*." He was not keen sighted enough to discern through the bright and glowing atmosphere that surrounded him—the dark clouds, big with the mighty changes, already slowly looming on the verge of the horizon, so soon to cover all with its gloomy folds and to burst in thunder over Europe.

Next to Goethe and Knebel, the most intimate friend of Carl Auguste was his chamberlain, Frederick von Einsedel. Born 1750, he commenced his court ca-

reer as page; he was then promoted to the rank of chamberlain to the Dowager Duchess Amelia; in 1770 he was named privy counselor. Himself gay, joyous, and light-hearted, he had while page played prank upon prank, which had already become proverbial in the court chronicles of Weimar. In after-life his gladsome temperament, his frank and open manners, and generous nature, secured him the lasting favor of his royal master. His very failings served as subjects of amusement rather than anger. His constitutional laziness varied by fits of feverish activity, and his strange absence of mind, during which he might be *robbed* of hat, gloves, or watch, without his ever perceiving it, diverted the ennui to which, despite the presence of a Goethe, or a Herder and a Wieland, this little court seems to have been peculiarly subject. Einsedel, however, must have had merits of a higher order than mere harmlessness and good-humor, or he would scarcely have been admitted to the intimate friendship of Herder and Schiller. "He is an excellent, unaffected man," writes the latter to Körner, in 1803, "and far from devoid of talent." Einsedel's private life however, was any thing but immaculate, and some of his adventures might serve as a curious illustration of the times and the atmosphere in which he lived. He had become desperately enamored of a Madame von Wertheim, who, yielding to her passion, abandoned home, husband, friends, and country, to follow her seducer. Not completely dead, however, to the shame of thus publicly violating all her holiest duties, she had recourse to one of the most extraordinary stratagems ever devised by a romantic female head. She took advantage of the fainting fits to which she was occasionally subject, to feign death. With the connivance of her attendants, she contrived to steal out of the house unperceived, while a doll was buried in her stead. She then proceeded with her lover to Africa, where he proposed exploring certain gold mines by which he expected to make his fortune. The affair turned out a complete failure, and Einsedel returned poorer than he went, with his fair and frail companion. Great was the amazement and indignation of husband and friends on beholding the resuscitation of her they believed long since buried in the vaults of her ancestors. But in German courts in the eighteenth

century such affairs were not regarded as involving any very great amount of moral turpitude. The Court of Weimar indeed was virtue itself, compared with those of Dresden, of Wurtemberg, and Hanover; but even here "excess of love" was held as sufficient excuse for every sin. There was a strange mixture of the maudlin and licentious. French immorality grafted on German sentimentality. A separation was obtained, and Madame W. became the wife of her lover. Einsedel lived to the age of seventy-eight, and died in 1828.

In 1796 Weimar received a new visitor in the author of *Hesperus*. The mingled *naïveté* and singularity of his demeanor, his animated and poetic language, full of thoughts and images at once tender and ironical—for he spoke as he wrote—his enthusiastic belief in the progress of humanity, charmed Herder to such a degree, that he wrote to Jacobi: "Heaven has given me in Jean Paul a treasure which I dare not hope I merit. He is all intellect, all soul, a melodious sound from the mighty golden harp of humanity, that harp of which so many chords are snapped or broken." By Goethe he was more coldly received:

"It was with apprehension, almost with terror," he writes to his friend Otto, "that I entered the abode of Goethe. Every one depicted him as cold and indifferent to all earthly things. Madame von Kalb had told me that he no longer admired any thing, not even his own works. Every word, she said, is an icicle, especially to strangers, whom he is with difficulty persuaded to admit to his presence. His house struck me. It was the only one in Weimar built in the Italian style; from the very staircase it is a museum of statues and pictures. The god at length appeared; he was cold; he expressed himself in monosyllables only, and without the slightest emphasis. Tell him, said Knebel, that the French have just entered Rome. 'Hein,' replied the god. 'His person is bony, his physiognomy full of fire, his look a sun.' At length our conversation on the arts, and on the opinions of the public, perhaps also the champagne animated him, and then at length I felt I was with Goethe! His language is not flowery and brilliant like that of Herder; it is incisive, calm, and resolute. He concluded by reading, or rather performing, one of his unpublished poems, a composition truly sublime. Thanks to this, the flames of his heart pierced their crust of ice, and he pressed the hand of the enthusiast Jean Paul. How shall I describe his mode of reading? It was like the distant roar of thunder mingled with the soft dripping of a summer shower. No! there is no one in the world like Goethe! We must be friends."

This desire was not destined to be fulfilled. The author of *Quintus Filéin* was too diametrically opposed, not only as a writer but as an individual, to the poet of *Faust* or *Tasso* to allow of any real or lasting intimacy.

One of the most eccentric and most troublesome personages of the little Court of Weimar was Constantine, the Duke's brother. He possessed neither the intellectual endowments nor the generous nature of Carl Auguste. Knebel, who was appointed his tutor in 1782, had in vain endeavored to inspire him with loftier tastes. An unfortunate *liaison* with a beautiful girl, Carolina von S—, produced so much scandal, that the Duke sent him from Weimar, on his travels to Italy, accompanied by the Councillor Albrecht von —, a talented and excellent man, but apparently not a very amusing companion. Constantine soon grew weary of so grave a Mentor. Arrived at Paris, he plunged, despite his companion's admonitions, into all the dissipations of that brilliant capital, and ere long fell into the snare of a clever actress, Mademoiselle Darsaincourt, whose wit, intrigue, and beauty completely enthralled him. Yielding to her counsel, he got rid of the perpetual presence of his guardian by assigning him, under some pretext, a place in another carriage, while his mistress took hers beside him. He then set off, not for Italy, but to London.

Poor Albrecht, from a sense of duty, followed him, but finding his admonitions utterly useless, returned in despair to Weimar. In vain did Carl Auguste recall his brother; he disregarded his commands. Of his life in London little is recorded, but it is probable that it was not of a very reputable nature. At length, in 1803, his resources failing, he set out for Germany. Somewhat embarrassed how to dispose of his companion, he dispatched her beforehand. Carl Auguste, however, would not permit her to set foot in his dominions, and she was forced to return to France, despite the entreaties and remonstrances of her despairing lover.

"This last catastrophe," writes Carl Auguste to Knebel, January fifth, 1784, "has been of service to Constantine, apparently at least. The society here endeavored to prove its adherence to me by openly blaming his conduct, and shunning his company, so that he was left to almost complete solitude. This decided condemnation was very painful to him, and made him feel

how essential is a certain degree of exterior decency at least to procure a reception in good society, and that even his rank could not protect him from contempt and neglect. He has now adopted an appearance of respectability, fulfills more exactly the ordinary duties of life, and performs his part well enough to be regarded as an educated member of society. I am seeking to obtain his admission into the Saxon service."

Constantine died in 1803.

Amid this circle of genius, wit, fancy, and gallantry, sometimes verging on libertinism, stood the Duchess Louise, like one of those pure, calm, beautiful, though somewhat stiff and stately figures of Holbein or Vandyke, among the loose and lovely groups of a Rubens or a Lily. Endowed with every grace of mind and person, seemingly formed to enjoy and bestow felicity, united to one of the most charming and noble-minded princes of the age, Louise was still unhappy and alone. The circumstances which led to this sense of isolation were trifling in themselves; yet in such a position as that of the young Duchess, they sufficed to darken all her prospects of domestic bliss. Educated with the utmost severity, accustomed to the observance of the most rigid etiquette and the strictest reserve, Louise found herself suddenly transplanted into an atmosphere diametrically opposite to that in which her whole existence had hitherto been passed. We have seen how completely, both in private and public life, the Duchess Amelia and her son had thrown aside those wearisome observances which in other German Courts were still held as necessary appendages to royalty, and which the young Louise had learned to regard with almost superstitious reverence. At Weimar, on the contrary, all was simplicity, gayety, equality, and fraternity. In their desire to do away with the useless incumbrances imposed by their rank, the Duke and Duchess had in fact unconsciously gone a little too far, and infringed something of that strict decorum which is one of the best safeguards of royalty.

Louise was surprised, pained, even shocked. Her high and perhaps exaggerated sense of what was due alike to the bride and the Princess, was perpetually wounded. The charms of intellectual intercourse with such men as Goethe, Herder, Wieland, and Schiller, the gay good-humor of her thoughtless but really noble-

minded consort, the grace and sweetness of her mother-in-law, would have reconciled most women to the sacrifice of some of their early prejudices. But Louise, with all her lofty qualities, was wanting in that flexibility of character which could alone have secured her felicity under existing circumstances, and though she never by word or deed expressed her feelings, her pallid cheek, her saddened mien, her cold, reserved manner, too plainly showed what passed within. If Carl Auguste had passionately loved his young wife, all might have been well. But Louise's was a nature so utterly antagonistic to his own, that he never fully understood her, or at least not till too late. Her timidity and reserve prevented her expressing her sentiments, while her daily increasing silence and coldness chilled her husband, and led him to believe he was utterly indifferent to her. Nay, he conceived an equally erroneous opinion of her intellect as of her heart. "She is incomprehensible," he wrote to his friend Knebel; "before her marriage she lived quite alone in the world, without ever finding a being who answered her expectations of what friends ought to be, without exercising a single talent which would have softened her nature. She runs the risk of becoming completely isolated, and losing all that grace and amiability which form the principal charm of her sex." These words speak volumes. They explain the clouds which from day to day grew darker over the domestic horizon of the royal pair. Louise felt that her husband neither understood nor appreciated her as she was conscious she deserved to be appreciated. Wounded alike in her affections and her pride, too timid to remonstrate, too haughty to complain, she withdrew more and more from his society, till at length, though living together, the two consorts became almost strangers to each other. "The young Duchess," observes Knebel, "shone like a darkened star in a hazy atmosphere. The first meeting did not produce very favorable impressions on either side, and she certainly had in part reason to complain of the want of 'convenances' in her court. She endured much with infinite patience, and maintained her dignity with unvarying consistency. The characters of the two Princesses, which did not quite agree, gave rise to much disunion. That this exercised a painful influence on those who surrounded

them may easily be supposed. Nevertheless the prudence of their 'entourage,' the moderation of the Duchess, and the desire of her mother-in-law to love and be loved, prevented any violent outbreak." Even the powerful bonds of parental love did not suffice to draw the royal pair closer together. For many years, indeed, the Duke had cherished another passion; he loved a beautiful and gifted actress, Caroline Jägermann. With a virtue and self-denial rare in her class and time, she had long repelled his entreaties, though her heart pleaded his cause. Louise was no stranger to this attachment; it scarcely sought concealment. It had often rent her heart and embittered her existence, but she knew the passionate temperament of her husband; she felt that Caroline, with whose gentle and generous character she was well acquainted, might save him from worse seduction.

Affection, womanly pride, religious principle, all opposed such a compromise of her own paramount claims and duty. But, as with Burger's Dora,\* Louise's devoted tenderness overcame every other consideration. She not only did nothing to prevent or oppose the *liaison*; she wrote the fair actress to entreat her to listen to the Duke's suit. However we may wonder at such a course, we are bound to render justice to the unselfish motives which inspired it. Louise did not, like Caroline of England, give her lord a mistress in order to rule him more easily, or less ostensibly, through her influence. It was to save him from worse courses, to confer on him a happiness she felt she had not been able to bestow. Caroline yielded, yet not without a struggle. She was elevated to the dignity of Madame von Hagendorf, and presented with a superb estate in Saxony. Her influence over Carl Auguste was boundless, and ended only with his life. It is to her credit that she never abused her position, and that she always preserved a most perfect fidelity to her royal lover. She was a blonde, with light hair, and features and complexion of surpassing beauty. The Duchess treated her happier rival with the delicacy and kindness natural to her own pure and noble soul, both before and after the death of the Duke. How Carl Auguste's mother regarded this *liaison*, we

are not informed. Between herself and her daughter-in-law there was too little congeniality of taste or character to admit of intimacy or confidence, yet that Amelia fully appreciated the lofty virtues of her son's wife can scarcely be denied. On her return from Italy the Dowager Duchess resided at the Belvidere, or her jointure house some little distance from Weimar, where, in the society of the gifted men she had drawn to her son's court, and the enjoyment of innocent and intellectual pleasures, she passed the remainder of her days. Her health, which had latterly shown many symptoms of decay, sank completely beneath the terrible incidents of 1806—the death of her brother, the Duke of Brunswick—the ruin of her ancestral house, and the danger which impended over the land of her adoption. She died in 1807.

But the events which overwhelmed the sensitive nature of the Dowager Duchess only called into action the noble qualities of her daughter-in-law. When Weimar was threatened<sup>2</sup> by the victorious army of the Conqueror—when all deserted a town which seemed doomed to destruction, the Duchess Louise remained firm and unshaken at the post which she believed Providence assigned her.

Her lord, on whom Napoleon had vowed vengeance, had been forced by prudence to fly. Her children, in her maternal tenderness, she had sent to a place of safety, her troops were scattered, her friends trembling and defenseless, but still Louise, Duchess of Weimar, remained firm and unshrinking in that town, which every instant might become a prey to the flames—in that palace which was so soon to receive the presence of the imperious victor, among the people of whom she had always been the friend and protector, and of whom she was now the guardian angel. "When," says Falk, in his personal reminiscences of Goethe, "the people learnt that the Grand Duchess was still in the Castle, their joy knew no bounds. When they met, they threw themselves in each other's arms, exclaiming: 'The Grand Duchess is here!'"

Nor were they mistaken in the sense of safety with which her presence inspired them. The Duchess received the conqueror (who had previously announced his intention of passing the night of the fifteenth of October at the Castle) at the head of the grand staircase. Pale, but

\* See *Poets and Poetry of Germany*. By MADAME DE PONTÉ. Vol. II, p. 337.



calm and dignified, she awaited the approach of the terrible emperor, on whom the fate of her people depended. Napoleon turned towards her with an angry mien, "Qui êtes-vous, Madame?" "The Duchess of Weimar, sire," was the answer. "Je vous plains," replied Napoleon, abruptly; "I must crush your husband." Then turning rudely away, "Qu'on me fasse diner dans mes appartements," he exclaimed, and left the Duchess without addressing her another word. But Louise would not suffer herself to be discouraged. The following morning she requested another interview—it was granted.

Night had brought counsel. The conqueror, though still haughty and imperious, condescended at least to lend an ear to her remonstrance and appeal. Unmoved by his darkening brow and impatient gestures, she defended with all the eloquence of a noble nature, the conduct of the Duke in adhering to the Prussian cause, as commanded alike by honor and necessity. She painted in vivid colors the personal friendship which bound him to Frederic William, the marks of affectionate interest he had received from that monarch, and inquired with generous indignation whether "it was in the hour of peril and misfortune that he could desert his friend and ally?" She pictured the fearful condition of the land—the stain that would ever rest upon the fame of the victor if the city were, as he threatened, abandoned to pillage. Struck and impressed despite himself, Napoleon relented so far as not only to give strict orders that the town should be respected, but to rescind his repeated declaration that the Duke should never again set foot on his native soil. True, the conditions appended to this concession were rigorous enough. Carl Auguste was to quit the Prussian camp within twenty-four hours. In vain the anxious wife endeavored to obtain some delay. Here Napoleon was inflexible; and Louise, finding her efforts useless, retired to take instant measures to inform her lord of what had occurred. She dispatched messengers in all directions, for the exact spot where he was to be found was not known.

Next morning Napoleon returned the visit, accompanied by all his principal officers. Desirous, it would seem, of effacing all recollection of his former harshness, he expressed the deepest re-

gret for the excesses committed by his soldiery, lamenting the cruel necessity of war, and declaring *that it had been forced upon him*. "Croyez-moi, madame, il y a une Providence qui dirige tout, et dont je ne suis que l'instrument," he repeated. On descending to his apartment, he exclaimed: "Voilà une femme à qui nos deux cents canons n'ont pas pu faire peur."

Perhaps political considerations induced Napoleon to prolong the term originally fixed for the Duke's return to Weimar, and to admit some modification of the severe conditions he had imposed. No entreaties or remonstrances, however, could obtain any reduction of the contribution of 200,000,000 francs, a fearful burthen on a country already so terribly impoverished. All that the Duchess could do to alleviate the sufferings of the people she did. Her private purse was drained to aid their necessities, and it is even said that she disposed of many of her jewels for the same purpose. This noble conduct found its reward in the adoration of her people, in the increasing regard of her lord, in the admiration of Europe. "She is the true model of a woman," writes Madame de Stael, "formed by nature for the very highest position. Equally devoid of pretension or weakness, she awakens at the same time, and in an equal degree, both confidence and veneration. The heroic soul of the olden days of chivalry still animates her without in the slightest degree diminishing the gentleness of her sex."

Though in the latter years of their union a sincere if not ardent friendship had succeeded the coldness of early life, Louise was not destined to be beside her husband at the hour of his death. He had undertaken a journey to Berlin to visit his grand-daughter, the Princess Marie, who had lately married the Prince of Prussia. On his return he was suddenly seized with illness, and died at Graditz, near Torgau, fourteenth June, 1828, at the age of seventy. Alexander Humboldt had been his constant companion during the latter days of his life, and with him he conversed hours together, on all those subjects in which he had ever felt so lively an interest.

"In Potsdam," says this gifted man, in a letter to Chancellor Müller, "I spent many hours alone with the Grand Duke on the sofa. He

drank and slept alternately, drank again, rose to write to his consort, then again sank to sleep. He was cheerful, but very much exhausted. During the interval he pressed me with the most difficult questions on physics, astronomy, meteorology, and geology, on the transparency of a comet, the atmosphere of the moon, the influence of the spots on the sun, on the temperature, etc. In the midst of our conversation he would fall asleep, and was often uneasy. When he awoke, he would quickly and kindly entreat forgiveness for his want of attention. 'You see, Humboldt, it is all over with me.' All at once he would commence a desultory conversation on religion. He complained of the increase of fanaticism, the close connection of this religious tendency with political absolutism, and the oppression of all the free movements of the intellect. 'Besides, they are false and treacherous,' he exclaimed, 'all they try for is to render themselves agreeable to princes, to receive stars and ribbons. They sneaked in with their poetical love of the middle ages.' Soon, however, his indignation appeased itself; he began to speak of all the consolation he had found in the Christian faith. 'That is a truly philanthropic doctrine,' he observed, 'but from the very commencement it has been deformed.'

It was on occasion of this letter of Humboldt that Goethe pronounced his well-known eulogium on Carl Auguste:

"The Duke was a born nobleman; he had taste and interest for every thing good and great. He was but eighteen when I came to Weimar: but even then the bud and blossom showed what the tree would become. He soon chose me for his friend, and evinced the sincerest sympathy in every thing I did. My being nearly ten years older than himself was favorable to our intimacy. He would sit whole evenings beside me in deep conversation on nature, art, or any thing else that was worth his attention.

Often did we converse thus till nearly midnight, and it not unfrequently happened that we fell asleep beside each other on the sofa. Fifty years did we continue this intercourse. There are many princes capable of speaking admirably on subjects of interest; but they have not the real love of them in their hearts, it is only superficial. And it is no wonder, when we remember all the distractions and dissipations attending a court life to which a young prince is peculiarly exposed. He must notice every thing, and know a bit of this and a bit of the other; but in this way nothing can take deep root in the mind, and it requires a really powerful nature not to turn to mere empty smoke in such an atmosphere. The Grand Duke was a man, in the full sense of the term. He was animated by the noblest benevolence, the purest philanthropy, and from his whole soul desired to do the best he could. His first thought was always his people's happiness; his own was the very last.

"His hand was ever open, and ready to aid noble individuals, and noble aims. There was much that was divine in his nature. He would fain have showered happiness on all mankind.

"He was by nature taciturn; but the action followed close upon the words. He loved simplicity, and was an enemy to all coddling and effeminacy. He never drove out except in a drosky, which really hardly kept together, wrapt in an old gray mantle and a military cap. He loved traveling, but not so much to amuse himself as every where to keep his eyes and ears open, and observe every thing good and useful, that he might introduce it into his own country. Agriculture and manufactures owe him no common debt of gratitude. He did not seek to win the favor of his people by fine words; but the people loved him, because they knew his heart beat for them."

Carl Auguste was buried, by his own desire, in the same vault in which Schiller already reposed, and where Goethe himself was one day to sleep beside him.

From the London Review.

## EARLY CHRISTIAN MONACHISM.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 160.

WHEN Anthony bequeathed his mantle to his disciples, he fore-tokened the successively quickened propagation of that order which inherited "a double portion" of his own "spirit." The feeling which had gathered strength around his cell was borne towards the birth-place of Christianity by the enthusiastic young Hilarion, a native of Thabatha, about five miles from Gaza. There, on the border of the southern desert, he sprang from idolatrous parents, "like the rose," says Jerome, "which flourishes on a thorn." A mysterious wilderness furnished the scenes which first opened on his infant senses, and excited his earliest thoughts; while the days of mental training were spent among the schools of Alexandria. His superior genius was soon brought out, and his moral dignity became as remarkable as his native elegance. An early convert to Christ, he was proof against all the temptations of the outer world, and gave himself unreservedly to the service of the Church. When the fame of Anthony's piety reached him, he started at once for the desert; where, deeply impressed with his first interview with the saint, he took the garb of a recluse, and for two months was a devout observer of the hermit's teaching and example. He was now a mere youth of fifteen; but he had chosen his course. Alone, unprovided, and with no defense but the grace of his Redeemer, he turned towards his native land in search of a retreat. On the way from Egypt to Gaza, about seven miles from the city, was a salt-marsh near the sea-beach—a lone and dismal spot, where the stillness was unbroken except by the noise of the waves and the voice of blood. It was a scene of frequent murder and rapine; and was still the haunt of wild and banded robbers. Here, however, deaf to warning from relatives and friends, he took up his religious abode; and hoped to be saved from death

by learning to despise it. He formed a narrow cell about five feet in height; and there, as in a sepulcher, clothed in sack-cloth or a rough cloak, he struggled against the warmth and pride of his youthful nature. His delicate frame was subjected to heat and cold; and temptations to bodily indulgence were met by sterner discipline and more frequent devotion; until the fire of his soul seemed ever to renew the lustre of his eye, and his speaking features expressed that sense of inward power which made him the wonder of his country and his age. It is said, that even the bandits who prowled around him were overawed and restrained, and in his presence confessed the majesty of virtue. Some circumstances in his life wear a doubtful aspect, though his biographer so zealously proclaims them as miraculous. Nothing, however, shows more strikingly the purity of Jerome's mind than the unsuspecting simplicity with which he classes among Hilarion's miracles, what should rather, perhaps, be viewed as the evidence of his infirmity, or the fruit of his transgression. The struggles of the young ascetic must have been severe. But they were not without success. He lived to secure not only the expressed esteem of Anthony, his model and guide, but tokens of respect from Syria and Egypt, and even from the German and Saxon Christians of north-western Europe. He had diffused an ascetic enthusiasm through his beloved Syria; and, after forty-eight years of labor, had gathered around him two or perhaps three thousand disciples. The zeal of the apostate Julian was subsequently indulged in the destruction of his monastery; but the spirit which he had awakened was not so easily crushed; and long after the Emperor's attempt to restore heathenism had failed, Hilarion was remembered as the father of Christian Monachism in Palestine. Meanwhile the

system developed itself in its greatest variety and power on the banks of the Nile. After Anthony and Paul, it was nourished in its higher spirituality chiefly under the teaching and influence of the Macarii; two venerated men, whose names were supposed to be a happy allusion to the blessedness of that mode of life which they so successfully recommended, and of which they were such pure and eminent examples. One, and perhaps the younger, was a native of Alexandria, where he continued to reside, and where, by his cheerful piety and affable manners, he persuaded large numbers of even young men to retire into monastic seclusion. The other, born in Upper Egypt, in the province of Thebais, during the first year of the fourth century, was called "the Egyptian." He was probably one of Anthony's disciples; and his character was distinguished from that of his Alexandrian namesake by its greater austerity and reserve. At an early age he was so remarkable for gravity and sound judgment, that he was known as "the young-old man." He was ordained a presbyter at the age of forty. During the fiery persecution of the orthodox Christians which was raised by Lucius the Arian bishop, he, with the other Macarius, in company with many of their friends, was banished to a pagan island; the inhabitants of which were converted to Christ during their stay. As soon as the storm of trial was hushed, he returned to the favorite solitude which he had chosen in early life, and now settled in the wilderness of Sceta; where he was honored as the founder and president of a large congregation of hermits, who gathered around him, and occupied the caverns and cells of the saltpeter mountain. Here, and in the neighboring deserts, he spent sixty years; taking the lead in a course of labor and self-denial, which so kept his "body under" that his skin, it is said, would not sustain the ordinary appendage of a beard.

In his ninetieth year, on the fifteenth of January, 391, he was released from the flesh which he had taken such pains to subdue, and left the scene of his humiliation for a sphere of greater purity and freedom. The fifty homilies which, on respectable evidence, are ascribed to him, had, perhaps, at one time, in part, if not entirely, an epistolary form; as there is fair reason for supposing, either that they

are one and the same document with the letter which it is said he addressed to the monks of his charge, or that the letter is now incorporated with them. It is not difficult to trace in the pages of Macarius some reflections of his character; nor will they fail to afford an insight into Monachism, as it was found under his oversight. His style is without affectation; and though he sometimes deals in allegory, and more frequently in comparison, his figures, for the most part, would be familiar to his disciples, and are clearly used with a sincere desire of making his lessons plainer. His thoughts are sometimes sublime. He always speaks from his heart. He is full of Christ, clear in his views of salvation by faith, the necessity of regeneration by the Holy Ghost, and the blessedness of that perfect love which holds the soul in communion with God. His familiarity with the sacred writings is remarkable; and his frequent use of them is apt, intelligent, and reverent. In one respect, especially, he is truly apostolic; he writes in the light of the future, under a realizing impression of unseen things, and in gracious friendship with the spiritual world. Nor can his addresses be read without growing affection for the author, as a Christian eminent for simplicity, patience, gratitude, and submission to the Divine will; one who came very near to Christ's standard of childlike humility; a man habitually devotional; rigid in self-discipline, but generous and kind to all; free from cant; and, in short, a sincere and earnest seeker of full conformity to the mind of his Lord. The minds of his monks seem to have been agitated at times with questions in philosophy and religion, very similar to many which occupy more modern thinkers and seekers of truth. It is interesting to find indications that the teacher and many of his disciples must have been intelligent observers of human life; while they were neither blind to the beauties of nature, nor entirely unacquainted with the arts and sciences of their times. And though it is clear that Macarius, like St. Paul, might say to his flock, "And I, brethren, could not speak unto you as unto spiritual, but as unto carnal, even as unto babes in Christ;" yet, they had not learnt to aim merely at the sustenance and glory of their order; but spiritual good was looked at as the great object of the ascetic institute; and the doctrine with which they



were made most familiar was, that without faith in Christ they could not reap the benefit of a religious retreat. They all enjoyed a freedom of devotional expression which sometimes threatened to result in discord; the pious excitement of some breaking forth at times in a style which was disagreeable to the more sober and quiet souls. It may be inferred also, that they had no fixed rules which prevented any brother from consulting his own taste or capacity in the choice of his daily occupation, whether manual, contemplative, or studious.

Under this dispensation of liberty, there sprang up occasionally those little jealousies, against the pernicious effects of which the more pure and leading spirits had frequently to guard their fellow eremites. Monastic life could not linger at this stage of its development. It was to undergo a more regular and systematic shaping. This began under the hand of Pachomius, the father of Christian *cœnobias*, or convents. The eremites who had gathered around Anthony, the Macarii, and Hilarion, in order to secure the benefit of their teaching and example, had formed their own cells, each in the neighborhood of his own master's retreat; and the inmates of each scattered cluster of huts were united only as they were disciples under the same superior. These societies were known as *lauræ*, a term applicable to the place of their abode, large open spaces, or broad streets. Pachomius introduced cloister-life in its more compact form; and brought monks together into connected buildings, which were distinguished as *cœnobias*, or monasteries; and in which the community was more completely organized under the eye of the archimandrite, or abbot. The author of this plan was cotemporary with Macarii, and was a native of Upper Egypt, where he was born of heathen parents. In early life he had been pressed into the army, and had fought under Constantine against Maxentius; but even the circumstances of a soldier's life could not wear away the impressions which Christianity had fixed in his heart; he made, at length, a public profession in baptism; and, obtaining his release from military obligations, he retired, and placed himself under the guidance of Palemon, a venerated hermit. For twelve years he sought consolation amidst the austerities of his chosen solitude. The earnest prayers of his sincere

heart were not cast out. He was taught the secret of love to God, and under the gracious influence of that principle he was constrained to devote himself to the work of saving and guiding the souls of his fellow-men. He thought he heard the voice of an angel calling him to reconcile men to God. Under a warm impulse he opened his mission on Tabennæ, an island in the Nile, between the provinces of Tentyra and Thebes. Here he founded his model *cœnobias*. Three thousand brethren were soon enrolled; and though before his death no less than seven thousand were under discipline, it continued to advance until the first half of the fifth century, when its regulations were observed by fifty thousand monks. The monastic rule which is ascribed to him, bears testimony to his discrimination and judgment; and is interesting, as a sketch of the first attempt to regulate the daily particulars of conventual life. The few letters and moral precepts which bear his name indicate pure simplicity of character. In habitual observation of his own heart and mind, and in close communion with truth, he seems to have acquired a spiritual discernment, which minds less hallowed than his own might sometimes misunderstand; for it is said, that he was accused before the council of Diospolis of divining the secret thoughts of men. The synod honorably absolved him, after hearing his declaration of God's enlightening and consoling mercy to his inner man. The fourth century closed just as his earthly career was at an end. He departed, leaving many spiritual children to cherish the memory of his paternal care, his methodical oversight, his rigid example, and his pious discourse. The form of Monachism which was represented by Pachomius soon became more clearly distinguished from the societies which followed the order of the Macarii, by its identity with a distinct theological school. The influence of Origen's writings and example had originated two parties at least, whose different views and opposite bent led them to wide separation, and finally into hostile relations. On the one side, were those whose sympathies were with Origen; and who, being for the most part of higher mental culture, were the more speculative, spiritual, mystical, and contemplative, adopting the allegorical mode of interpreting the sacred volume: on the other, were the less culti-

vated minds, who clung to the letter of the word, ascribed human forms and passions to the Divine Being, entertained gross views of the Redeemer's kingdom, and, indeed, were the primitive models of 'Fifth Monarchy men.' The anchorets of Sceta were ranged as Origenists, and sought for spiritual food in the teachings of the transcendent father. Pachomius, on the contrary, favored the more material notions of the Anthropomorphite and Millenarians; and warned his monks against the writings of the Alexandrian scholar, as being more dangerous than those of open and entire heretics. There were a few choice souls, who strove to keep themselves in a medium course, and to prevent a scandalous clashing of extremes; but their judicious and amiable endeavors were in vain. A controversy ensued, which gradually involved many excellent and leading spirits.

Among those who stood out from the crowd, and whose names are recorded as writers and actors in this theological feud, was found Evagrius of Pontus, a disciple of the Macarii, whose views he sustained, and in whose spirit he lived. He had been ordained a deacon, at Constantinople, by Gregory Nazianzen; and came with him to Egypt; where he remained for many years, a recluse of the Scetic desert; and where he wrote, *The Monk*; or, *Active Virtue*; *The Gnostic*; *The Refutation*; or, *Selections from the Scriptures against tempting Spirits*; *Six Hundred Prognostic Problems*; and verses addressed to *Monks in Communities*, and to the *Virgin*. All these were pronounced excellent, and were read widely both in the East and the West. The fact that he offered a poetic effusion to the *Virgin*, might indicate the rise of spiritual gallantry among the more refined votaries of the celibate; and, if his verses were popular, Mary's name was already gathering to itself that peculiar charm, which afterwards opened her way to so lofty a place in the monastic system. Evagrius was matched on the other side by one who was equally earnest and, perhaps, more deeply read, though not so judicious or acute. This was Epiphanius, a native of Palestine, but trained in Egypt in the narrower style of intellectual culture. In later life, he had the benefit of discipline under Hilarion; and was thus more fully prepared for teaching and transmitting the opinions and manners of his party,

among the monks of a cloister which he founded near his birth-place, and which for some time was under his care. About the year 367, he was elected Bishop of Salamis in Cyprus, where his writings and conduct secured a wide reputation. Without much prudence, he entered into the strife of the day, in a rough, unconnected, and inaccurate style; and first battled with John, Bishop of Jerusalem, then got up a council in Cyprus for prohibiting the use of Origen's Works; contended, even in Constantinople, with the saintly Chrysostom; and ventured, at last, to enter the list against the Empress Eudoxia, whose strong sense and quiet sarcasm were more than equal to his forward zeal. He died at sea, just as he had passed his "threescore years and ten." Among the leading men of the spiritualists, the four "Long Brothers" must not be overlooked: Dioseurus, Ammonius, Eusebius, and Euthymius, who were as distinguished by their influence as they were eminent in stature. The secret of their power was in their inflexible honesty, combined with hearty and unflinching faith in the system of their choice. It was so important to enlist their fresh and virgin energies, that the ecclesiastical authority of Alexandria seemed unscrupulous as to means, in its efforts to draw them around its seat; but they were true to their elect calling. Purity in the desert was to them more sweet than the stained honors of a metropolitan church. Alexandrian policy succeeded better in its attempts on the societies of the other school; at least in the case of the poor old Serapion; who, with his grosser creed, had vied with Origenists in the rigid purity of his life. Persuaded, at last, to confess that his views of the Divine nature were mean and incorrect, he knelt with those who devotionally celebrated his conversion; but unable to realize the presence of God without a sight of the usual symbol, he cried in distress, "They have taken away my God; in whom shall I trust? to whom shall I pray?" thus indicating the close relation between unworthy notions of God, and virtual idolatry.

At length, the controversy involved the celebrated Jerome, who brought into it all his characteristic zeal and power, sustained by the results of the hard biblical studies which he had chosen as an ascetic discipline. He was not wise enough, however, to prevent his struggle for or-

thodoxy from showing that he was capable of undignified excitement, sensitive vanity, ill-concealed pride, and too much fondness for contention and rule. He had abandoned the classic authors in favor of holy writ, in obedience, as he says, to the warning of a vision; and having had his attention turned to the writings of Origen, while on a visit to Constantinople, he conceived the design of promoting more widely the thorough study of the Scriptures by a revision of the Latin version, and even a new translation of the Old Testament from the original Hebrew. In his monastic retreat at Bethlehem, and amidst a large number of youthful ascetics who sought his guidance, he performed a service for the West, which answered to the benefit with which Origen had enriched the Eastern Church. It was natural that he should avail himself of the treasures which Origen had bequeathed; and that, without adopting his doctrinal system, or, perhaps, fully mastering it, he should manifest, here and there, in his writings, the influences of that scholar over his mind. Not that there was much spiritual sympathy between Origen and Jerome. They were of different bent. When some western zealots of the more literal school had raised an excitement at Jerusalem, about the supposed prevalence of heresy among the admirers of Origen; Jerome, though he had professed some attachment to the author of the *Hexapla*, and had even translated some of his homilies, found little difficulty in providing against the coming storm, by siding with the alarmists, and claiming shelter under the orthodoxy of Rome. His friend Rufinus was inclined to the opposite course. There was a severance, a short reconciliation at the altar, and then a wider breach. The two old friends seemed to forget all former affections, and to renounce all the dignity of scholarship and religion, that they might the more painfully scandalize the followers of Him who, "when he was reviled, reviled not again." "Alas!" cries the more amiable Augustine, "that I can not meet you, and, in the dust at your feet, implore you to cease the unchristian warfare; each for his own sake, for the sake of each, and on account of others, especially the infirm ones for whom Christ died!"

Grievous as was the strife in this case, the agitation in another part of the field took a turn, the melancholy issues of

which touch the heart with more tender sorrow. Theophilus, Bishop of Alexandria, while professedly favorable to the followers of Origen, offered his mediation, in order, if possible, to effect the restoration of peace between them and their opponents. His style of interference however, was injudicious. Indeed, his character was not equal to his task. His attempt was understood as an unfair use of his authority, in order to proselyte; and he was soon invaded in Alexandria by an excited mob of fanatical monks; who denounced him as an atheist, threatened him with death, extorted from his lips a public tribute to their peculiar notions, and required him to pass sentence of condemnation on the memory and writings of Origen. This was not difficult for one to whom the people had given the title of "The Buskin that suits either foot." Theophilus thought it right to obey for the time the superior force, reserving the right of expressing other views under different circumstances. The times, however, did not call him to retract what expediency had constrained him to declare; but various influences from without tended to bring his temper into accordance with his latest creed. He now sided with Epiphanius and Jerome; and even excited the anthropomorphite monks to more bitter enmity towards his former friends. Decrees of council were issued from Alexandria, forbidding the perusal of their favorite author; and when they hesitated to obey, the prefect of Egypt, at the call of the Bishop, sent the military upon them; and the defenseless communities were broken up, and mercilessly hunted through the solitudes which no longer offered them a home. Their only hope now was in Constantinople; and, encouraged by Chrysostom's reputation for truthfulness, justice, and love, they resolved in an appeal to the imperial court. The gentle Bishop received their representatives kindly, and courteously interceded with Theophilus on their behalf. But the wily Alexandrian stood on his dignity, and opened a litigation from which the peaceable Chrysostom endeavored at length to withdraw. At this point, the monks seized an opportunity of laying their case before the Empress Eudoxia; and their petition was that Theophilus might be called before the Episcopal Tribunal of the metropolis. Even the gay Eudoxia valued the prayers of monks; and perhaps felt that she need-

ed their intercessions, and that it would be, therefore, wise to grant their request. Their suit was gained, and Theophilus was cited to appear. From this moment, his controversy was no longer with the monks, but with Chrysostom, whose downfall he resolved to effect. Nor would his rage allow him to be scrupulous in the choice of means. Opportunity was soon at his command. The bold rectitude of Chrysostom's administration, and the faithfulness and power of his public and private testimonies against fashionable wickedness, had irritated many envious men among the clergy, and awakened the deep resentment of those whose conscience had failed to master their love of sin; and when the Empress appeared to side with these, there was a ready combination against the devoted preacher. Theophilus was soon a correspondent and co-worker with his kindred spirits; until, having secured the sanction of Eudoxia, he gathered a packed council, before which the object of his aversion was summoned, on various charges, grounded on his seeming neglect of some ecclesiastical forms. The accused denied the competency of the tribunal; and, having repeatedly refused to appear, was formally deposed. A subsequent threat of forcible expulsion from his diocese induced him quietly to withdraw, and submit to be conveyed into exile. His first banishment lasted but a few days; for the conscience-stricken Empress was constrained to recall him. After two months, however, his pulpit thunders again aroused the spirit of his imperial mistress; and by the agency of the watchful Theophilus, he was finally degraded. Sent first to the borders of Armenia, and then banished into deeper suffering among the barbarians on the farther frontiers of the empire, he sank under the hardships of the journey, and closed his career with his favorite sentence on his lips: "Blessed be the Lord for all things!"

Thus fell one of the purest dignitaries of the Church; victimized by ecclesiastical craft, in vicious association with courtly vice and imperial passion. One of the brightest lights of Christian genius and eloquence was quenched by the storm in which infant Monachism renewed its strength. There came a lull of the tempest, but Chrysostom was gone. The martyrdom of such a man necessarily left a shadow on this period of monastic his-

tory. At the same time, ascetic life was now at a deeply interesting point of its development; was unfolding a wonderful capacity, and giving prophetic tokens of its future power. In its principle a violation of natural order and Christian freedom, it had nevertheless nurtured some of the noblest specimens of spiritual piety, could exhibit Christian character in all the stages of its formation, and indeed might show within its range all the phases of religious life. The gems of Christian thought and feeling, which have been caught up and preserved for us by such men as Palladius, and the other early ecclesiastical historians, are enough to show that, amidst the motley groups whose ascetic experiments so sadly failed, there were some whose sincerity Divine Providence and grace were combined to honor; and who, having passed through many fearful stages of acquaintance with themselves, could at last say with Nilus: "Where shall we find defense or help, but in reliance on Christ alone, our most compassionate Lord?" The remembrance of our most dearly beloved Master presents itself to us in our despondency, like a benevolent, peace-bringing, friendly angel; and deep-rooted, unshaken faith in him banishes all our fear and shame, fills the heart with joy, and brings the wanderers back to union and fellowship with God.\* Besides these happily embalmed examples of that sincere earnestness which pressed to its goal in spite of the principles on which the race was begun, there must have been many, many others, whose recluse life of successive agonies and joys passed away, like the occasional rain-streams which lose themselves in the desert lake, without leaving a trace on the wilderness through which they had struggled. The memory of fanatical extremes and wild error seems to be more tenacious of life. And the legends which still excite the fears of wandering Arabs, may be traced to the days of incipient Monachism when it exhibited within its range the earliest types and earnest of every disorderly thought, and irregular feeling, and fantastic expression, and extreme conduct, that was ever to test the claims and virtues of the Church; or astonish, amuse, or curse the world, during the Christian era. To study the scene, is to be saved from surprise at any

\* *Contiaw* and • Lib. iii. epist. 284. *Contiaw* and



thing that may open upon us under the name of religion. It is to be confirmed, too, in the truth of the proverb: "There is no new thing under the sun." Here are all the transformations which might be expected among the crowds who adopted the monastic rule from motives as various as the classes from which they sprang. There is the water-carrier, figuring as an abbot; the runaway slave, enforcing ascetic discipline upon former masters; the shepherd, trying his defensive powers against fiends instead of wolves. There is the raging victim of spiritual pride; the imbecile, who has literally annihilated self; the incoherent dreamer, whose untrained wits have been bewildered and lost among theological speculations and prophetic visions; and the beast, who has flung away his false principles of holiness, and given himself up to filth. There, too, is the maddened selfishness, which had formally renounced its lucre, without ceasing to love it; the towering pride, raging for "the sides of the north;" and the morbid sentiment, darkling like hell under a sense of hopelessness. These were all at large in the desert, which was an asylum, among whose patients every shallow and graceless physician might almost be pardoned for ascribing to religion that madness which, in so many cases, results from the want of it. In an age and under a system so remarkable for variety of mental and moral phenomena, we are not surprised to find a strange and curious diversity in the modes of religious expression. There was the Eusebius style of combating Satan, with the head held down by a short chain from an iron collar to an iron girdle. There was Heron's pattern of piety, in a run of thirty miles through the hot desert, with a continuous repetition of Scripture texts; an imitation of which we have seen, within our own island, by a modern sect, whose members have been sometimes taken with what they call "running glory." There were those who affected the heavenliness of Ptolemy, and would quench their thirst with nothing but dew, collected on their mountain perch, in vessels of earth. There were the Symeons, adoring and being adored on the tops of their pillars, setting an example which Irish saints probably attempted to follow, as far as their climate would allow, in the upper story of their "round towers;" from which their exalted spirits flitted at last without

leaving an antidote for antiquarian strife. There were some that whirled after the old fashion of religious dances; and some that crouched; some that grazed; and many from whom the self-whippers of the middle age may have inherited their zeal for a "baptism of blood." Nor were there wanting savage swarms, who horrified their generation with their use of "the clubs of Israel;" as many have done since, by wielding what they called "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon." The contemporary efforts to justify all these forms of ascetic life were almost as curious as the phenomena themselves. "Asprinces," it was said, "after certain periods change the emblems on their coins, choosing sometimes the lion, at others stars or angels, for the die, and endeavoring to give a higher value to the gold by the striking character of the impression; so God has made piety assume these novel and varied forms of life, like so many new characters, to awake the admiration not only of the disciples of the faith, but also of the unbelieving world."\* Instead of commanding the admiration of all the faithful, these extravagances called up a corrective system, which eventually reduced the chaos to some consistency and order. The fact, that the wild disorders were, for the most part, among those who adhered to the earlier style of hermit life, affords some reason for the struggle which now arose between the rival claims of Anachorets and Cenobites. It was soon felt and seen that the organized community had the advantage in the cultivation of both active and passive virtues. The monastic brother rose superior to the solitary recluse. The communities of monks and nuns, which arose and flourished under the successors of Pachomius, became the types of the eastern monastery. Many of the monastic buildings of the Greek Church, still retaining their primitive altars, answer, all but entirely perhaps, to those which were reared in many parts of Asia under the eye of such men as Basil. Athanasius laid the foundation of a still more gorgeous system in the West. Jerome, Ambrose, and Martin of Tours, helped to develop its proportions, until Benedict opened the grand succession of those orders; by which it was brought to its commanding form in the Latin Church. Its subsequent magnificence af-

\* Theodoret. See Neander, vol. III. p. 304.

fords the most impressive evidence of its failure as a system. Its continued violation of the most distinctive attributes of human nature is the recorded secret of its failure. Its principle of poverty has ever outraged man's original conception of property; as a celibate, it is directly opposed to the social nature of man; and its law of solitary striving for religious perfection is antagonistic to the first principle of Christian communion and spiritual intercourse. But as is the sin, so is the punishment. The magnificent ruins which still adorn so many of our

lovely valleys, tell us of the miserable issue of secret discipline; and even now bear silent witness, that the profession of poverty frequently ended in the most insatiable avarice and cupidity, while vows of perpetual virginity resulted in unbounded licentiousness. That which began with a sincere desire for perfect purity, ended in the diffusion of licensed corruption. The lesson is solemn. Nor will the Church of Christ ever cease to find an interesting and beneficial study in that system which, for many ages, held together so much good and evil.

From the North British Review.

### INTUITIONALISM AND THE LIMITS OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.\*

THE icy and rigid Rationalism of last age has dissolved in the heat of a warmer season, and of late we have had a time of wading deep in melted matter; and now we are in an atmosphere of sultriness and dimness, of haziness and dreaminess. It is universally acknowledged that the logical processes of definition and reasoning can do little in religion; and those who, in days by-gone, would have appealed to such forms, are, in these times, betaking themselves to something livelier—to Feeling, Belief, Inspiration—or, in one word, to Intuition, which looks at the truth or object at once, and through no interfering process or dimming medium. In last age, certain of our "excelsior" youths were like to be starved in cold; in this age, they are in greater danger of having the seeds of a wasting disease fostered by lukewarm damps and gilded vapors.

The clearest views, they show, are those which we obtain by gazing immediately

on the object. Have not, they ask, the seers and sages of our world, poetic and philosophic, seen farther than other men by direct, and not by reflected or introspective vision? Does not our own consciousness witness that we get the farthest-reaching glimpses when we are wholly engrossed in looking out at things, without being at the trouble to analyze our thoughts? There are moments when all thinkers, or certain thinkers, have seen farther than in their usual moods; and this, by overlooking all interposing objects, and gazing full on the truth. Some seem to have experienced ecstatic states, in which, being lifted above themselves and the earth, and carried—whether in the body or out of the body, they know not—into the third heavens, they behold things which it is not possible for man to utter. An entranced minute of such bursting revelation is worth, they say, hours or years of your logically concatenated thought. The soul is then carried as to a great height—above the clouds that rise from the damps of earth—like unto Mount Teneriffe, from which ardent gazers thought they saw land lying to the far west, ages before the practical Columbus actually set foot on America. As

\* *The Limits of Religious Thought Examined.* The Bampton Lectures for 1858. By HENRY LONGUEVILLE MANSEL, B.D., Reader in Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy at Magdalen College; Tutor, and late Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford.

there are sounds—such as the sighings of the stream—heard in the stillness of evening which are not audible in the bustle of the day, so there are voices heard in certain quieter moods of the mind which can not be discerned when the soul is being agitated by discussion and ratiocination. As there are states of our atmosphere in which remote objects seem near, as there are days in which we can look far down into the ocean and behold its treasures, as the night shows us heavenly lights which are invisible in the glare of common day; so there are day moods and night moods in which we look into great depths, and see the dim as distinct, and behold truths glittering like gems, and brilliant as constellations. At these times it looks as if a veil or cloud were removed, and we see—as it were by polarized light—the inward constitution of things which usually expose but their tame outside; and we gaze on naked truth without the robe which it commonly wears, but which conceals what is infinitely more lovely than itself. Our eye can then look on pure light without being blinded by it; and we stand face to face with truth and beauty and goodness, and, in a sense, with God himself.

This is a view very often presented in the present day; and it should be admitted at once, that it is by spontaneous, and not by reflective thought, that the mind attains its clearest and most penetrating visions of things. Our mental powers operate spontaneously and act most faithfully when we are taking no notice of them, but are influenced by a simple desire to discover the truth; when the mind is in its best exercises, the interposition of metaphysical introspection and syllogistic formulae would tend only to dim the clearness of the view. It may be allowed further, that there are times in every man's thinking, when great truths come suddenly upon him—times when he feels as if he were emerging at once from a tunnel into the light of day. These are states to be cherished, and not curbed. But it is of vast moment that we understand their precise nature, and the value to be attached to them, and the restrictions to be laid upon the confidence we put in them.

*First.* In these visions, clear or profound, there are commonly other processes besides simple intuition. Almost always there is involved in them the gath-

ered wisdom of long, and varied, and ripened experience; very often there are analyses more or less refined, generalizations of a narrower or wider scope; and not unfrequently ratiocinations, passing so rapidly, that the processes are not only not analyzed, they are not even observed. When Archimedes broke out into such ecstasy on discovering a law of hydrostatics; when the thought flashed on the mind of Newton, that the power which draws an apple to the ground is that which holds the moon in her sphere; when Franklin identified the sparks produced by rubbing certain substances on the earth with the lightning of heaven; when it occurred to Watt that the steam which moved the lid of a kettle might be turned to a great mechanical purpose; when the Abbé Haüy, in gathering up the fragments of a crystal, which had accidentally fallen from his hands, surmised that all crystals were derived from a few primitive forms; when Oken, on looking at the bleached skull of a deer in the Hartz Forest, exclaimed, "This is a vertebrate column"—every one acknowledges that there was vastly more than intuitional power involved: there were presupposed large original talents of a peculiar kind in each case, habits of scientific research, and long courses of systematic training and observation; while at the instant there were the highest powers of comparison and computation in exercise. It will be readily allowed that there was a similar combination of native gift, of accumulated experience and connected ratiocination, implied in the discoveries made by Adam Smith and others in political and social science. But we go a step farther, and maintain that the grand views of moral and religious truth, which burst on the vision of our greatest philosophers, were the result of rays coming from a thousand scattered points. When Socrates unfolded to an age and nation deprived of the light of revelation such elevated doctrines regarding a superintending Providence, and the intimate relation between virtue and happiness; when Plato showed that man participated in the Divine intelligence, and that the forms of nature partook of the ideas or patterns which had been in or before the Divine Mind from all eternity; when Leibnitz developed his grand theory of a preestablished harmony running through the mental and material universe—there

were inactive exercise profound reflection, long observation of human nature and of the ways of God, searching analyses, and a cultivated moral vision. We are sure that there is a similar union involved in those far-reaching glimpses which more obscure men have had, at their better moments, of great moral or spiritual verities regarding the nature of man, and the character and dealings of God.

The leap of waters at the cataract of Niagara is on the instant, yet it is not after all a simple process: antecedent to it there have been rains falling from heaven, and these gathered into a river and acquiring momentum as they move on, and a precipitous cliff formed for their descent; and in the fall, water, rock, and atmosphere mingle their separate influences. The flash of lightning across the sky is instantaneous, yet it is the produce of long meteorological operations, in which probably air, moisture, sunlight, electricity, and an attracting object, have each had its part; and it is only on the whole gathering to an overflow that the convulsive effect is produced. There must have been a similar collection of strength and combination of scattered influences in those sudden leaps which certain minds have taken; as when Augustine abandoned paganism, and Luther left ritualism; and there are the same in those movements of the spirit of man in which it penetrates to immense distances without our being able to follow it through all the intermediate space, and illumines as it passes the densest masses of darkness. It is the business of physical science to explain the one set of processes; and it shows that they are the result of a conspiracy of agencies. It is the office of psychological science to explain the other set of operations; and it can show that there is involved in them a variety of original and acquired endowments. A number of different rays have met in the production of this pure white light. The views are so wide-ranging, because all the inlets of the mind are open to receive impressions.

Secondly, In all these higher visions there is apt to be a mixture of error. The glittering lustre in which the objects are seen, is apt to dazzle the eye, and prevent it from taking too narrow an inspection. The rapidity of the mental process is favorable to the concealment of hastiness of inference, to which we are led by the

influence of inferior motives—acting like concealed iron upon the ship's compass. With the desire to discover the truth, there may be united the personal vanity, or the idiosyncrasies of the individual, or the prejudices of the pledged partisan, or the proud and self-righteous temper, or a spirit of contradiction. How often does it happen, in such cases, that the conceits of the fancy or the wishes of the heart are attributed to the reason, that high feeling is mistaken for high wisdom, that what is dark is supposed to be deep, that what is lovely is supposed to be holy! In the region to which they have betaken themselves, objects seem gigantic because perceived in the mist—as they look through the openings in which persons mistake gilded clouds for sun-lit islands, or mountains based on the earth and piercing the sky.

Besides the error which may be in the original vision, there are apt to be additional mistakes when the individual would unfold it and put it into language. As Aurora Leigh says:

"It may be, perhaps,  
Such have not settled long and deep enough  
In trance, to attain to clairvoyance—and still  
The memory mixes with the vision, spoils  
And works it turbid."

The intuitionalist often has a genuine feeling; and, when he confines himself to a simple description, his statement, if not altogether free from error, may be a correct transcript of what has passed in his own mind, and may have as vivifying an influence upon others as it has had upon himself. The glow which radiates from such men as Coleridge, when tracing the correspondences between subject and object, or Wordsworth as he sketches the feelings awakened by the forms and aspects of nature, or Ruskin, as we gaze with him on the higher works of art, steeped all attendant minds in its own splendors—as the gorgeous evening sun burnishes all objects, clouds as well as landscapes, in its own rich hues. The intuitionalist ever succeeds best in poetry, or in prose which is of the character of poetry, and might, if the father of it choose, be wedded to immortal verse. But when he attempts, as he often does, a systematic exposition, scientific, or logical, or philosophical, or theological, of his sentiments, there may now, with the errors of the original writing, be mingled the mistakes that arise



from an unfaithful transcription. Every one knows that to feel and to analyze the feelings are two very different exercises; and it often happens that those who feel the most intensely, and even those who think the most profoundly, are the least capacitated for unfolding the process to others. In attempting to do so, they often mix it up with other elements, and the product is a conglomerate, in which truth and error are banded together without the possibility of separating them. In unwinding the threads, they have tangled them; and they become the more hopelessly entangled, the greater the strength which they exert in unraveling them. The pool may—or quite as possibly may not—have been originally pure; it has certainly been rendered altogether turbid by the mud stirred up in the attempt to explore it. As the author of *Hours with the Mystics* says: "This intuitional metal, in its native state, is mere fluent, formless quicksilver: to make it definite and serviceable, you must fix it by an alloy; but then, alas! it is pure reason no longer, and, so far from being universal truth, receives a countless variety of shapes, according to the temperament, culture, or philosophic party of the individual thinker."

These visions, raptures, and ecstasies are most apt to appear in philosophy and theology; and it is there they work the most mischief. The intuitionalist is ever placing things in their wrong category, dividing the things which should be joined, or mixing the things which should be separated. His analogies overlook differences; his distinctions set aside resemblances. His limitations are like the mad attempts of Xerxes to chain the ocean. His definitions are like the boundings of a cloud—while he is pointing to them they are changed; indeed his whole method is like a project to make roads and run fences in cloudland. In metaphysics, he represents as essences what are in fact nothing but attenuated ghosts, created by his own oppressed vision as it looks into darkness. The Neo-Platonists pretended to see the One and the Good by ecstasy; what they saw was merely an abstract quality separated from the concrete object. They tried to raise up emotion by the contemplation of the skeleton attribute, but in this they did and could not succeed, for it is not by abstraction that feeling is excited. but by the presentation of an individual

and living reality. The attempt in the present age, by certain metaphysical speculators, to call forth feeling by the presentation of the True, the Beautiful, the Good, must terminate in a similar failure. It is not by the contemplation of truth, but of the God of truth; not by the contemplation of loveliness, but of the God of loveliness; not by the contemplation of the good, but of the good God, that feelings of adoration and love are called forth and gratified.

There are still greater perils attending the indulgence of these inspirations in matters of religion. The intuitionalist is tempted to ascribe to some higher influence the idea which arises simply from the law of association or organic impulse; to attribute to intuition what is mere floating sentiment—to pure reason what is the product of habit or of passion—nay, to God himself what springs from the fallible human heart. The light to which the soul is carried in these elevations is apt to have a dizzying influence; and not a few have fallen when they seemed to themselves to be standing most secure. Some, pretending to a heavenly mission, have yielded at once to the temptation which the true Messenger withstood; and, without a promise of one to bear them up in their presumption, have cast themselves down from the pinnacle to which they were elevated, and been lost amidst the laughter of men. Some have claimed for their own conceits the inspiration of Heaven; and have come to deify their own imaginations, and to sanctify their schemes of ambition, by representing them as formed under the sanction of God.

Thirdly, The error is to be detected by a careful reflex examination of the spontaneous process of intuition, or, what is more frequent, of the intuition with certain conjoined elements. That error may creep into these visions and raptures, is evident from the circumstance, that scarcely any two inspirationalists agree even when pretending to have revelations on the same point; and when they do concur, it is evidently because of the dominant authority of some great master. How, then, are we to decide among the claims of the rival sages, or seers, or doctors, or schools? Plainly by inquiring which of them, if any, are in fact under the influence of a native intuition; and this is to be done by an inductive inquiry into the nature of our intuitions, and by

trying the proposed dogma or feeling by the tests, thus discovered, of intuition.

In no other department of human investigation, except speculative philosophy and theology, will an indiscriminate appeal to intuition or feeling be allowed in the present day. Mathematics admit of no such loose method of procedure. The fundamental principles of that science are, no doubt, founded on intuition; but then it is on intuitions carefully enunciated and formalized, and the whole superstructure is banded by rigid logical deduction. Physical science will not tolerate any such anticipations except at times in the way of suggesting hypotheses, to be immediately tried by a rigid induction of facts, and accepted or rejected only as they can stand the test. In political science there is a necessity for the weighing of conflicting principles, and room for clearness of head and far-seeing sagacity; but in these operations mere intuition has a small share, and is not allowed to pass till it is carefully sifted. It is surely high time that intuition were prevented from careering without restraint in the fields of philosophy and theology, and that rules were laid down, not for absolutely restraining it, but for confining it within its legitimate province.

The sole corrective of the evil, the only means of separating the error from the truth, is to be found in a cool reflex examination of the spontaneous process. This is needed, even when the idea is one which has occurred to our own minds, to protect them from the self-deception to which all are liable, to provide them with a safety-lamp when they would enter dark subterranean passages; or with a chart when they would venture on a sea of speculation; or with a compass to tell the direction when they would go out beyond the measured and fenced ground of thought into a waste, above which clouds forever hover, and where are precipices over which multitudes are forever falling. Needed to guard us even in our personal musings, it will surely be acknowledged that it is still more necessary when others demand our assent to their proffered visions, lest what we pick up be

"Like cast-off nosegays picked up on the road,  
The worse for being warm."

Not that this review of the spontaneous thought should set out with the fixed purpose of rejecting all that has been sug-

gested; on the contrary, it should retain and carefully cherish all that may be good, and cast away only what can not stand a sifting inspection. But the testing, in order to accomplish these ends, must proceed on certain principles. So far as the spontaneous exercise professes to be guided by an induction of facts, it must be tried by the canons of the logic of induction. So far as it involves ratiocination, the approved rules of reasoning must determine its validity. So far as it claims to be intuitional, metaphysical science is entitled to demand that the principle involved be shown to be in the very constitution of the mind, self-evident, necessary, universal; and further, that its determinate rule be specified and formalized, so that we may see whether it covers the case in hand.

In moral subjects, *first thoughts* are often the best, because formed prior to the calculations of selfishness. They may not, however, always be the best; for they may proceed from passion, which, in fallen man, is as spontaneous and quite as quick as any moral impulse. As a general rule, neither the *first* nor the *second* thoughts are the best; but the *last* thoughts of a studious course of reflection, in which both first and second thoughts are reviewed, that which is good in each being preserved, and that which is evil rejected. The same remark holds good of the exercises of the intellect. The first views of the truth are frequently the freshest and the justest. It has been remarked, that the first view of the new-born infant discloses a resemblance to father or mother which the subsequent growth of the child effaces; and there is often a similar power of penetration in the first glance of the intellectual eye, directed towards a truth presented for the first time: the prominent features are then caught on the instant, and correspondences are detected which disappear on a more familiar acquaintance, being lost sight of among other qualities. But while these original glimpses are often very precious, and are to be carefully noted and registered, it is equally true that first impressions often contain large mixture of error. At these times of intense rapture and ardent longing, the mind seizes eagerly on what presents itself, and is incapable of drawing distinctions, and may utterly neglect other aspects, which are only to be detected by longer and more familiar acquaintance. Hence the need of cool reflection to come after, and retain only what

can be justified by the rules of logic. As the first looks of the infant reveal features which are subsequently lost sight of, so the last look of the dying will call up once more likenesses which had escaped our notice in the interval. Let there be a similar holding of all the true analogies caught in the first look in those last looks, which after many a survey, we cherish and retain forever of the objects which excite our interests and claim our regards.

Verily these intuitionists must be made, by some scientific process, to consume their own smoke, which is so polluting the atmosphere. We have a work before us eminently fitted to lay an arrest on this speculative spirit, whether it founds on a formal rationalism or a loose intuition.

Mr. Mansel is known to all who take an interest in such studies, as one of the greatest living logicians and metaphysicians in our country. In respect of learning, we know no English-speaking philosopher to be put on the same high level. In all his writings there is an acuteness equal to that of the Doctor Subtilis or the more illustrious of the schoolmen. With these are conjoined a modesty, a candor, a love of truth, and a reverence for divine teaching, which win our confidence, and endear him to every genuine mind. Albeit only in middle age, he is already an extensive author. His *Notes to the Logic of Aldrich*—whose musical pieces and whose church-architecture the students of Oxford are impudent enough to prefer to his *Artis Logica Rudimenta*—are so learned and acute, that we only wish he had hung them on a better pillar; as Sir William Hamilton says, "La sauce vaut mieux que le poisson." His *Prolegomena Logica*, some of the doctrines of which were first expounded by him in this *Review*, have carried certain questions in metaphysics to as advanced a stage as they have reached in this country. We agree with him, that logic is, in a sense, dependent on psychology; at the same time, we would give a somewhat different account of the relation. The laws of thought, which logic unfolds and applies, are in the mind *a priori*, and independent of our observation of them; but they act spontaneously, and are not before the consciousness as laws; and we can discover and express them only *a posteriori*, and by an induction of their individual actings.\* But the great

merit of the work lies in drawing attention to certain differences in the meaning and interpretation of our intuitive convictions. It is now generally admitted, that necessity is at least one characteristic (self-evidence seems to us a prior one) of fundamental truths; and Mr. Mansel has shown that it is needful to distinguish between different kinds of necessity, such as logical and metaphysical, thus contributing to what should be the metaphysical work of the coming age the exact expression and interpretation of these intuitions of the mind. His *Article on Metaphysics* in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, carries us over the whole wide subject. We should have wished to dwell on its numerous excellences, especially in regard to the place which it gives to our consciousness of self and conviction of personality; but this would require a whole article, and we have other interesting matter before us at present; some of the more important points in which we agree with and differ from him will come out as we review the *Bampton Lectures*. Mr. Mansel has likewise minor works. He has a *Lecture on the Philosophy of Kant*, containing important strictures on that great thinker, but adopting, as it appears to us, too many of his principles, and expecting the Kantian philosophy to effect a good in this country which it has failed to accomplish

of Europe: *System der Logik von Ueberweg*, and *Essais de Logique par Waddington*. In the latter, Hamilton's views as to induction and consciousness are examined. Among works of Religious Philosophy, Dr. Scheukel's *Die Christliche Dogmatik vom Standpunkte des Gewissens aus dargestellt*, and Dr. Ulrici's *Glauben und Wissen*, are worthy of special commendation. The former is especially noteworthy, as treating fully of a topic so often discussed by British philosophers since the days of Butler, the nature of Conscience, and is peculiar in representing the conscience as (too exclusively, we think) the religious organ. In a long article in the last number of the leading philosophical journal of Germany, *Zeitschrift für Philosophie und philosophische Kritik*, conducted by Fichte, Ulrici, and Wirth, Dr. Ulrici formally gives his adhesion to the doctrine of Dr. McCosh. (the article is a review of the *Method of Divine Government*), as against the *a priori* speculation of Germany, and maintains, that while the soul proceeds on fundamental (*a priori*) principles, it is at the same time unconscious of these principles, and needs therefore observation and classification, in short, induction, in order to their discovery. The article closes with expressing a wish to have the intuitions of the mind, in regard to their "nature, rule, and limits," carefully unfolded in the inductive manner. Surely this is not without significance, as coming from Germany.

\* The following works on Logic, lately published, have deservedly a name on the continent

in Germany, where thinkers, starting with his critical method, declined to stop where he paused. He has a letter on the *Conception of Eternity* in which he shows that Mr. Maurice has set aside the laws of thought in his view of the world to come. He has a pamphlet on the *Limits of Demonstrative Evidence*, in which he exposes some of the excesses of Dr. Whewell, who makes a number of truths *a priori* which are evidently *a posteriori*; but perhaps has himself been guilty of defects, in not admitting that the demonstrations of mathematics have an objective value in regard to bodies so far as they have extension, and that we have a native conviction of power, which has a similar but more limited objective value in regard to body as exercising force. He has an admirable lecture on *Psychology as the Test of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy*. And now we have these *Bampton Lectures*, which will raise him to a high rank as a Christian philosopher. The notes give evidence of extensive reading of works ancient and modern, British and continental. In the *Lectures* themselves, the inevitable dryness and technicality of certain discussions is relieved by apothegms of profound practical wisdom and bursts of noble eloquence. The work may be regarded as an application to theology of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy of the Unconditioned. Every deep and influential system of philosophy has had its religious or irreligious applications by the founder of the system or his disciples. The philosophies of Plato, of Aristotle, of Zeno, of Descartes, of Locke, of Leibnitz, of Hutcheson, of Butler, of Kant, of Schelling, and Hegel, have all been carried by the men themselves, or their admiring followers, into religion—in some cases to do little good to the cause of sacred truth, the simplicity of which they served to corrupt. We have now, in these Lectures of Mr. Mansel, the philosophy of Hamilton in its supposed religious aspect. Its value is represented as being chiefly negative in arresting rash speculation, both in favor of religion and against it. Mr. Mansel applies it to cut up by the roots the Rational theology, which sprung up in Germany posterior to Kant, and which has of late come over to our country from that thinking-shop of Europe. It is now nearly thirty years since Sir William Hamilton published his tremendous criticism of the Philosophy of

the Unconditioned. This work of Mr. Mansel does for Rational theology what the work of Hamilton did for the theories of the Absolute. No systematic attempt has been made to repel the battering-ram assaults of the Scottish metaphysician; and we scarcely expect that the supporters of a speculative theology will ever venture to meet, one by one, the equally acute arguments of the English divine.

"It is to a philosopher of our own age and country that we must look for the true theory of the limits of human thought, as applicable to theological, no less than to metaphysical researches—a theory exhibited, indeed, in a fragmentary and incomplete form, but containing the germ of nearly all that is requisite for a full exposition of the system. The celebrated article of Sir William Hamilton on the Philosophy of the Unconditioned, contains the key to the understanding and appreciation of nearly the whole body of modern German speculation. His great principle, that 'the Unconditioned is incognizable and inconceivable, its notion being only negative of the Conditioned, which last can alone be positively known or conceived,' has suggested the principal part of the inquiries pursued in the present work."—*Preface*.

We are not to understand from this modest admission that the author is a slavish follower of the late distinguished Edinburgh philosopher, whom all thinkers are so constrained to revere. In several points he separates from Hamilton, and in all of these we thoroughly concur with Mr. Mansel. Hamilton has established "truths that awake to perish never"—truths which will go down through all time, for a while in an isolated stream, with rocky, sharp-cut banks, and then mingled with the great river of truth which is ever gathering accessions as it flows on. But there has been a general feeling among all, except a few devoted pupils, that he has overlooked some of the deepest intuitive convictions of our constitution, or referred to them, under the name of "beliefs," only to decline to discuss them. He is emphatically the Kant of Scotland and of the nineteenth century. In Germany, thinkers were not satisfied with the dry forms and categories of Kant, which kept men at such a distance from living realities, and are, in fact, no more the full exhibition of our mental constitution than the bones are of our bodily frame, and they would no more abide there than they would in a room of skeletons; and so, taking with them certain of the prin-



ciples of the critical method, they stuffed the bones and formed a figure of gigantic dimensions, put convulsive life into it, and called it Realism. We believe that, in like manner, the youth of the coming, ay, even of the present age, and that even in Edinburgh, will not be satisfied with Hamilton's negations, relations, and conditions, but will strive to get nearer realities—may we hope in the inductive, and not in the *a priori* or critical method.

We are glad to find Mr. Mansel taking great pains, in all his greater works, to show that we have a knowledge of self. It is thus announced in *Prolegomena Logica*, p. 129: "I am immediately conscious of myself seeing and hearing, willing and thinking. This self-personality, like all other simple and immediate presentations, is indefinable; but it is so because it is superior to definition. It can be analyzed into no simpler elements, for it is itself the simplest of all; it can be made no clearer by description or comparison, for it is revealed to us in all the clearness of an original intuition." The doctrine is stated and defended at length in the article on Metaphysics, where (p. 618) he speaks of the consciousness of personality as "an ontology, in the highest sense of the term." And now, in these *Lectures*, p. 348, he says: "This conscious self is itself the *Ding an sich*, the standard by which all representations of personality must be judged, and from which our notion of reality, as distinguished from appearance, is originally derived." This seems to us to be the true doctrine, and is very different from that of Kant, who, by making our very knowledge of self *phenomenal*, (as opposed to *real*), and affirming that the mind in its knowledge superinduces on the object something not in the object, opened an outlet which allowed all the pantheistic extravagances of Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel to flow out. When we return to the natural doctrine, and suppose that the mind has an immediate knowledge of self, as a *thing in itself*, and that attached to this there is a necessary conviction of personality, we have laid an arrest on every form of Pantheism.

We are glad to find too, that, in common with nearly all who have referred to the subject, Mr. Mansel does not concur in Hamilton's doctrine of causation. He criticises it in the article in the *Encyclopaedia*, (p. 601,) and in these *Lectures*

describes it as unsatisfactory, (p. 381.) If Hamilton's doctrine of causation be disallowed, so must also we suspect his doctrine, never fully expounded, of substance and property; for, as Locke again and again says, and as Kant admits, power is involved in our idea of substance. Mr. Mansel further (*Bamp. Lect.* p. 311) criticises Hamilton's doctrine of creation being "an evolution." "All that is now *actually* existent in the universe, this we think, and must think, as having, prior to creation, *virtually* existed in the Creator." We agree with Mr. Mansel that this statement scarcely accords with the principles of his general system, but it shows how defective the view of causation which could have issued in such a declaration.

When Mr. Mansel has taken these steps in advance of Kant, and, we believe, of Hamilton too, we regret that he has not gone a little farther in the same direction. If we have an intuitive knowledge of self, why not suppose that we have likewise an intuitive knowledge of body—at least of body in its primary qualities, let us say, of our organism as extended. The only satisfactory theory of man's mental acquirements is that which makes him begin, not with ideas or phenomena, but with knowledge, and this a knowledge of things, of things presenting themselves, of self and body presented to self. Mr. Mansel admits this in regard to self. But surely consciousness testifies that our knowledge of the object body, is knowledge quite as certainly as our knowledge of the subject mind; and that we know the one (body) to be reality, quite as much as we know the other to be a reality. It is at least quite in the spirit of Hamilton to put the two—our knowledge of the object and the subject—on the same footing: not that either knowledge is absolute, but both are positive, and not simply phenomenal or relative. We know both self and body presented to self as having an existence independent of our knowledge of them, or of the mind contemplating them. He who does not bring out this is overlooking some of the essential features of our original and intuitive convictions.

Mr. Mansel has dissented from Hamilton's theory of causation. We do not regard his own as full and complete; yet a single step in advance in the direction in which he is going would conduct him to the right result. He affirms that we know

self—he affirms that we know self as a person: let him just add, that we know self, in certain exercise of it, as a power—and we have a result, supported by consciousness, and fitted to extricate metaphysics from a host of difficulties. The universal statement is, that we do not know mind except by its properties; but what are properties, at least certain properties, but powers? If this view be correct, then we are not at liberty, with Mr. Mansel, (p. 173, etc.,) to call cause an “unknown something” which “still remains absolutely concealed.” The language of Mr. Mansel, as applied to personality, may be transferred to it: “It is undefinable, but it is because it is superior to definition. It can be analyzed into no simpler elements, for it is itself the simplest of all; it can be made no clearer by description or comparison, for it is revealed in all the clearness of an original intuition.”

On yet a third point we are inclined to think that the philosophy both of Hamilton and Mansel is deficient: we refer to their account of man's conviction in regard to the infinite. So far as we have perused the writings of philosophers and divines, we think we are justified in representing the great body of profound thinkers, as maintaining, on the one hand, that the finite mind of man can not comprehend the infinite, while, on the other hand, the mind has some sort of intuitive conviction in regard to infinity. Even Sir W. Hamilton and Mr. Mansel, while they hold that man's conception of infinity is a mere impotence and a negation, do yet fully allow that man has a belief in infinity. Mr. Mansel says, (p. 64,) “We feel that God is indeed, in his incomprehensible Essence, absolute and infinite;” and again, more fully, (p. 67,) “We are compelled by the constitution of our minds to believe in the existence of an Absolute and Infinite Being.” Now we could have wished that these eminent men had stated precisely the nature of this belief, feeling, conviction; that they had shown how it stands related to our cognitions, and that they had vindicated its validity and authority. Till this is done, it will ever be felt by many to be unsatisfactory to represent our conception as a mere impotence and a negation, and then to hand us over to a belief of which no account is given. It appears to us that our belief in the infinite, like our belief in every thing

else, proceeds on a cognition. We have a knowledge (limited) of such objects as space and time, and we can rise to a positive, though of course partial, knowledge of God; and in regard to these objects, we are “compelled by the constitution of our minds” to believe them infinite. We go a step farther: this belief is a belief in something—ay, and in something apprehended, or it would be a belief in zero. It is the office of psychology to bring out the precise nature of this apprehension. It will be felt to be a most inadequate conception: never do we feel our creature impotency more, than when we try to form a conception of the infinite. Yet there is an apprehension, and a positive apprehension, to which the belief is attached. We apprehend, say, space and time stretching away farther and farther; but to whatever point we go, we are constrained to believe in a space and time beyond. There is thus a positive belief attached to a positive apprehension; and both the one and the other native and necessary. Such a conception, with its attached beliefs, is very inadequate; but still it is sufficient to enable us to think and speak about infinity intelligibly and without a contradiction.

The reference in these passages to “beliefs” leads us to point out another oversight in this work of Mr. Mansel, and in the philosophy of Hamilton so far as it has been given to the public. Sir W. Hamilton says: “By a wonderful revelation we are thus, in the very consciousness of our inability to conceive aught above the relative and finite, inspired with a belief in the existence of something unconditional, beyond the sphere of all comprehensible reality.” (*Discuss.* p. 15.) He speaks of a horizon of faith beyond the domain of knowledge, and Mr. Mansel frequently uses similar language. Always after limiting with terrible stringency our cognitive power, this whole school is ever referring us to a circumambient region of faith, dark or at least unexplored; and, on conducting us to its verge, they leave us to find our way as best we can, or as we please. As Kant saved himself from the nihilism of the Speculative Reason by an appeal to Practical Reason, and as others in Germany tried to secure the same end by faith or feeling, so the school of Hamilton, after so limiting our cognitive power that they seem to land us in nescience, hastens to call in faith to save

us from an issue from which the mind draws back with shuddering. We know what followed in Germany—one set of men attacked the Practical Reason and the Faith with the criticism which had been employed against the Speculative Reason; while others turned Faith or Feeling to purposes which they were never meant to accomplish. In order to prevent such consequences on the destructive or constructive side from issuing out of Hamilton's philosophy, we must have these obscure and mysterious "faiths" brought out to view, and their nature, value, and limits explained. If this is not done, some will allow themselves to remain in the coldness of nescience and negation rather than go out into a region of darkness, while others may allow themselves in the most extravagant beliefs; and it will turn out that nothing has been gained by expelling the intuitionalist from the field of cognition, if you allow him to run or ride, to drive or fly, at pleasure in the region of faith. Our beliefs are as essential a part of our mental constitution as our cognitions or conceptions. It is the business of psychology, and of metaphysics too, to unfold our native beliefs as well as our knowledge and notions. The beliefs so gather round our cognitions, that it is impossible for us to have a full or clear view of the latter if we do not determine accurately the nature of the former. As much error and confusion have arisen in theology and religion from the abuse of our native faith as of our native knowledge. We are convinced that there are tests wherewith to try and limit our belief, just as there are tests to try our intuitive knowledge; nay, we believe that the tests which restrain the one are substantially the same with those which restrain the other. But as man has constitutional beliefs, and as these are so liable to abuse, being so restrained by one party and not at all restrained by another party, we desiderate that this work on the "Limits of Thought" be followed by another on the "Limits of Native Faith."

There are two distinctions borrowed from Kant, frequently employed by Mr. Mansel, to which we must here refer, as being liable to great abuse. One of these is the distinction between "form" and "matter;" a phrasology which has been employed in so many and incongruous senses by Aristotle, by Bacon, by Kant,

and by logicians, that, like the word "idea," which has also assumed so many suspicious *aliases*, it were better to banish it from the kingdom of mind altogether, and send it back to the material world from which it came. As used in the Kantian sense, the distinction implies that the mind imposes on the object, or "matter," a "form" not in the object itself. The whole idealism of Fichte, of Schelling, and Hegel is shut up here, and must fly out as soon as this Pandora's box is open. For if the mind in cognition may add one thing, why not two or ten things—why not all things? The only way of escape from these consequences is to return to the natural system, and to suppose that the mind is so constituted as to know the object—say self or body presented to self—not absolutely, or in all its qualities and relations, but still the object so far, and within certain limits.

Out of this has arisen another Kantian distinction also liable to be perverted. As stated by Mr. Mansel, it is the distinction between the regulative and speculative use of knowledge: "The highest principles of thought and action to which we can attain are regulative, and not speculative." "They do not tell us what things are in themselves, but how we must conduct ourselves in relation to them," (p. 141.) Again, "How far the knowledge we can attain of God represents God as he is, we know not, and have no need to know," (p. 146.) "Action, and not knowledge, is man's destiny and duty in this life," (p. 149.) Now, we maintain with Aristotle, that man was "organized for knowledge." We acknowledge that human knowledge can not furnish grounds for the speculations which the German metaphysicians and their followers in this country have built on it. This can be shown by an inductive inquiry into the nature of that knowledge. Still this knowledge is not nescience, but knowledge positive and trustworthy so far as it goes. Any further knowledge of the same object possessed by other beings, such as angels, would not set it aside, but simply add to it. All existing objects might be represented as polygons—some perhaps with a hundred sides, some with a thousand, and the Supreme Being with an infinite number; and of these man may see only a few, perhaps a half-dozen or a dozen, still what he sees is real; the knowledge may not be sufficient to enable him to construct the mathe-

matics of the figure, or to discover all the relations of side to side and side to center; still what he sees are real sides of the very thing, and, if he could see other sides, or all the sides, it would not even modify his first knowledge, but simply enlarge it.

We are now in circumstances to judge of the philosophy of the Conditioned in its reference to theology. And, first, let us view it in its bearing on Natural Theology. Sir W. Hamilton declares that "the only valid argument for the existence of God, or the immortality of the soul, rests on the grounds of man's moral nature," (*Discuss.* p. 623.) And Mr. Mansel concurs: "The speculative argument is unable to prove the existence of a Supreme Being," (p. 103.) Hamilton, like Kant, was obliged to hold this view in logical consistency. For Hamilton has unfortunately given his adhesion to Kant in regard to causation, which the latter represented as a form or category imposed by the mind on things, as a mere law of thought, and not of things. We acknowledge that it is a law of thought, but it is a law of thought in reference to things. On discovering an effect, we are intuitively convinced that it must have had a cause, and that if the effect be a real thing, so must also be the cause. We are not unfolding all that is in the intuitive conviction, we are not interpreting it aright, if we do not make it embrace all this. When we take this view of causation, the argument from the traces of order and design can be fully vindicated, quite as much so as that from man's moral nature. Indeed, if the argument from causation be rejected, that from man's moral nature may be repelled on the same grounds; for if the intuition in regard to causation has no objective value, we may suppose that our conviction in regard to moral good is quite as impotent.

All this, we admit, does not prove that God is infinite or supreme; and we rather think that no man of note ever said that it did. In establishing this further truth, we must take along with us man's intuitive conviction as to infinity. Kant and Hamilton are precluded from this by their defective view of man's conviction on this subject. When viewed under these aspects, the deficiencies of the philosophy of the Conditioned come out very prominently to the view. It does not enable us to give an exposition of certain great

truths which the Bible presupposes, such as that a God exists; the invisible Maker of the visible universe.

Viewed in its reference to Christian divinity, the philosophy of the Conditioned is fitted to serve, and, as used in these pages, it is made to serve, some important purposes. No doubt it deprives us of some of the internal evidences in favor of Christianity which divines have been accustomed, and, we think, legitimately, to advance; this it does because of such oversights as those we have pointed out. But, on the other hand, it delivers us from an immense amount of rash speculation, whether as employed in Dogmatic or Rational Theology. There always will be, and there always should be, a systematic divinity; but, provided always that no portion of revealed truth be pared away, we have no objections to see it relieved from many of the old logical distinctions with which it has been shackled, and from being identified with abstruse metaphysical principles, which certain schools of philosophy affirm and others as stoutly deny. It is certain that every plant which our heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up. But in excising the exploded logic and philosophy of former ages, it might be as well to resist, at the same time, the introduction of the German distinctions of Kant and Schleiermacher, lest they too become antiquated in next age, or possibly even in this age.

In the first of these *Bampton Lectures* there is a definition of Dogmatism and Rationalism; and it is shown how the one is apt to err by forcing reason into accordance with revelation, and the other by forcing revelation into accordance with reason. In the second Lecture Mr. Mansel points out with great distinctness the two opposite methods by which a Philosophy of Religion may be attempted; the one, the objective or metaphysical, based upon a supposed knowledge of the nature of God; the other, the subjective or psychological, based on the knowledge of the mental faculties of man. He enters on a criticism of the first. It is here that his searching review bears the closest analogy to the formidable assault of Hamilton on the Philosophy of the Absolute. He labors to show that the fundamental ideas of Rational Theology—the Absolute, the Infinite, the First Cause—involve mutual contradictions; and that there are further contradictions involved in the



coexistence of the Absolute and Relative, the Infinite and the Finite. We are not sure that we can concur in all the strong statements made on this subject by the school of Hamilton. Some of them are advanced in the very manner of the Eleatic Zeno, when, in order to shut men up into the doctrine that all things are one and immovable, he tried to show that there are contradictions in the idea of motion. Ever since Kant propounded his Antinomies, or supposed contradictions of reason, it has been the delight of the schools ramifying from him to multiply contradictions. It appears to us to be possible both to think and speak about motion, and about the Infinite, the Absolute, and the First Cause, without landing ourselves in contradictions. There are native convictions collecting round all these subjects, and as long as we keep to them and give the exact expression of them, we are not landed even in seeming inconsistencies. We admit freely, that whenever we pass beyond the limited portion of truth thus intuitively revealed, we are landed in darkness and in mystery—any assertions we make will in fact be meaningless, and rash assertions may be contradictory on the supposition that they have a meaning—but then the contradictions do not lie in our native convictions, but in our unwarranted statements; it can be shown that the Antinomies of Kant are not real contradictions in the *dicta* of reason, but merely in his own mutilated account of them, derived from criticism, and not from induction. Not a little confusion is produced in these discussions, by looking on infinite and cause as if they were entities, whereas infinity and power are merely attributes of an entity, say of God. We never could see even the appearance of a contradiction between the idea of an infinite space and an infinite God on the one hand, and a finite piece of matter and a finite creature on the other. The supposed contradiction arises only when we make unwarranted statements about the one or the other. The real mystery arises only when, not satisfied with the fact of the existence of both, we put unmeaning questions about the *how*, or about some unknown bond of relation. The following is the account which we are inclined to give of what Mr. Mansel has actually done in the second lecture: With an acuteness which we have never seen surpassed, he shows how we land ourselves

in darkness whenever we, who know but in part, make assertions as if we knew the whole, and how those who would construct a Rational Theology out of the ideas of Infinity and First Cause, land themselves in positive contradictions. As he says in another Lecture:

"Reason does not deceive us if we only read her witness aright; and reason herself gives us warning when we are in danger of reading it wrong. The light that is within us is not darkness, only it can not illuminate that which is beyond the sphere of its rays. The self-contradictions into which we inevitably fall when we attempt certain courses of speculation, are the beacons placed by the hand of God in the mind of man to warn us that we are deviating from the track which he designs us to pursue; that we are striving to pass the barriers which he has planted around us. The flaming sword turns every way against those who strive in the strength of their own reason to force their passage to the tree of life."—P. 198.

In the third Lecture he examines the Philosophy of Religion as constructed from the laws of the human mind. He enunciates four conditions of all human consciousness. Knowing the abuse made of them by Professor Ferrier, we are suspicious of conditions laid down so rigidly, and without a previous induction. We acknowledge no conditions of consciousness, except those laws of human intelligence which can be discovered by a careful and cautious observation, which, in discovering the existence of the laws, will also discover their limits. The conditions are: distinction between one object and another; relation between subject and object; succession and duration; and personality; all of which he endeavors to show are inconsistent with an idea of the Infinite or Absolute. It appears clear to us that there are native convictions attached to all these subjects, namely, the difference between things made known to us; the difference between self and not-self; time; and personality; what we desiderate is to have these stated fully and cautiously, not as conditions, but as facts. When these convictions are properly enunciated, all appearance of contradiction between them and the native conviction which the mind has of the Infinite will disappear. Every man has a necessary conviction of his personality; but there is no seeming contradiction between this and our conviction, that there is an infinite God. I am led to look on God as a person; and if personality be

viewed as an attribute, there is really no inconsistency in supposing God to possess the further attribute of infinity. We deny that "the only human conception of personality is that of limitation," (119.) This statement might come consistently from a Kantian, who, starting with a number of other and artificial forms, has most inexcusably overlooked personality as a native conviction. But Mr. Mansel has told us that personality is revealed in all the "clearness of an original intuition." Transfer this indefinable attribute to God, and transfer at the same time our intuitive conviction as to infinity to God, and we can see no incongruity. A mystery may arise, we admit, when we travel beyond our convictions. Mr. Mansel has shown how those who would construct a Rational Theology out of these mysteries land themselves in hopeless contradictions.

In the fourth Lecture he expounds what he regards as the two principal modes of religious intuition, which are a feeling of dependence, and a sense of moral obligation. The former is represented as implying a Personal Superior, and prompting to prayer; while the latter implies a Moral Governor, and gives a sense of sin and of the need of an expiation. Mr. Mansel is now on ground which we rejoice to see him occupying; and we can go along with him freely and buoyantly without our being forever in terror of running on a bristling barrier, or of being crushed in the collision of a contradiction. It is here we find him showing that the mind has a belief in the Infinite, and a "conviction that the Infinite does exist, and must exist." Right heartily do we concur in his exposition of moral obligation, and of the great truths involved in it; we only wish that he had been equally fearless in his interpretation of our intellectual intuitions. In regard to the feeling of dependence, we may be permitted to say, that while we look on it as native, we regard it as issuing from a combination of different convictions ever pressing themselves on us. Feeling or emotion, we might show, is always attached to an apprehension of something; and we think we can specify the apprehensions which give rise to the feeling of dependence. All that we see or know on earth points to a higher cause. Providence, in particular, is impressing us with our dependence on arrangements made independent of us.

Our sense of obligation points to a Being to whom we are at all times responsible, and to whom we must at last give an account of the deeds done in the body, whether they have been good or evil. Our sense of sin and of want ever prompt us to look out for one who may supply what we need. Nor is it to be omitted, that the conviction we have of the infinite is ever prompting us to bow before one who is inconceivably above us. The feeling of dependence seems to us the result of such deep convictions as these. We can, therefore, agree with Mr. Mansel in thinking that Schleiermacher has by no means given the right account of it; and we have to thank him for his criticism of the fundamental position of the Schleiermacher philosophy and theology.

We have already noticed the distinction between speculative and regulative truth; it is drawn by Mr. Mansel at the close of the fourth and in the fifth Lecture. Our doctrine on this subject is, that man does know truth positively, but that he knows truth only "in part," and ever errs when he supposes that his knowledge is absolute. And hence we can agree with nearly all that he says so ingeniously as to the analogy between man's constitution and the mode in which instruction is given in the Bible, so adapted to man's finite comprehension. The two are in unison, in that both imply that man's capacity of knowledge is limited. The inspired writers "prophesy in part" to beings who can "know but in part."

In the sixth Lecture we have admirable parallels between our ignorance as to religious truths and our ignorance in regard to philosophic truth. "Reason gains nothing by repudiating revelation; for the mystery of revelation is the mystery of reason," (p. 178.) We thank him for the rebuke administered to those who look on the mode of procedure by natural law as involved in our idea of God.

In the seventh Lecture he speaks of human morality as being relative, not absolute. At the same time he insists (p. 200) that there is an "absolute morality," that there is "a higher and unchangeable principle" embodied in these human and relative forms. We ask him how he knows this, or how he can prove this? For if the mind's "forms" may modify morality in one thing, why not in others?—why not in all, till we are landed in moral nescience? We save our-

selves from these consequences by declaring, that man's convictions of morality are at once positive and limited—positive as distinguished from relative, and limited as distinguished from absolute. Man's moral cognition being thus limited, we agree with all that Mr. Mansel says about our not being in a position to judge of God's judgments which are unsearchable, and his ways which are past finding out.

In the eighth and last Lecture he gives a summary of the Christian Evidences, internal and external. We are inclined to give a larger place to the internal evidences than he is able to do, in consequence of his imposing such terribly stringent limits to the objective value of our intuitive convictions. We, too, have a limit which we impose; it is, that the internal principle appealed to, be shown to be in the constitution of the mind, and be rigidly inducted. We most heartily concur in all that he says, so admirably and so devoutly, in closing, as to the difficulties of revealed religion arising from the limited nature of our faculties, and as forming part of our training and discipline in this present life.

There are perplexities in philosophy as well as in theology, which the human intellect can not make straight any more than it can square the circle. We who dwell in a world "where day and night alternate," we who go every where accompanied with our own shadow, can not expect to be absolutely delivered from the darkness. Man is so constituted that he can admire, and love, and even trust, in that which is so far mysterious. The mind is not averse to go out at times into the dim, the ancient, the mingling of light and shadow. It avoids instinctively the open, uninteresting plain, where all is seen and discovered by one glance of the eye, and finds more pleasure in losing itself amid a variety of hill, and dale, and forest, where we catch occasional glimpses of distant objects, or see them in dim perspective. The soul of man never has been satisfied with a cold and rationalistic creed, but has rather delighted to luxuriate amid the doctrines of the Word, which win and allure us by the exhibition of the light and love of God, and yet awe us by the shadow of infinity which falls upon us.

Human logic has endeavored at times to construct a religion, but has failed in all its attempts, as this age is prepared to

acknowledge. But Intuitionism is just as incapable of forming a religion as the logical understanding. All attempts hitherto made are confessed failures. There was at one time an expectation that something better than the old faith of the Bible might come out of the philosophies of Schleiermacher, or Schelling, or Hegel; but we rather think that the last hope of any such issue has vanished.

It was also long thought by some, that certain men of genius, who had borrowed from the German metaphysicians, such as Goethe, Coleridge, and Thomas Carlyle, must have something to unfold new and important, and fitted to satisfy the deeper wants of the soul, but in this way they have been disappointed. Such men as Francis Newman, Theodore Parker, and Emerson, have followed so erratic and meteor-like a career that few would desire to follow them, and have arrived at results which the heart feels to be unsatisfactory, and this all the more, inasmuch as the scanty creed which they retain is liable to be assailed on the same grounds as the tenets which they have abandoned. Intuitionism has thus had its trial in the age now passing away, as Rationalism had in previous ages; and both have been found utterly insufficient.

In Oxford, since Pusey, Manning, Keble, Wilberforce, and Newman (men of strong but diseased minds) originated the medieval High Church movement, the wheel of opinion has taken one full half-turn. It has unfortunately not brought those who are mounted on it any nearer to a thorough submission to Scripture. As in Roman Catholic countries the rampant superstition leads to skepticism, which again, when its hideousness is discovered, tempts men to flee back to superstition, so in Oxford the High Churchism of last age, brought in to repel at one and the same time Rationalism and Dissenterism, has ended in this age in Intuitionism. We rather think that there will now be found in Oxford few young men of ability, under thirty years of age, professing Puseyism, while not a few of the more impulsive are high Intuitionists. But, as the opposite sides of the wheel have a point of union in the centre, so the opposite parties have a bond of connection, in an unwillingness to allow the common doctrines of Natural Theology and to submit to a literal interpretation of the Word; and so they agree with each other,

after all, in not a few things; as in going elsewhere than Scripture for their religion—in the last age to the Church, in this age to a showy intuition; we may add, in their attachment to stained glass, fine music, and imposing forms, and in their antipathy to the evangelical party in the Church and beyond the Church. In these circumstances, we are gratified beyond measure to find one of Oxford's most learned sons declaring—

"No man has a right to say, 'I will accept

Christ as I like, and reject Him as I like: I will follow the holy example; I will turn away from the atoning sacrifice; I will listen to his teaching; I will have nothing to do with his mediation; I will believe him when he tells me that he came from the Father, because I feel that his doctrine has a divine beauty and fitness; but I will not believe him when he tells me that he is one with the Father, because I can not conceive how this unity is possible.' This is not philosophy which thus mutilates man; this is not Christianity which thus divides Christ."

From the Edinburgh Review.

## AUSTRIA, FRANCE, AND ITALY.\*

THE incidents which have agitated Europe and alarmed diplomacy from the 1st of January to the 1st of April, are of so momentous a character, that although it is not within our province to trace from day to day the course of events, we seize the first opportunity to examine with some detail the causes of a state of things which was till lately unforeseen, and the consequences which still threaten to affect the relations of several of the great Powers of Europe.

As if by some prearranged signal, the festivities of the Tuileries, on a day usually devoted to peace and good-fellowship, were disturbed by a remark which, in the conventional language of courts, indicated something more than coldness between France and Austria. With elec-

tric rapidity the commotion spread. A more warlike speech at Turin responded to the Imperial declaration at Paris. A strange marriage, secretly negotiated and abruptly solemnized, seemed designed to cement the policy of the House of Savoy with the fortunes of the Bonapartes. Italy was flushed from one end of the peninsula to the other by the promises of her champions, and the impetuosity of a southern population is only restrained by the belief that the cause of national independence has at last found an Italian prince to lead it, and a powerful ally to defend it. France became alarmed at the prospect of hostilities which certainly had not been provoked by any affront to her own honor or interests; Germany united and indignant; England strenuously opposed to any infraction of the peace of Europe; Austria was compelled to take the most active measures for the defense of her own territories and rights; Russia watched from afar, not without latent satisfaction, the occurrence of dissensions which left her free to pursue whichever course of policy she might prefer. Such was the state of Europe within a very few weeks of the commencement of this year, when

\* *L'Empereur Napoléon III. et l'Italie.* Paris: February, 1859.

*La question Italienne.* Etudes du Comte Charles Catinelli, ancien Chef d'Etat Major de l'Armée Anglo-Sicillienne, sous Lord William Bentinck. 8vo. Bruxelles et Leipzig: March, 1859.

*Italy: Remarks made in several Visits from the year 1816 to 1854.* By the Right Honorable Lord Broughton, G.C.B. 2 vols. London: 1859.



the pamphlet appeared, which we have placed at the head of this article, professedly and avowedly emanating from the head of the French Government, or from a writer in his immediate confidence, for the express purpose of making known to France and to the world the view entertained in the closet of the Tuileries on what is termed the Italian Question.

But whilst the arguments of this writer, and a variety of other incidents betokening active military preparations in Piedmont and France, could not fail to excite the liveliest apprehensions of war, the language of the pamphlet was so far guarded that it pointed to a settlement of the state of affairs in Italy by diplomatic means, rather than to an actual and immediate rupture. Availing himself of this reservation in favor of peace, Lord Cowley, the British Ambassador in Paris, having obtained permission from the English Cabinet to proceed to Vienna, urged upon the Emperor of Austria and his Ministers the expediency of entering into negotiations on this subject, which was backed by the Russian proposal of a Congress. The Court of Vienna had prepared to meet the peril with alacrity, but it also met the provocation, which had not been spared it, with imperturbable coolness and temper. Well armed at every point to repel a hostile attack—well supported in all her essential rights by treaties which have been established for upwards of a century in the public law of Europe—Austria could without the smallest sacrifice of dignity concur with the other Powers in considering what arrangements, if any, may be devised to obviate the danger of a revolutionary war and foreign interventions in Italy. The Emperor of the French, on the other hand, though foiled in the warlike objects which he appeared at one time to contemplate, and compelled by the determined attitude of Europe and the unanimous repugnance of France to modify the support which had been held out to the ambitious policy of M. de Cavour, may lay claim to the credit of having brought before a European Congress questions which deeply affect the welfare of that country. Something is gained if the suggestions of the writer of this pamphlet, or any other suggestions of a more practical character, can be discussed amicably instead of being carried violently: and his result, if it be attained, is mainly due to the judicious

and persevering intervention of Lord Cowley. But though the question may thus have entered on a second and more tranquil phase, we can not jump at the conclusion that its difficulties are removed: Austria is not become less tenacious of her rights—or France less eager for foreign influence and renown—or Italy less dissatisfied by her condition, which indeed has been sorely aggravated by the false and mischievous agitation of her pretended friends. The aspirations of Italian nationality, the abrogation of territorial treaties, the civil reorganization of the Papal Government, are not subjects which a Congress of independent and jealous States can easily agree upon; nor are such controversies easily settled with a threat of invasion behind them.

As to the value of these objects in themselves, there is, we apprehend, but little difference of opinion in this country. We are not insensible to the glory and the grief of Italy, and we should rejoice to witness that resurrection of her national greatness which her poets and historians have been proclaiming to mankind for five hundred years. The beauty of her natural gifts and the genius of her people have, throughout that period, protested against her political condition; and even the prolonged peace, which has brought to other European nations the blessings of increasing civilization, has only awakened the Italians to an increased sense of their divisions and their wrongs. But if these evils are in part attributable to the ambition and territorial pretensions of foreign Powers, it must in justice be remembered that they are also the result of the passions and divisions of the Italian people. "We ourselves," said Count Balbo in his *Hopes of Italy*, "have called in the Greeks against the Goths, the Lombards against the Greeks, the French against the Lombards, the Germans against the French—Angevins against Suabians, Aragonese against Angevins, French against Aragonese, Austrians against French, French against Austrians repeatedly, with no other result than that change of servitude which is the worst of servitudes. France has always been called in against Germany, and Germany against France—one being equal to the other as to the danger of having to bear their yoke, save that the yoke of Germany has always lasted longer than that of France."

The bad governments Italy has for ages endured are commonly imputed to foreign rulers or foreign influence predominating in various parts of the peninsula. But are these bad governments the consequence of foreign dominion, or is foreign intervention the consequence of bad government? To a certain extent, a country in this unhappy condition treads in a vicious circle, and foreign dominion perpetuates the internal vices of government which introduced it; but the origin of foreign interference lies in the absence or decline of that union and strength which are the basis of national independence. At the present time, as in past ages, the most odious and tyrannical governments of Italy are not foreign but Italian governments—the Papacy, which exercises so considerable an influence over Italy and the world, is essentially Italian—the execrable cruelties which lately cast upon the shores of Ireland Poirio and his unfortunate comrades in the dungeons of Naples, were the deeds of Italians on their fellow-countrymen—and no government which has ever existed, south of the Alps, has found any want of Italians to be the instruments of misgovernment and oppression. Hatred of the foreigner is an excellent rallying cry, for it expresses a universal sentiment. But if the foreigner were expelled, every other question which can embarrass governments and divide nations would still remain; and we see no reason to believe that these questions would be settled without long and furious contests, leading to the reintroduction of that foreign domination which was, in the first instance, expelled. Indeed the question, as it is now presented to the world, is whether Italy is to be permitted to advance in the course of self-improvement under the regis of constitutional monarchy, as it is established in one portion of the peninsula, or whether the effort for her emancipation is once more to be based on a foreign intervention, which all her wisest and noblest patriots have condemned.

The tenth section of the pamphlet before us distinctly asserts that Italian nationality can never be worked out but by the latter course. Here, then, we at once join issue with those who confound the liberal policy of England and English statesmen towards Italy, with that policy which bears the stamp of the French Empire. It may suit the purpose of the ruler

of that empire to encourage the belief, that as we entertain a common desire for the improvement of the condition of the Italian States, so we are disposed to pursue that object by similar means. But the fact is altogether otherwise. The views entertained by the liberal statesmen of England and by the Emperor of the French, for what is termed the liberation of Italy, are not only different but opposite—not only dissimilar, but incompatible. England holds that to restore the States of Italy to their true position in the world, they must look first of all to themselves, to the gradual development of their own institutions, to peace and legality, without which there can be no freedom, and to the education of a generation of citizens better qualified than their forefathers have been to work out the laborious task of political union and national progress. Nor are these the opinions of dispassionate foreigners only. They are shared and corroborated by the highest Italian authority. Thus in the Marquis d'Azeglio's *Programma per l'opinione nazionale* we find these words:

"The opportunity of reconquering our independence is perhaps remote. We await in calm activity, not applying ourselves to disturb, inconsiderately, the repose of others, but to reform our institutions in that shred of Italy which is left to us, and to render ourselves more capable of profiting by such opportunities as Providence may vouchsafe to us."

Again, in the debate on the last Sardinian loan, Count Solar della Margherita said, with true sense and patriotism:

"To speak candidly, gentlemen, if, since 1849, we had quietly attended to the development of our institutions; if we had made it our chief care to promote science, art, and commerce within our own limits; if we had not extraordinarily increased the taxes; if we had not held out allurements to the factions in all parts of Italy, and evoked hopes which for eight centuries have been nourished in vain; if we have thought more of improving our own lot than of censuring and causing anxiety to other governments, we should not have the name of agitators, nor should we see the plains of Lombardy inundated with Austrian bands; rumors of war would not arise on the shores of the Ticino."

We are satisfied that these opinions are entertained by the great majority of

the Piedmontese themselves, who are threatened with bloodshed, bankruptcy, and perhaps destruction chiefly to gratify the passions of refugees from other parts of Italy and the military ambition of the Court of Turin. Savoy especially protests loudly against a policy which first imposes on her the burdens of an Italian war, and would then probably surrender her to France as the price of Italian conquest.

As long as the Piedmontese Government has the strength and resolution to confine itself within its rightful limits, and to maintain the principles of constitutional liberty within the King's dominions, a great and good example is shown to the world, and the sympathy and support of England are most cordially given to it. But, unhappily, the influence of the war party is exerted to produce results absolutely fatal to the cause of rational progress in Northern Italy. While we talk of freedom, they talk of territorial aggrandizement—while we advocate economy and free trade, they encourage the costly armaments of offensive war—while we maintain the rights of Piedmont to independence and self-government, they inflame the passions and the hopes of an excitable people with the cry of "Death to the Austrians," and a march on Milan. Above all, while we implore the men of Italy to keep for themselves at least that portion of their country which enjoys the blessings they are so justly proud of, they are told from Paris that their cause is hopeless without another foreign intervention.

"The *Italian Idea* has been since 1847, the motive and the cause of every act of the policy of Piedmont—the passion of King Victor Emmanuel, and the standard of the cabinet of Count Cavour. This idea has already produced all that it could produce, under the circumstances—military achievements, preparations for war, systems of defense, political manifestations against Austria; it can go no further in this direction without meeting war. Yet, Piedmont can not, without great danger, remain where she now is. She can not have put herself at the head of an Italian movement and then recede. Piedmont *must* find means to satisfy the hopes she has created, or forfeit all influence in Italy, and find herself overpowered by the passions which her own popularity still retains."—*Napoleon III. et l'Italie*, p. 30.

It may suit the purposes of a power not indisposed to engage in aggressive war,

to make what is termed the principle of "nationalities" one of the pretexts of a policy which has no better justification. The same principle has often been loudly invoked by the revolutionary party when it sought to overthrow the existing settlement of Europe. So, too, it is obvious that a Power bent on overleaping those barriers, and destroying those engagements which have maintained the peace of continental Europe for nearly half a century, speaks lightly of the force of the compact. The treaties which bind governments, and are the international laws of nations, are described by the author of the pamphlet before us as causes of danger rather than of security to the peace of Europe; and a state relying on these written engagements alone may find itself opposed, we are told, "by moral right and universal conscience." (P. 62.) Before we enter upon a more minute examination of the bearing of these propositions on Italy, we pause for a moment to consider them in their application to the policy of our own country.

If we at all understand the theory of nationality, which is of modern growth and uncertain application, it means that each political unity constituting a state is to be commensurate with one of those branches of the human family which have the same language, race, and national character, and that the rule of any one of these branches over fractions of another branch is to be regarded as an intolerable oppression. To this it may be replied, that in fact no state ever realized this condition. Even France, which approaches the nearest to absolute identity of national character, has her Alsatiens, her Flemings, her Bretons, her Basques, her Provençals, her Corsica and Algeria. Germany with a considerable amount of family likeness in her population, has never constituted a true political unity, and includes several Slavonian provinces. Italy, with all her cry for unity, is subdivided by endless local distinctions; even the present dominions of the King of Sardinia consist of five portions intensely jealous of each other, namely, Savoy, Piedmont, the Lomellina acquired from Lombardy in 1734, Genoa, and Sardinia. The national union of Italy would require that Austria should give up Lombardy, Venice, and the South Tyrol; Switzerland, the Canton of Ticino; France, Corsica; and England, Malta. It is clear, that the

application of this principle would lead to the entire dissolution of the multifarious states which are properly called empires, and in particular of those of Russia, Austria, and Great Britain. Indeed, the Abbé Gioberti, one of the lights of modern Italy, argues that these composite states are monstrous anomalies, which must be of short duration; but his theory is contradicted by the entire history of mankind, and by facts of irresistible authority.

Of all the sovereigns now filling a throne, Queen Victoria is undoubtedly the ruler of the largest number of subject races, alien populations, and discordant tongues. In the vast circumference of her dominions, every form of religion is professed, every code of law is administered, and her empire is tessellated with every variety of the human species. Every where, no doubt, that ineradicable feeling prevails, which makes a man believe his own religion to be the true one, his own form the type of beauty, his own race and country the best in the world. But above and around them all stands that majestic edifice, raised by the valor and authority of England, which connects these scattered dependencies with one great Whole infinitely more powerful, more civilized, and more free than any separate fragment could be; and it is to the subordination of national or provincial independence that the true citizenship of these realms owes its existence. In the name of that right, we have crushed the Indian mutiny, and we refuse to entertain the prayer of the Ionian people, though they indeed do not even owe allegiance to the British Crown. In the name of that right, we have formed the people of these islands into a United Kingdom, though that union has cost us a secular contest with the disaffection of Ireland, and has not always been accepted on this side our northern border. But it is the glory of England to have constituted such an empire, and to govern it, in the main, on just and tolerant principles, as long as her imperial rights are not assailed. When they are assailed, the people of England have never shown much forbearance in the defense of them. Such being the fact, it is utterly repugnant to the first principles of our own policy, and to every page in our history, to lend encouragement to that separation of nationalities from other empires which we fiercely resist when it threatens to dismember our own. On the contrary, it

is our part to teach a different lesson—to remind the world that this heterogeneous empire is not so much held together by the force of England, as by the respect she has ever professed for national usages, the desire she feels to carry self-government to the furthest practicable limits, and to attach her possessions to the Crown, not by the severity, but by the lightness, of her control. If Austria had governed her provinces, from 1815 to 1848, on more liberal principles, it is possible that she might have accomplished similar results, and at times even her Italian subjects might perhaps have been conciliated. Since 1848, the case is different. The contests of that period have left implacable resentments. The policy of the new government has been centralising, and the well-meant endeavors of the Archduke Maximilian to conciliate the Lombards met with no success at Milan, and no countenance at Vienna. Whilst, therefore, we can not, as Englishmen, agree that a mere outcry for “nationality” is to be set against the law of treaties, or regarded as an expression of “moral right and universal conscience,” the violent and frequent recurrence of that cry indicates a failure of policy or a vice of system on the part of the dominant Power, which brute force can not cure, and which it becomes a wise and provident government to remove.

Similar reasons, in addition to those considerations of honor, truth, and fidelity, which are the sanction of all public obligations, bind us imperatively to the maintenance of treaties even when they are at variance with the liberal sentiments and free institutions of this country. To take a recent and memorable example; the war in which the arms and the diplomacy of France and England were lately engaged, was undertaken for no other object. The existence of the Turkish Empire in Europe and the government of its Christian populations by the sword of Islam, is a fact infinitely more injurious to the great interests of civilization and the rights of humanity than the possession of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom by the House of Austria. But when Russia appeared as the armed champion of what she termed the rights *ab antiquo* of the Christians in Turkey, and when she threatened to overthrow the tottering dominion of the Porte, England and France did not hesitate to spend their best blood,



not certainly in support of Turkish despotism, but in defense of those treaties which Turkey had a right to invoke, and in opposition to the hostile intervention of a foreign power; and Sardinia herself joined her arms to theirs. The spirit of the Austrian government in the Italian provinces we heartily deplore. All things considered, it would have been better for Austria herself if England and the other Powers had not insisted in 1815 on her resuming the government of Lombardy, or if the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom had been erected into a distinct state; but that consideration is utterly insufficient to justify a deliberate breach of the public law of Europe.

The existence of territorial rights secured by treaties is sometimes attacked by unreflecting or dishonest politicians, as if the only object of such treaties was to place reluctant populations under the yoke of an oppressor, and to secure the possessions of mighty empires. Nothing can be more shallow and short-sighted than such an argument. Treaties serve, no doubt, to define the territorial rights of the strong, but they serve much more to protect the rights of the weak. Great powers might be able to hold their own by their military strength; but small states owe their very existence to the treaties they affect to denounce. In reality, treaties serve to restrain the former and to preserve the latter. France, Russia, and Austria are held within their boundaries by the compact of 1815, and by other engagements concluded under that compact. If that were removed, what would become of the independence of Belgium, the neutrality of Switzerland, the constitutional rights of Piedmont? The argument we urged, and urged we think with unanswerable force, against the incorporation of Cracow with the Austrian Empire, was, that in that case this principle was violated, and, like all other violations of right, it will one day tell with fatal effect on the authors of it. But there is no other instance in which the treaties of 1815 have been modified without the consent of all the parties to them. No doubt the principles which prevail in the Sardinian dominions are hateful to Austria; and every form of provocation has been used by the Italian party to induce her to strike the first blow. What restrains her? The law of treaties—the very treaties which appear so onerous to Victor Emma-

nnel and M. de Cavour because they unite Lombardy to Austria, are the same "title-deeds of Europe," to which the court of Turin owes the possession of several provinces, and above all that sovereign independence within certain limits which no Power can assail with impunity. But the mere fact of the existence of the free constitutional monarchy of Piedmont, which has successfully planted the national flag of Italy on its own soil, gives a peremptory contradiction to the assertion that treaties are upheld in the interest of Austria alone; for in spite of the bitter hostility of that monarchy against Austria, and of two Piedmontese invasions of Lombardy, the Cabinet of Vienna has never attempted any coercive interference with her neighbor. Nor is it a small thing that under the protection of these very treaties the Piedmontese Government stands perfectly secure, its independent rights absolutely protected by the law of Europe. M. de Cavour has utterly failed, in our judgment, to show by his Memorandum of the first March any case whatever in which Austria has encroached upon any of the rights of Piedmont; and he would do well to remember that the other States of Italy are entitled to the same independence in their policy and their alliances, which he justly claims for the Crown of Sardinia. All governments are interested in protesting against such doctrines as he has put forward, by misstating facts, by mis-quoting history, to impugn existing territorial arrangements, and lead us step by step to the new "imperial map of Europe in 1860."

Let us now briefly describe the engagements which define the territories of Austria and Sardinia in Italy, and those which exist between Austria and the other Italian States. By a secret article of the Treaty of Teplitz, of the ninth September, 1813, in which Austria joined the Great Alliance with Great Britain and her allies, it was stipulated that the Austrian monarchy should be reconstructed on its former footing; and accordingly the ninety-third, ninety-fourth, and ninety-fifth articles of the Final Act of Vienna expressly recognize the restoration of Austria in all the territories north of the Po, which are minutely particularized and described in the ninety-third article. The one hundred and third article restored the Roman Legations to the Pope, reserving a right of garrison to Austria in

the fortresses of Ferrara and Comacchio. A treaty of the tenth June, 1817, between Great Britain, Austria, France, Prussia, Russia, and Spain, expressly declared, by its fifth article, that "although the frontier of the Austrian States in Italy be fixed by the course of the river Po, it is, nevertheless, unanimously agreed that, as the fortress of Piacenza is an object of essential interest to the defensive system of Italy," Austria should continue to enjoy the right of garrison in that city until the reversions consequent on the extinction of the male Spanish line of the Bourbons should take place. On that event the Duchy of Parma falls to Austria, and that of Piacenza to Sardinia, in conformity with the arrangement concluded at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748. By another convention between Austria and Sardinia of May twentieth, 1815, it was agreed that in the event of the reversion taking place, the town of Piacenza, with a radius of 2000 toises, falls to Austria in full sovereignty, and Sardinia is to obtain an equivalent elsewhere. Sardinia complains that, in opposition to the spirit of these engagements, Austria has already converted Piacenza into a place of war of the first class. These are the limits of the Austrian power in Italy as far as it rests upon the treaties common to all Europe.

The cession of Genoa to Sardinia and the delimitation of the Sardinian dominions in Italy is to be found in articles eighty-five to ninety of the same treaty, with the express addition that the convention of the fourth October, 1751, between the Court of Turin and the Empress-Queen Maria Theresa shall in all respects be observed. Tuscany was transferred to the branch of the imperial family which represented the House of Lorraine in the person of the second son of Maria Theresa, in consideration of the annexation of Lorraine to France by the peace of 1738, which was acceded to by Spain, Sardinia, and the Germanic body, and solemnly guaranteed by France. Modena, Reggio, and Mirandola were restored to the branch of the imperial family which represents the House of Este, those Duchies having been originally conferred on the third son of Maria Theresa, who married the grand-daughter of the Duke of Modena, by the treaty of 1753, concluded at Vienna under the mediation of King George II. These facts prove that the position of Austria herself

in Italy, and that of the *agnates* of the Austrian family in their respective dominions, is not the result of encroachment or conquest, or even of the treaties of 1815, but that it rests on inheritances, exchanges, and contracts, belonging, for upwards of a century, to the public law of Europe, and if these possessions are to be withdrawn from her, the rights and territories for which they were exchanged should be restored.

We pause for a moment to show the feeling and opinion which prevailed on these questions at the time these arrangements were made. When Lord William Bentinck landed at Leghorn in March, 1814, at the head of the Anglo-Sicilian army of about 15,000 men, he was animated by those sentiments towards the Italians which his own generous and liberal character readily conceived; and it was hoped that the arrival of a division in which so many Italians were engaged would incite the nation to join the general combination of Europe. "Italians!" said the British General in his proclamation from Leghorn of the fourteenth March, 1814, "hesitate no longer—be Italians, and let Italy in arms be convinced that the great cause of the country is in her hands! Warriors of Italy! you are not invited to join us, but you are invited to vindicate your own rights and to be free." This proclamation, though supported by an Anglo-Italian army, met with no response. The anxiety of the Italians, at that time, seems solely to have been directed to the recovery of their local independence. Colonel Catinelli, who was serving on the Staff of Lord William's army, relates that, having been employed in a British uniform to ascertain the disposition of the people in various places, he found that at Naples they wished for the Bourbons; at Rome and in the Legations, for the Pope; at Florence for the Grand Duke Ferdinand; at Modena, for the House of Este; and at Verona, for the Emperor Francis. At Milan, after the disturbances of the twenty-first April, Baron Trecchi, who went from Gonalonieri on a mission to Lord William Bentinck, complained that the Lombards were "stupidly and blindly Austrian." Certain it is, that in all the arrangements sanctioned by the Congress of Vienna with regard to Italy, only one was imposed by force, or was at that time repugnant to the people—and that one

was the annexation of Genoa to Piedmont, which the citizens of that proud republic bitterly resented, and which to this hour they have not forgiven.

Throughout the debates in the British Parliament which took place on the return of Lord Castlereagh from Vienna, in March, 1815, not a single word of doubt or censure was pronounced by the liberal opposition on the restoration of the former governments of Central and Northern Italy. The retention of Venice by Austria was objected to, because Austria had obtained that territory from France, and on questionable grounds. But the whole force of the opposition, led by Mr. Whitbread in the House of Commons, and by Lord Buckingham, Lord Lansdowne, and Lord Grey in the House of Lords, was directed against the "enormity" of the cession of Genoa to the King of Sardinia, in direct opposition to the will of his people and the promises of Lord William Bentinck. "The Genoese," Lord William had said in his dispatch of the twenty-seventh April, 1814, "universally desire the restoration of their ancient republic. They dread above all other arrangements their annexation to Piedmont, to the inhabitants of which there always has existed a particular aversion." On what grounds of policy was this measure justified? As early as 1805, Mr. Pitt had stated, in a paper addressed to Count Woronzow, his opinion that it was desirable that Genoa should be annexed to Piedmont, as constituting by their union the best bulwark that could be established for the defense of the Italian frontier against France; and Lord Liverpool added in debate, that, "as in consequence of the weakness of the King of Sardinia Bonaparte had been able to overrun and conquer Italy, the object was to place a barrier between France and Italy that would prevent such a consequence in future." The statesmen of that day did not foresee that a time might come when Sardinia would lend herself to France for the very purpose she was then engaged, by the acquisition of Genoa, to prevent.

It is important not to confound the strict rights established by the Congress of Vienna, which are necessarily recognized by all the parties to the general treaties of Europe, with the measures of policy which have at different times been taken by some of the Powers under subsidiary conventions. The treaty between

Austria and Naples of the twenty-ninth April, 1815, by which Naples bound herself to do nothing contrary to the system of the Austrian Government in its own Italian provinces, is one of these arrangements. The very terms of it are as absurd as they are unjust; for strictly applied they would extinguish the independence of the crown of Naples: but it can scarcely be said now to have any force or effect, and it ought unquestionably to be annulled. We pass over the interventions of the Holy Alliance and the Congress of Laybach in Piedmont and Naples, which certainly could not now be repeated, and which were condemned nearly forty years ago by public opinion throughout Europe. The treaties with the States of Central Italy rest on totally different grounds. In the event of the extinction of the secondary and tertiary lines of the House of Hapsburg Lorraine, the reversion in the Duchies is secured by repeated treaties to Austria, who has therefore a direct interest in the maintenance of these arrangements; for if the reigning branches in these states were annihilated, the territories they govern would lapse, *de jure*, to the Austrian Empire; and on this ground Austria claims the right of defending the heirs in possession. The treaty of the twelfth June, 1815, between Austria and the Grand Duke of Tuscany, is called a treaty of friendship, union, and defensive alliance, the prominent object of which is to provide as well for the internal tranquillity as for the external security of Italy. It establishes a reciprocal guarantee of the territorial possessions of both States, (precisely similar to our own treaties with Portugal;) inasmuch that any attack on the Italian possessions of one of them is equally to be repelled by the other; the forces supplied by Austria being fixed at 80,000, and those of Tuscany at 6000 men. They are also to communicate to each other all that regards the tranquillity of Italy. A further convention was concluded between Austria and Tuscany on the twenty-second April, 1850, by virtue of which the temporary occupation of that state took place after the late revolution, and lasted till 1854. The Grand Duke was in fact recalled by the free will of his subjects, and they accuse him of a breach of faith in calling in the Austrians after the government had been restored by the Tuscans themselves.

In December, 1847, on the eve of that convulsion which spread in the following spring to almost every state in Europe, the Duke of Modena concluded a treaty of offensive and defensive alliance with Austria, "to cement the ties of friendship and kinsmanship between the sovereigns, and to devote their common efforts to the maintenance of internal and external peace and legal order in their dominions."

Under this treaty, the contracting Powers agreed jointly to repel attacks from without. Austria obtained (by the second article) "the right of advancing the imperial troops into the Modenese territory, and of occupying the fortresses there whenever the interest of common defense or military caution require it." And in exchange for this power, Austria undertook to afford to the Duke of Modena the necessary support against any popular commotion in his dominions, which his own force should be unable to put down. The Duke of Modena further engaged not to conclude any military convention with any foreign Power without the previous consent of the Court of Vienna. Soon after the conclusion of his treaty, 2000 Austrians entered the Modenese territory. An identical treaty was shortly afterwards concluded between Austria and the Infant, Duke of Parma, then reigning.

These treaties constitute the principal danger at this moment to the peace of Europe, which they profess to protect, for they undoubtedly amount to a considerable extension of the military power and political influence of Austria beyond her own frontier, the line of the Po; and it may fairly be argued that they exceed the limitation imposed by the general treaty of tenth June, 1817, above referred to. They were concluded at a crisis when the tranquillity of the Peninsula was threatened by great and serious dangers, and at the urgent solicitations of the governments of these states. At the present time, indeed, Austria is not in the occupation of any one of these states beyond the Po, except Bologna and the citadel of Ancona, and from them she is ready to withdraw at the request of the Pope, and on the cessation of the French occupation of Rome. But Austria has placed herself by these engagements in the dangerous position of a great Power liable to be called upon by these lesser states to take military measures which would probably afford grounds for actual

hostilities on the part of Sardinia and France. The mere existence of such treaties can not be regarded as a *casus belli*, any more than the treaty of Unkiar-Skelessi, which placed the Porte under the exclusive protection of the Emperor of Russia, to the great dissatisfaction of the rest of Europe, could be regarded as a ground of war, unless it had been put in force. In the present temper of Italy, there can be no doubt that, if Austria did resolve to put these treaties in force, and to occupy the territories to which they give her access, such an advance would be denounced as an "invasion," which is the term Signor Farini has already applied to her previous occupations. To Austria, therefore, these treaties constitute an onerous and dangerous obligation, from which it is scarcely possible that she should derive any corresponding advantage. It would, therefore, have been in the highest degree conducive to her own security and welfare, if Lord Cowley's mission to Vienna, or any other consideration, had prevailed upon her to readjust these relations with the minor Italian States. Lord Palmerston elicited from Prince Metternich, in 1847, a most emphatic declaration of the respect of Austria "for the independence and territorial integrity of the states which compose Italy under the guarantee of the treaties of 1814 and 1815;" to which was added the assurance that "Austria recognized in every government the right to carry out the reforms and the ameliorations which it may judge calculated to advance the well-being of its subjects." (*Italian Papers*, vol. ii. p. 157.) This principle, and the rule of strict non-intervention in territories beyond her own frontiers, it is the obvious duty and interest of Austria to maintain, if she would avert the calamity of a counter-interference on the part of France.

With regard to the offensive and defensive treaties between Austria and the Duchies of Modena and Parma, Lord Palmerston recorded his opinion in a dispatch, dated December 27th, 1848, the very time when he is represented by the pamphleteer as most actively engaged in combating the rights of Austria in Italy. His words are remarkable:

"However much those treaties may in principle be objected to by other states, and especially by neighboring Italian states, as introducing the armed interference of a foreign Power into the internal affairs of the two duchies, yet those



treaties do seem to give the Austrian Government a right to send troops into those duchies if invited by their respective sovereigns; and, in fact, the main objection against those treaties lies in the circumstance that they do confer that right on the Austrian Government." (*Italian Papers*, part iii. p. 682.)

Even M. Emile de Girardin remarks in his pamphlet, bearing the ominous title of *La Guerre*, that in common justice to Austria she has at least the same right to conclude treaties of this nature with the sovereigns of neighboring states who are her kinsmen and allies, as France has to conclude treaties with Piedmont. To dispute the treaty-making power of sovereign states would be in fact to introduce endless causes of hostility, and to limit our own means of action; for if we succeed in persuading these very states to change their policy and adhere to a different system of alliances—a thing which has happened before, and may again—it is by treaties alone that such engagements could be maintained. We are far, therefore, from disputing the abstract right of Austria to conclude and maintain these treaties; but we hold them to be in the highest degree impolitic, and they aggravate her own difficulties by connecting her more closely with the Italian sovereigns, and rendering her more obnoxious to the hostility of the Italian people. There is moreover, a wide distinction between general treaties, negotiated at a European Congress, assented to by all states, forming the basis of European law, and conventions such as these, which are in fact separate agreements tending to modify the territorial limits of powerful empires. The former class consists of public engagements of paramount authority; the latter are subsidiary arrangements, which ought to yield whenever they trench on the rights of other states or the general interests of the world.

Having thus established what we conceive to be the fundamental principles that govern the policy of all the parties to the general settlement of 1815, in reference to these questions, we shall now proceed to notice in succession the heads of the pamphlet published in February last by the French Government. That pamphlet is not an ephemeral production. It bears the marks of long and careful deliberation, and if any doubt were entertained as to the authorship of it, we could

without difficulty point out passages of a striking similarity in the *Idées Napoléoniennes*, published by the present Emperor of the French in 1839, during his exile in this country. They are in fact the opinions he has entertained, with that fixity which is characteristic of his mind, for a long series of years. They were probably conceived at the time of his early connection with the Italian patriots in the movement of 1831; they were cautiously avowed in London; they were silently elaborated in the forced seclusion of Ham; they were indicated at the Congress of Paris at the close of the late war; and the publication of them to the world demonstrates, that in the opinion of their author, the time for their application had arrived. Circumstances have subsequently occurred which have rendered their application far more difficult than was imagined, but we are not yet satisfied that the same ends will not be pursued by other means and in another form.

The character of the Emperor Napoleon III. combines several qualities which are not commonly united—a mind bold, chimerical, and speculative, dwelling long on its own creations, tenacious in the extreme degree of conceptions which have scarcely the semblance of probability, but cautious and often hesitating in action. The incidents of his life have been so strange, his success so complete where it was most improbable, his career so much more like a tale of Aladdin's lamp than the ordinary and rational course of human events, that to his mind the most fanciful objects acquire consistency and probability—the most positive sometimes appear unreal. But though his confidence in his fortunes is great, it is not unbounded; he consults the hour as well as the man, and his resolution fluctuates for a time, as if it hung on the quivering needle of a compass or the trickling sand of an hour-glass. This tentative process might be traced by those who watched his conduct on a much smaller theater in the preparation for the attempts on Strasbourg and Bologne. The same course was followed throughout the proceedings which began on the tenth December, 1848, and ended on the second December, 1852, by placing on his head the imperial crown. The same course may be traced in his foreign policy, and in the design for changing the territorial division of Europe.

No doubt the wise and politic consideration he has met with from successive governments in this country has materially affected his conduct to other states. The chief obstacle to the execution of rash and aggressive projects lay in the certainty that they would at once cost him the alliance of England.

Hence, the very first section of this pamphlet attempts to show that the policy it advocates towards Italy is an English policy—that England is bound by her antecedents to support it, and that the intentions of the English Cabinet in 1847 and 1848 are to be regarded as the sanction of the schemes of France in 1859. This artifice, for as such we must regard it, falls to pieces before the general considerations we have already presented on the Italian policy of Great Britain. The support we have endeavored to give to the liberal cause in Italy was given to constitutional monarchy, to national institutions, and to territorial rights. We withhold our sympathy from the revolutionary party, whether it be represented by Mazzini or by an Imperial prince, from foreign intervention and from military aggressions, from whatever side they proceed. Nothing can be more disingenuous than to apply the language used by a British Minister, under circumstances of a totally different character, eleven years ago, to events brought about by an opposite motive. The pamphlet (p. 8) quotes two extracts from a despatch said to have been addressed by Lord Palmerston to Lord Ponsonby on the twenty-ninth October, 1848, for the purpose of showing that the British Government were of opinion that Austria could not permanently retain her possessions in Northern Italy, and that the wisest course for her to pursue would be to emancipate Lombardy, an opinion which was entertained at that time by the Archduke John himself. On turning to this despatch, which bears the date of November 11th, 1848, and not of the twenty-ninth October, we find with some surprise that the extracts made from it by the author of the pamphlet are essentially inaccurate, and that the principal argument used by Lord Palmerston on that occasion *has been suppressed altogether*.

Lord Palmerston was of opinion that the moment was favorable to a due calculation by Austria of the chances of the future, and for making an arrangement to release Lombardy from Austrian rule, by

establishing a separate viceroyalty or otherwise. The authority of the Imperial arms had been triumphantly reestablished in Lombardy and at Vienna. The Emperor therefore was free to take any course which a prudent policy might prescribe. But another circumstance was pointed out by the English Minister, as of great importance in the then state of affairs. France was on the eve of that election which placed Louis Napoleon at the head of the Republic, and the opinion which Lord Palmerston expressed on that contingency was in the following terms:

"Important changes may take place in France. The election which is coming on next month may bring other men into power in that country: with other men another policy may come in. Traditional maxims of policy, connected with a busier action in regard to foreign countries, may be taken up as the guide of the government of France. Popular feeling in that country, which at present inclines to peace, might easily be turned in an opposite direction; and the glory, as it would be considered in France, of freeing the whole of Italy up to the Alps from the domination to Austria, might reconcile the French nation to many sacrifices and to great exertions. Occasions for calling upon France to interfere in favor of Italian independence would not long be wanting, and would be amply afforded by the Lombards as soon as it was known by them that the French government and people were disposed to answer to their call. It is hardly possible to doubt that an efficient and powerful French army, aided and supported by a general rising of the Italians, would be too strong for the force which Austria could spare for operations in Italy; and the probability is, that in such a case Austria would lose every thing in Italy, even up the Alps."—*Italian Papers*, 1848, p. 567.

Considering the state of Hungary in the autumn of 1848, and the recent overthrow of all authority at Vienna, this apprehension was not unreasonable, and Lord Palmerston thought that it would be prudent to meet the danger by a concession. But what was the danger? *That of a French intervention*. The evident object and intention of the British minister was to prevent that calamity; and in the various transactions in which we have been engaged with France, we do not hesitate to avow—what indeed needs no avowal—that one of the chief objects of this country has been to deter France from attacking the public treaties of Europe, and that our alliance has flourished in proportion to the respect which

she, in common with ourselves, has shown for those treaties.

It is true that England sought to lessen the disastrous consequences of the battle of Novara, which was fought by Charles Albert, in defiance of our earnest remonstrances; it is true that England has ever since taken the warmest interest in the welfare of the constitutional government of Piedmont; it is true that we encouraged and assisted her to join us in the Crimean war, and that at Paris, when France and Austria would have excluded the representative of Sardinia from the general proceedings of the Congress, on the ground that he was only entitled to take a part when the interests of his own country were under discussion, it was entirely owing to the energetic remonstrance of the British Plenipotentiary that M. de Cavour was admitted to the Conference on equal terms with the Great Powers.\* He subsequently requited that benefit by joining his voice to Russia and France on all the questions which arose upon the interpretation and execution of the treaty, in opposition to the just demands of England, Turkey, and Austria. The union of the policy of Russia and of France—a union pregnant with disastrous consequences to the best interests of Europe—became from that moment an object eagerly pursued by the Sardinian Minister, and from Russia especially he received encouragement and support. In fact, at that moment the policy of Sardinia was already directed, not to the pacification of the East, but to future contest in Italy. Thus a combination was speedily formed at Paris, between our allies and the enemy we had just vanquished. Before many months had elapsed the Russian fleet, which had been annihilated in the Black Sea, found a Mediterranean haven in the Sardinian port of Villa Franca, and the closest intimacy has sprung up between these governments which have no common tie but their extreme animosity to a fourth Power.

We may here remark that M. de Cavour has more than once claimed the me-

rit of having brought what is called the "Italian Question" before the Congress of Paris: on this ground he was hailed with enthusiasm on his return to Turin, and honors were conferred on him throughout Italy. But the protocols of the Congress prove that whatever was said on the subject of Italy was said by Count Walewski and Lord Clarendon; at the sitting of the eighth April, 1856, and that it related exclusively to the occupation of the Papal States by foreign troops, and to the reactionary violence of the King of Naples. Count Cavour's own short observations were judiciously confined to the same subjects. It is true that on the sixteenth April the Sardinian Minister did address a note on the general state of Italy to the English and French Cabinets, which has since been laid before Parliament, but that note formed no part of the proceedings of the Congress, and was probably intended chiefly to gratify the national party at Turin. This transaction is related with great accuracy in the third of Count Catinelli's very able and instructive "*Etudes*," which we strongly recommend to those who are desirous to know what can be said on both sides of the question. The visit of the King of Sardinia to this country after the war led to explanations which can have left no doubt on the mind of His Majesty as to the views entertained by British statesmen on the subject of territorial changes in Italy.

We now proceed to consider, with more brevity, the second head of the Imperial pamphlet, which is directed to prove that Germany, properly so called, has no interest in Italy; that German nationality is interested in casting off altogether the fragment of Italian nationality that adheres to the skirts of the empire; that Prussia, "which tends to become the head of the Germanic Body, has an immense interest in keeping Austria within bounds; and that, becoming her ally, she would lend a hand to her own abasement, and thus disavow the work of Frederick the Great." The tendency of these suggestions is too obvious to require comment. They have certainly deceived no one on the right bank of the Rhine; and they derive their sole importance from the intention they disclose to disserve, if possible, the Germanic Body; to speculate on the jealousies and divisions of Prussia and Austria; to flatter the former Power,

\* We are surprised that M. de Cavour should have urged this precedent in support to his claim to attend the Congress now about to assemble. Piedmont has no claim to enter a conference of the Great Powers, though she had a claim to enter a conference of belligerents in 1856. The true precedent to follow is that of Belgium at the Conference of London in 1831.

in order to isolate the latter; and to purchase the connivance of Germany in the spoliation of the House of Hapsburg. Happily for Germany, and for the world, it is not the policy of Frederick the Great which now constitutes the force and glory of the Prussian monarchy. That policy may still have been felt when Prussia withdrew from the contest against the French Republic by the Peace of Basle, and left Austria to continue the contest single-handed in three successive wars. But the year which followed Austerlitz, beheld Jena. We know, and Prussia knows, what was the end of that selfish and irresolute policy—degradation and defeat beyond all human endurance, which were not wiped out until the united armies of Germany fought once more in a common cause. Let it not be thought that Austria can stand without Germany, or Germany without Austria; especially at a moment when France and Russia are in close alliance. All the German States are Confederates, whose existence, as regards foreign Powers, is indissolubly joined. As far as the opinion and influence of this country extend, the maintenance of a firm and intimate union throughout the Germanic Confederation is a cardinal point in the policy of England, for without that union peace can never be secure, and the independence of Europe can not be preserved.

We rejoice, therefore, to find that the effect of the passage in the Imperial pamphlet here referred to, and of the undisguised attempts of the Court of France to sow dissension in Germany, has been precisely the contrary of that which the author of this policy seems to have contemplated. For the first time since the great collapse of 1849, the German States and the German people have been stirred by a generous and gallant feeling of national union, which would rise, on further provocation, to the height of military enthusiasm. The young sovereign who fills the throne of the German Cæsars is brave and resolute, and, were the emergency to arise, we have no doubt his appeal would be heard beyond the limits of his own empire. Alliance with France would now be regarded in Germany as an inextinguishable degradation. The second Empire has no Bavaria, no Saxony, no Confederation of the Rhine, amongst its courtiers; and the injudicious language employed at Paris has given to Austria twice

the strength she could herself bring into the field. For Prussia to stand aloof in such an emergency, or to place herself, as M. de Schleinitz has attempted to do in his circular dispatch, on the same footing as Russia or Great Britain, foreign and neutral Powers, would be to renounce the character of a German Power altogether. The answer of the minor German Courts to Austria is, on the contrary, eminently patriotic and judicious; and the temporary check given to the warlike and aggressive policy of France is mainly due to the manifest determination of Germany to stand up as one man against the disturbance of the peace of Europe.

The third point in the pamphlet which attracts our notice, is the assumption that the policy of France is "simply aiming at the consolidation of the peace of Europe by applying her power to remove the difficulties which threaten it." The grand and necessary objects of the first Empire were, it is said, "territorial and political defense, and moral expansion for the benefit of other nations," so that the acquisitions of France on the Rhine, the Scheldt, the Pyrenees, and the Alps were only the outworks of the French Empire. The following passage must be cited as it stands:

"The motives of the domination of the Emperor over Italy were explained by him in one of his memorable conversations at St. Helena. 'As for the Italians,' said he, 'their agglomeration was already considerably advanced. All that was needed was time to ripen the union of their feelings and their laws. The annexation of Piedmont to France, and that of Parma, Tuscany, and Rome, were only temporary measures, with no other object than to superintend, protect, and advance the national education of the Italians.' Nor was this generous idea a mere afterthought of the illustrious exile: it was the essence of his policy, as was proved by the official answer given in 1808 to M. Melzi, who headed the deputation charged to offer him the crown of Italy. That answer throws a beam of light upon this historical question. 'I have always,' said he, 'intended to create Italian nationality free and independent. I accept the crown, and I will keep it, but only as long as my interests require.' The campaigns of the Revolution and the conquests of the Empire were, therefore, a violent measure and a last expedient of strife and propaganda, but not a system. *The Emperor only made Germany and Italy French in order to prepare them some day to become German and Italian.*" . . . If

\* The same idea is expressed almost in the same words by the Prince Napoleon Louis in his "Idées



France, which desires peace, were forced to make war, Europe would no doubt be moved, but she need not be alarmed, her independence would not be at stake. This war, which fortunately is not probable, would have no other object, from the day when it becomes necessary, than to anticipate revolutions by affording just satisfaction to the demands of nations, and by protecting and guaranteeing the acknowledged principles and authentic rights of their nationality."—Pp. 22-7.

We acknowledge that we can not transcribe without astonishment a passage so outrageously repugnant to the truth of history. To speak of Napoleon I. as the protector and cherisher of nationalities—to describe his dominion over Europe as "an expansion of moral influence"—to suppose that he had annexed Italy and trampled on Germany only to teach the Italians and Germans to be men—to imagine that he ever intended to relax the gripe of his oppression on one single province of that vast and ill-gotten empire, is an extravagance which might be pardoned in the dreams of an enthusiast, but it assumes a different character when it is deliberately repeated under the sanction of his nephew and representative. Every recorded incident in the life of Napoleon I. repudiates such a construction. Every letter which comes to light proves the utter scorn with which he regarded the muttered curses of the foreign nations he had yoked to his car. Take the two remarkable volumes of his own correspondence during the first Italian campaigns, which, with singular candor, have been published by order of Napoleon III.—every page breathes the stern authority of revolutionary war. Take the letter addressed to King Joseph when in Naples and in Spain, in which that temperate ruler is admonished to strengthen his government by acts of violence and force, and to

crush every sign of national feeling among his subjects.\* Take the long series of contributions of war levied on conquered, and even on allied, states—the plunder of churches and museums—the insults heaped on every independent and illustrious head, insults more deadly than the injuries they endured—the military murders of the Marquis Rodio at Naples, and Palm in Germany—the internecine war between the secret national societies which covered Europe and the imperial police—the universal and detested yoke cast upon all national thought, action, feeling, law, which burst at length with the crash of an earthquake and hurled the tyrant to the dust; and with these events fresh in our memories—for our fathers bore no inconsiderable part in resisting that dire oppression—we protest, in the name of all freedom and of every people, against the audacious assertion that the national rights and interests of mankind were to be secured by him who was their unrelenting oppressor. Once only, in his whole career, did the First Napoleon render a service to the nationalities of Europe, when he roused them to a pitch of unexampled union and vigor to throw off his intolerable yoke.

We are at no loss to select from the innumerable examples which refute this astonishing position, one or two striking instances of what French dominion under the Empire really was. Lord Broughton, whose interesting reminiscences of Italy are before us, shall supply them; and they might be multiplied to any extent. We have the more pleasure in taking these instances from Lord Broughton, because he visited Italy with Lord Byron directly after the war, and his sympathies were certainly not peculiarly hostile to Napoleon, or favorable to the arrangements of the Congress of Vienna.

The real object of the French Directory and of Bonaparte himself in the conquest of Italy in 1797 was to procure a territory which should be restored to Austria on condition of her assenting at the peace to the annexation of the Low Countries to the territory of the French Republic. By the secret article of Leo-

Napoléoniennes" of 1839, (p. 150.) The same passage also refers to the declaration to M. Melzi in 1808, quoted in the pamphlet. The identity of the two publications on this subject is complete. Melzi's own account of that interview, as recorded by Count Balbo in his *Speranze d'Italia* is widely different. Melzi proposed that Northern Italy should be placed under one ruler. Napoleon assented. Melzi went on to suggest that the House of Savoy should be that ruler. Napoleon smiled. Melzi persisted, and said it would conduce to the balance of power. "Who talks of the balance of power?" exclaimed Napoleon. A silence ensued. Melzi resumed, "I am wrong there; I ought to have spoken of *preponderance*." "Now you have it," rejoined the Emperor.

\* Consult *Cesare Cantù Storia degli Italiani*, vol. vi. p. 251, for a lively picture of the atrocity of the French Government of Italy. In fact, the Emperor Napoleon only used the Italians to assist in the subjugation of the rest of Europe.

ben\* signed on the eighteenth April, 1797, Austria ceded the territory beyond the Oglio, on condition of obtaining all the Venetian territory on terra firma, as well as Dalmatia and Istria, and in Bonaparte's dispatch to the Directory of the nineteenth April the spoliation of Venice is discussed and justified. But the scheme was not yet mature. In Bonaparte's letter to the Municipality of Venice, of May 26, 1797, (five weeks after their annihilation had been secretly decreed,) these words occur :

" Dans toutes les circonstances je ferai tout ce qui sera en mon pouvoir pour vous donner des preuves du désir que j'ai de voir consolider votre liberté, et de voir la misérable Italie se placer enfin, avec gloire, libre et indépendante des étrangers."

At this very time a plot was carried on by French agents for the overthrow of the Venetian Government, though a pretended treaty had been signed on the sixteenth May, at Milan, between the French General and the Venetian deputies. During the summer of that year Venice was occupied by French troops and administered by a French Commission, and on the eighteenth October the definitive treaty was signed which extinguished the independence of Venice and handed over the Queen of the Adriatic to Austria. Even the Directory were revolted at the cynical treachery of their General to the cause of Italy. Bonaparte himself replied to the last protest of the Venetian municipality that " the Venetian people were little fitted for liberty ; if they were capable of appreciating it, and had the virtue necessary for acquiring it, well and good : existing circumstances gave them an excellent opportunity of proving it : let them defend it."

One other example of the protection afforded by the French Empire to Italian nationality. If there be any portion of the French administration in Italy which has been regarded from a distance with regret, it is the viceregal government of Eugène. The Ministers of the Italian Kingdom were honest and able ; large numbers of the Milanese entered the public service ; and Italian troops shared the glory of the Imperial armies. But though Lombardy had undoubtedly less to complain of under Eugène than under Austria,

after a time the French Government and its Italian adherents were not a whit less unpopular. The following passage from Lord Broughton gives a striking and apposite account of the state of things which actually prevailed :

" It is now well known, and no danger can result from the promulgation of the fact, that for some time previous to the downfall of Napoleon a widely extended conspiracy had been formed in his Italian provinces, having for its object the long-desired, unattainable independence of the Italian peninsula. The secret, if so it may be called, was in the breasts of no less than four thousand individuals, calling themselves Freemasons, and communicating by the masonic signs in use, not in France, but in England. These persons, although for ordinary purposes they acted with all the Freemasons of Italy, yet, for special political objects, were governed by rules and conducted by chiefs known only to themselves. Thus Prince Eugène was grand-master of Lombardy, but the private grand-master was the real head of the brotherhood, and of the project of which it was intended the viceroy should be the last to hear, and which was scrupulously concealed from every one supposed to be connected with French interests.

The battle of Haynau afforded the Italians the last opportunity of displaying their military genius beyond the Alps ; and when General Zucchi, who commanded their contingent of the French army, returned to Milan, he proclaimed publicly that he was authorized to announce that Napoleon resigned the iron crown, released his Italian subjects and soldiers from their oaths, and left the whole of their armed force to work out the independence of their common country. This certainly was, if any, the time to secure that glorious object. Eugène and his council deliberated on a declaration proclaiming the union of all the states of Upper Italy, with Eugène for their constitutional monarch, and France for a permanent ally. The decree was written and preparations made for sending it to all the provincial prefects ; but the Prince hesitated, and the decree was canceled. He was unwilling to convoke the electoral or representative bodies, fearful lest his influence, declining daily with the disasters of his imperial step-father, should prove too weak to place the crown on his own head. The patriot Freemasons also were inactive, partly because they were aware of divisions amongst themselves, and partly because they depended on the assistance of England to secure their liberties at a general peace. Some of the bolder malcontents, amongst them Pino, opened communication with Murat, who was advancing through the Roman States with designs unknown to others, and probably not determined upon by himself. The war came at last into Italy, and, according to approved precedents, the Austrians advanced with the assurance that they came to liberate the Lombards from a foreign yoke, and had no desire to regain

\* *Correspondance de Napoléon I.*, vol. ii. p. 493.

their ancient Cisalpine possessions. An English general officer was charged to pledge the imperial word of Francis the First to that effect. In fact, the independence of Italy had been one of the conditions proposed to Napoleon at Dresden in 1813.\* Not one of all the champions contending for the honor of imposing a master on this unhappy country omitted the usual ceremony of promising better days of freedom and happiness. The Austrian general, Nugent, and his English partisans, disembarked at the mouth of the Po and overran Romagna, and before they were repulsed by the French general, Grenier, near Parma, had time to proclaim themselves 'disinterested liberators.' Prince Eugène, in his proclamation of the fourth of February, (1814,) from Verona, declared that Murat had for the three past months promised to march to his aid. But Murat was now the ally of Austria; and advancing towards Lombardy, proclaimed by the mouth of his general, Carascosa, the independence of Italy. The English, Sicilians, Calabrians, and Greeks, who landed at Leghorn under the command of Lord William Bentinck, assumed the same generous character of liberators and friends, allies in the same pious enterprise — the final emancipation of all Italy from a foreign yoke. It must seem to us, who have seen the event, very strange that the most credulous of the patriot Italians should have indulged in any hopes not derived from the acknowledged prowess of their own Italian army; nor would they, perhaps, if Eugène had adopted a decided course, and raised the national banner. This, however, he did not do; he preferred, for the time, constancy to his great benefactor; and in his declaration of the fourth of February, 1814, from Verona, 'FIDELITY,' not 'LIBERTY' was declared to be the watchword of all true Italians."

\* Lord Broughton is wrong in this particular. The conditions proposed to Napoleon by Prince Metternich in August, 1813, contained not a word about the independence of Italy. They stipulated the restoration of the Illyrian provinces to Austria, but no change in any part of Italy, which would have continued to form part of the French Empire, or to be governed by French viceroys. (See the conditions in *Thiers*, vol. xvi. p. 217.) But at the close of 1813 an attempt was made by the Allies to detach both Eugène and Murat from the cause of Napoleon, by offering to the former the throne of Northern Italy, and to the latter that of Naples. Murat accepted the proposal, and signed a treaty with Austria on the eleventh of January, 1814, which he soon violated: Eugène from honorable motives, refused a similar offer. But it is certain that the proposal was made to the Viceroy in the latter part of November, 1813, by the Prince Thurn and Taxis, at Verona, in direct obedience to the instructions of Prince Metternich, and had he joined the coalition and adhered to it, the fate of Northern Italy would have been changed. But he persevered, and Lombardy was in fact reconquered by Austria at the battle of the Mincio, fought on the eighth of February, 1814. The whole transaction is accurately related by Count Catinelli. (*Etudes*, p. 32.)

The account which follows of the revolutionary movements at Milan on the fall of the French Emperor is highly instructive and interesting. The cry was raised "*Patria e Indipendenza non Eugenio, non Vicerè, non Francesi!*" A paper was presented to the Senate, beginning with the words: "Spain and Germany have thrown off the yoke of the French; Italy has to imitate them." An Italian nobleman present thrust his umbrella through the portrait of Napoleon by Appiani. But the patriots were not satisfied with this bloodless insult; the populace rushed to the house of Prina, one of the Italian ministers of Eugène, seized him, half-stripped him, and threw him from a window. Still able to walk, he took refuge in a wine-shop near the Scala, whence he was torn by the mob, *who beat him to death with their umbrellas*. It was supposed that he retained some life for nearly four hours, says Lord Broughton; no mortal wound was found on his body; but he was dragged about by torch-light until ten at night, and was so much disfigured that no one could identify the corpse. Prina was a man of great talents, great courage, and great honesty. He had been Minister to the King of Sardinia and to the Cisalpine Republic. But he was preëminently the Italian Minister of Napoleon, and as the Minister of Napoleon he suffered, at the hands of the Milanese, a cruel and ignominious death.

These instances may suffice to show what was done by Napoleon I. for Italian nationality, and how Italian nationality repaid the agents of France.

We now approach a topic of more direct practical importance, since it is one on which this pamphlet propounds actual remedial measures, and on which the recent negotiations of the Great Powers have principally turned—we mean the condition of the government of the Papal States, and the evacuation of those States by the French and Austrian troops. It must, however, here be remarked that if the arrangement of what is termed "the Roman difficulty" was the real or the principal object which the French Government had in view, the language of this pamphlet, the armaments of that Power, the expectations held out to Sardinia in exchange for the hand of a Princess of the House of Savoy, and the perturbation caused by these events throughout Eu-

rope, are circumstances wholly disproportionate to the result. There was in fact no obstacle to the withdrawal of the foreign troops, which diplomacy could not surmount. As long ago as the Congress of Paris, France and England had loudly expressed their desire that the abnormal condition of the Papal territories should cease, and Lord Clarendon added that the problem which it was urgent to solve was to combine the withdrawal of the troops with the maintenance of order, and this solution was only to be found in the establishment of an administration which should rest on public confidence and not on foreign armies. Count Buol declared that he completely concurred in the language of the French Minister, and Baron Hübnér added that it was the intention of the Imperial cabinet to withdraw its troops from the Legations as soon as such a measure seemed feasible. So far no *casus belli* could be found in a state of things which was as much to be deplored on the part of France as on that of Austria. The French troops entered Rome against the will of the people, for they entered it by a breach;\* and they have for some time past remained there against the will of the Pope, whom, without conditions, they thought fit to restore. Pius IX. absolutely refused to submit to any conditions, and declared he would remain at Gaeta if he was not to return to Rome free and unfettered: France, therefore, knew what was to be expected. This occupation has lasted for nine years, and it certainly does not lie in the mouth of the authors of that expedition to represent the intrusion of foreign armies into Italy as a cause of war, or to complain that the Pope's government had not been induced to make reforms. The Emperor of the French probably retains

the same opinion which he expressed in his celebrated letter to Edgar Ney; but as long as it suited his own interests to conciliate the clergy and to seek the honor of a Pontifical coronation, all Europe knows that these opinions have not been inconveniently pressed upon the Vatican. The zeal of France in the cause of popular reform in these years has not been so great that she has any right to represent Austria as the sole impediment to progress. "Austria," says the writer of this pamphlet, "is condemned to oppose an inflexible resistance to every innovation. It is impossible to obtain her concurrence, and without it nothing can be done at Rome or at Naples, or wherever her power is feared." But what are the facts disclosed in this very pamphlet? In June, 1857, the French Government proposed to the Cabinet of Vienna certain reforms in the Papal States—the establishment of a consulta to vote the taxes, judicial reforms, and an amnesty. To this proposal the Austrian Government replied by a counter-project, differing, as we have reason to believe, in the mode of effecting these objects, but not in the objects to be effected. Meanwhile the French Government had found out that the scheme would have to encounter the most violent opposition at Rome and from the clerical party in France. The Emperor Napoleon therefore again desisted, and no more was said on the subject until this abortive negotiation was brought to light in this publication—the truth being that the negotiation was dropped not by Austria but by France herself. Lord Cowley obtained from the Court of Vienna assurances directly opposed to the assertions of the pamphlet. Austria is by no means indisposed to concur with the other Powers in recommending to the Pope and other Italian sovereigns such changes as may be practicable and beneficial.

The difficulties to be overcome before the government of the Papal dominions can be placed on a liberal footing of civil government are enormous; but it is an error to suppose that these difficulties lie mainly in the jealousy or resistance of any foreign power; they are, as we shall presently show, deeply seated in the very essence of the institutions it is proposed to reform. Let us, however, first observe the views expressed by the French writer on this part of the subject.

\* We walked or rather clambered through this very "breach" made by the cannon-balls of the French, by which they entered Rome, just after them, and before the blood of the slain was dry, and walked among their graves outside the walls and into the camp of the army, in the city, frequently after its surrender in the summer of 1849. We counted thirty-six cannon-ball holes in the walls of the Spada Palace alone. In one room a lady was sitting at her breakfast-table pouring out coffee, when a cannon-ball passed through the window and cut her in twain. We picked up a cannon-ball and brought it away as a souvenir. Ruined vineyards, and beautiful gardens, and demolished palaces both within and outside the walls of Rome, gave us our first sad impressions of the horrors of war.—EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.



The failure of the reforms which were attempted by Pius IX. on his accession has, it seems, placed him in presence of three difficulties:

"The first of these difficulties consists in the existing administration of the Roman States, which is neither more nor less than Catholic authority applied to temporal interests. The laws of the Church support no discussion and deserve absolute respect; they must be regarded as an emanation of the Divine Wisdom. But civil society claims its own legislation, just as religious society demands and enforces that which belongs to it. Canon law, inflexible as dogma, and unchangeable in ages, is essentially distinct from common law, adapted to the wants and interests of society. Canon law may have introduced the order and precepts of theocracy into the Capitularies of Charlemagne, but it does not suffice to the protection and development of modern society. There is, however, an essential point, which must never be lost sight of in dealing with the Pontifical government, the fact that the dominion of the Church and the dominion of the Roman nation are held and exercised by the same hand. They must be reconciled without being confounded. But the entirely clerical character of the Roman government is an absurdity, a cause of discontent, and consequently a source of weakness to the Pope, and a permanent danger of revolution."—Pp. 26-8.

The second difficulty is that the Pope, in his spiritual character, can not support the policy he would be bound, as an Italian Prince, to follow; and the third difficulty is that of creating an efficient native Italian army.

As Protestants and as Liberals we should view without regret the application of a thorough and radical remedy to these contradictions, as we think it equally objectionable that a college of priests should govern Central Italy, and that an Italian sovereign should extend his spiritual jurisdiction over foreign nations. But the question can not be argued by Catholic and despotic powers on this ground. Recognizing the authority of the Head of the Latin Church—holding that the laws of the Church are to be regarded as an emanation of the Divine Wisdom—compelled to deal with the Romish clergy as a most important element in their own dominions—bound to the See of Rome by concordats, they may easily be driven by the subtlety of Rome into a position at least as contradictory and perplexing as that in which they endeavor to place the Pope. For example, what are in Rome the limits of the canon law? Elsewhere the history of states is the history of a contest between civil and clerical power—be-

tween common and canon law—in which the lay element has happily prevailed. In Rome no such contest has ever arisen; no representatives of the rights of the laity have ever existed; the canon law is the law not only of the Church but of the land. Indeed, the first principle of that law is that the divine authority it claims is unrestricted, and thus it controls all the interests of society. To take an example. The most fruitful sources of evil and corruption amongst the Roman population are the boundless charitable endowments, which pauperize the city. These trusts originated in the piety or the superstition of churchmen, who, having no direct heirs, or not having testamentary capacity, thought the best use of their property was to create charitable institutions connected with the religious orders. Another consequence has been that an immense extent of land around Rome is held in mortmain, and that the tenures of land are in so deplorable a state that the peasantry are reduced to squalid destitution, the landlords are necessitous, and the land itself is thrown out of cultivation.

An Encumbered Estates Act, a law of Mortmain, and a Poor-law Board, acting on sound principles of public economy, would, in our opinion, do more to improve the condition of the Roman States than any amount of political revolution. Cardinal Antonelli, who is himself a man of great acuteness, has shown this to be his own opinion by placing the finances under a consulta of laymen, who have restored the currency and rendered great services to that department. But the action of these reforms is very much limited by the religious character, which is the essence of the Papal Government, and of its institutions and laws. In such a state, and with the absolute and infinite pretensions of the Church as a church, there can be no real separation of authority. "I seek in vain," said the Emperor Napoleon, (eleventh Feb. 1804,) "to determine the limits between civil and religious authority. The existence of those limits is a dream." It is so when one of the two powers claims to embrace every thing, and to hold the other in absolute subjection to its will. But this is the condition of Rome, and hence the efforts made to reconstitute the Papal Government on a civil basis have necessarily been abortive or insincere. In the tenth and eleventh Appendices to the

second volume of his *Memoirs*, M. Guizot has recently republished the celebrated Memorandum of the twenty-first May, 1831, recommending, in the name of the Five Powers, the admission of laymen to judicial and administrative offices in the States of the Church, and an abridgment of the edicts of reform promulgated shortly afterwards by Gregory XVI., but allowed to fall into speedy and hopeless abeyance. To these documents are added a letter from M. Rossi, of the tenth April, 1832, of deep interest and consummate ability, in which he points out the extreme difficulty of finding men to solve the problem, and to reconcile a repugnant government with a distrustful people.

Rossi himself was such a man, and sixteen years later, under his own administration, the temporal interests of the Roman States were confided to a minister, who united in an extraordinary degree all the highest qualities for such a task. He was a layman, but sincerely attached to the Pope he served. He was a jurist, imbued, not with the obsolete maxims of the canonists, but with the soundest principles of legislation, political economy, and constitutional freedom. He was an Italian, ardent for the greatness and independence of his country, but his genius had been nurtured in the free republics of Switzerland and in the service of constitutional France. With inexhaustible knowledge, with unsurpassed eloquence, with dauntless resolution, he placed these gifts at the service of Pius IX. and of the Roman people. For six tempestuous months he held his course unmoved, deceived only by too much confidence in the people he governed. In return, that people murdered him, at the instigation of miscreants who talked of liberty. No deadlier blow was ever aimed at Italian liberty than that which struck Peregrino Rossi on the staircase of the Roman Cancellaria; and in the foul catalogue of Italian crimes none has left a more ineffaceable stain.\* The failure of that experiment, and the disasters that followed, have left small hope that the work in which he fell will be

performed by men of meaner courage and lower powers.

To secularize the Roman administration is in fact to effect a total revolution in the state of law and property in that country—and this is to be done without the existence of either the men or the things by which such a change is to be worked. Better far would it have been to let the Roman Republic run its course, which might at least have swept away some of these evils with revolutionary power, than to cut short its career and then to bring about a similar revolution by the pressure of foreign armies on the Papal authority. Better again if the French had assumed the administration of the country during their occupation, as we have in India sometimes assumed the administration of provinces falling to pieces under an effete ruler; but to restore the Pope, and then to exact from the Pope that which he cannot do while he remains Pope, is a contradiction in terms.

Nor is any thing to be obtained from the Papal Court, and especially from the present Pontiff, by violence. Rome knows that her spiritual power is never greater than in the extreme of physical weakness. When pursued, she takes refuge, as it were, in another element; and at the very moment when the Pope may be driven from his own territories, he retains, by the organization of the Romish hierarchy, a power superior to that of every state which acknowledges his sway. Foreign intervention is no doubt the curse of Italy. But the usurped authority of Italian priests, claiming supremacy in foreign nations and owning no complete allegiance, save to their Italian head, is a form of intervention not less repugnant to freedom and national independence all over the world. That is the fatal cause which renders the affairs of Central Italy of such paramount interest to the Catholic States; and as long as that great engine of superstition and despotic government, the Church of Rome, overshadows a great portion of the earth, it is preposterous to suppose that the central seat of its power can become enlightened and free. The consistency and sagacity of the views entertained by the author of the French pamphlet may be inferred from the fact that his grand scheme for the regeneration of Italy contemplates the formation of a general Italian confederation with the Pope at the head of it.

\* After the murder the body of Count Rossi was conveyed to the adjoining church of S. Lorenzo in Damaso, where it was privately interred by his early friend and countryman Tenerani, the sculptor, who has since executed a bust of this great Italian, which has been placed over his tomb by order of Pius IX., with a suitable inscription.

After having shown that the Papal authority is incapable of providing for the wants and interests of modern society, we are told that the result of a French intervention in Italy is to extend to the whole country the blessings now enjoyed by the subjects of the Pope. We shall no longer detain our readers with the consideration of this pamphlet, which owes its importance entirely and exclusively to the indications of authorship stamped upon it. If there were in France a press, it would not devolve upon us to expose the fallacies of this romance, which its author is pleased to compare with the lofty conceptions of Henry IV. and the First Napoleon. If there were a voice in the mute and servile Assemblies, now styled a French Legislature, that voice would be heard protesting with the force of unanimous conviction against schemes so unfruitful of good to Italy, so perilous to France, so menacing to Europe. Indeed, at no former time, has France had more reason to feel what a country loses, which loses the right of speaking and acting on its own behalf. As M. Guizot has recently observed in the admirable second volume of his *Memoirs of his own Time*, from 1830 to 1848, many real causes of war, many international difficulties, arose between the states of Europe. War was avoided by the publicity and freedom of debate, which enabled the existing government to defend the cause of peace and to consult the permanent interests of the nation by the force of argument and the might of public opinion. How different is now the state of that country! War itself might be resolved upon in the secret mind of a single individual—the faith of the Empire might be pledged by clandestine engagements resting on considerations of personal advantage—the objects of such a contest might be puerile or hopeless—the motives of it might be the dread of assassination or of that unrest in which despotic and unsanctioned authority sees the avenging phantoms of its former victims—the fate of the world might again turn on some incident as trivial as a slight to Madame de Pompadour or Louis's jealousy of an architect: but what of all this? The nation is led blindfold to the brink of a precipice. Its freedom of action is gone.

Yet even now it is satisfactory to perceive how much those military passions, which have so often convulsed the world, have lost their influence on the population

of France. We ventured to remark in April, 1857, that the period of their social history, which rendered the French eager combatants and ambitious assailants, is passed, and that no people are less disposed at the present day to plunge into war or less able to meet the protracted drain of a European struggle.\* The force of these observations has been illustrated in a most striking manner since the first of January. In vain were appeals addressed to a chivalrous people in the name of Italian wrongs and national honor. In vain did M. Delangle exhort his prefects to support public opinion at the height of absolute confidence in the Emperor, although the country might be unable to reach the lofty of his designs. From every part of France, from every class in France, a protest, deep though not loud, rose against unproved and unnecessary war. The Princess, whose marriage seemed to be the prelude of such calamities, was received with appalling silence and unbending coldness in the splendid avenues of Paris.

The material interests on which the Empire had hitherto rested have quenched the adventurous disposition to contend for the rights of civilization in any part of the globe. Conscription, taxes, the ravages of war, the loss of security, lowered in portentous gloom over the land. Even the servile and powerless Senate and Legislative body hesitated to give a blind assent to a budget framed in obvious contradiction to the military preparations of the Government, and from every part of the Empire arrived the strongest protests against hostilities wantonly threatened in defiance of the true interests of France. No event has ever occurred more strongly to demonstrate the salutary effect of peace and civilization in disarming the ambition of rulers. The French have now too much to lose for them to risk it with impunity; and Louis Napoleon had utterly miscalculated the effect of his own policy both at home and abroad.

To say, as the *Moniteur* has lately done, that the recent activity of the arsenal of France has solely been directed to maintain her peace establishments, is to say in other terms that her peace estab-

\* *Edinburgh Review*, vol. cv. p. 359. "Last Census of France."

lishments by sea as well as by land are now war establishments of the most formidable nature. We sincerely hope that the temperate remonstrances and the firm attitude of the other powers of Europe, as well as the repugnance of France, may have averted the dreadful calamities which these preparations portended. We shall be told that these are idle fears, and that if such schemes have ever been formed they are now abandoned. God grant it may be so, and that we may not in our time witness so atrocious and unprovoked an outbreak of military barbarism against the interests of civilization and peace. Talk of "pacifying Italy!" Talk of the glory of defending "the nationality of a people and the independence of the Papacy!" Why, if the accumulation of armies, and fleets, and stores of war, have any meaning in connection with the political objects this pamphlet avows, they mean that Italy is once more to be overrun with hordes of foreign soldiers, and that the welfare of all Europe is to be sacrificed to the reckless and willful enterprises of a single family. Unhappily, whichever course be now pursued by France, irreparable mischief has been already done. The hopes and passions of the Italians have been excited to a point which renders the maintenance of tranquillity in that peninsula extremely doubtful and the task of conciliation all but impossible. Whether they be aided or abandoned, from intervention or from non-intervention, they will equally suffer; and the day will come when they may again regard the calm, though unwelcome, counsels of England with more confidence than they can place in the promises of France.

It is not for us here to anticipate what duties such a state of things may hereafter impose in the government of this country; enough that for the present British statesmen of all parties have nobly concurred in declaring our steadfast adherence to the faith of treaties, and have employed all our influence to restrain France and Piedmont from war—to dispose Austria to forbearance and concession. But, ere we conclude, we must be permitted to make some observations on the effects of these occurrences on the relations of France with Great Britain.

The alliance which has now happily prevailed for so many years between the Crown of England and the different forms

of government that have succeeded each other in France, has never rendered greater services to Europe than since the accession of the present Emperor to power. On the one hand it has strictly maintained the conditions of the territorial settlement of Europe and peace; on the other hand, when these conditions were violated by Russia, it signally chastised the offender, and gave an example of disinterested adherence to the public law of Europe. United on these principles, the authority of the Western Powers was irresistible, and there is not the slightest probability that it would be assailed. We acknowledge with pleasure the fidelity with which the Emperor Napoleon III. has adhered to these principles in his relations with ourselves, and we regret that opinions of a different character should ever have been published under his sanction. Nor do we question the sincerity of his desire to maintain the most amicable relations with England, not only because he has recollections attaching him to this country, but because the alliance of England is preëminently advantageous, and the opposition of England would be preëminently injurious to the prosecution of the designs of policy which are formed, with more or less of consistency, in his mind. The very first section of the pamphlet before us, and many other circumstances, prove his extreme desire to associate England in his Italian policy, or, if he fail in obtaining her coöperation, to obtain her acquiescence and entire neutrality. No circumstances can ever be so favorable to the prosecution of any course of policy directed by France against any of the Continental Powers, as the assistance, or even the abstinence, of England; for the exercise of her maritime power depends altogether on the concurrence or neutrality of England. Disposing at once of an army and a fleet, both of first-rate magnitude, France is incontestibly more powerful than any other single continental State, defended by its army alone. It is in fact the naval power of Great Britain which turns the scale and secures the balance of power—without it the naval power of France would be absolute in the Mediterranean, and scarcely less so on other seas. As long, therefore, as France possesses an assurance of the coöperation or acquiescence of this country, she has nothing to fear from any state, and she may bring



to bear on any maritime state modes of attack of a very novel and formidable character. To obtain that assurance is therefore of incalculable advantage to France.

The Emperor Napoleon III. has taken some pains to persuade people in this country that he has labored with great energy to curb the violent passions which would otherwise break out in France with irresistible hostility against the English; and that he has made sacrifices and stifled prejudices which, without his influence, would have been fatal to the alliance. We have even heard politicians on this side the Channel echo this assertion, and maintain that it is mainly on the good faith and good will of the Emperor that the alliance rests. Far be it from us to disparage in the slightest degree the persistence and fidelity the Emperor has undoubtedly shown in maintaining amicable relations with Great Britain. On the contrary, we say with the greatest sincerity that nothing in his reign does him more honor than his wise and steadfast resolution to preserve peace and a good understanding between the two greatest Powers of the earth. But we should feel less confidence in the stability of this alliance than we do if we were compelled to regard it as a personal and not a national matter. The Emperor of the French has the high merit of having repudiated those traditions of the Empire which might have seemed to breathe hostility to England: but he certainly did not invent the alliance of the two nations. It began immediately after the Revolution of 1830, and the principal Revolver of Louis Philippe and his Ministers was to uphold the principles of that alliance, until, in an evil hour, they unwisely sacrificed it to increase their influence by a marriage in Spain. The same relations were maintained with M. de Lamartine and General Cavaignac under the Republic, and both of those statesmen freely admitted that they found the advantages of foreign intervention and the destruction of the treaties of 1815 would be more than counterbalanced by the loss of the support and good will of England. The alliance has often been assailed; it has sometimes been put in jeopardy; but it has survived a long series of extraordinary revolutions, because in the main it is of real advantage to the welfare of both nations. On our side we certainly

ask of France no sacrifices affecting in the slightest degree her rights, her interests, or her honor; for we well know that any such exigency would instantly be fatal to our friendship with so sensitive and high-spirited a people. The line of policy we recommend for our common guidance, and which we ourselves pursue, is precisely that which the true interests of France, and the earnest wishes of the great bulk of her own population, equally prescribe—it may be described in one maxim of the Roman jurists: "*Sic utere tuo, ut alienum non lēdas.*" And it can not escape the intelligence of the French people that the enormous progress they have made, in common with the rest of Europe, during forty-five years of peace, is infinitely more conducive to their individual and collective advantage than any thing which the most successful war could by possibility have conferred on them. We are satisfied that this lesson has sunk deep into their minds, and that viewing all war with uneasiness approaching to aversion, the war which France is least disposed to engage in is a war with this country.

If the alliance of the Western Powers has been shaken or put in jeopardy, it is by the same cause which threatened the peace of Europe. As long as the policy of the two states is frank and open—directed to objects which we are proud to avow, like the amelioration of the state of Italy—and free from the suspicion of selfish aggrandizement, like the alliance of 1854—there is no reason we should not pursue these objects in common. But from the moment the ruler of France is supposed to entertain a separate policy of his own, he shakes the confidence of foreign governments, he rouses passions which he may not always be able to allay, and he assumes the undivided responsibility of proceedings which are as odious to his own subjects as to the rest of Europe.

Of the Congress which is said to be about to assemble it is premature to speak, for a Congress is proverbially slow in its motions and uncertain in its results. If the principal object is to enable France and Sardinia to recede with honor from a position that threatened immediate hostilities, all the world readily assents to that suggestion. And if any specific cause of quarrel can be said to exist between these states and Austria, it will be

the duty of the Congress to endeavor to remove it. But we are as yet in ignorance of the precise point which the representatives of the Great Powers are called upon to decide, and we are not yet certain that the meeting of this Congress will ever take place.

Is it probable that any adequate results will be obtained? The misfortune of the Italians is, that not content with pursuing objects which are desirable and attainable, the great bulk of the patriotic party, in all its different shades, aims at changes which are at present of impossible attainment, and which would not be less impossible even if the great obstacle of foreign dominion were removed. The action of a Congress is necessarily limited by principles essentially opposed to the views of the national party. If concessions are made by Austria on some points, she would require on other points a fresh sanction, and perhaps increased security, to her rights: and though measures tending to the improvement of the condition of Italy may be adopted, in the present temper of that country increased freedom will only augment the passion of nationality. We can not therefore anticipate from the intended Congress any results which will effectually remove the grievances of Italy, and it is possible that divisions of opinion may arise affording a pretext for war which is now wanting. The agitation of the last three months is by no means terminated by this expedient; and until a general measure of disarmament has been adopted by the Great Powers, Europe will not, we fear, revert to its normal state of mutual confidence and repose.

The anxiety excited by the relations of Austria and France in Italy, and by the causes we have here passed in review, is, we confess, largely augmented by the condition of the British Government — by the dissolution of the British Parliament — and by the character of the British Minister of Foreign Affairs. Yet it is at this crisis in the affairs of Europe — we might almost say, assigning this crisis as his principal motive — that Lord Derby has, with unparalleled rashness, dissolved the House of Commons, and thrown the very existence of the Government for the next two months into doubt and impotence. To assert as one of the causes of this extraordinary and unjustifiable determination that it is of high consequence

to the peace of Europe to keep the direction of these negotiations in the hands of the present Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, is a jest alike unworthy of the position and the wit of the First Minister of the Crown. He, as well as every other man in this country, knows that the month of June will not be far advanced when the present Cabinet must render an account of their proceedings to a House of Commons, far less disposed than any they have yet met, to judge those proceedings with lenity. In the mean time the administration has lost the support in its foreign relations which the late Parliament generously extended to it. By this mischievous and unprofitable expedient of a dissolution, which suspends the whole course of public affairs, the Ministers of the Crown have deliberately placed their own power and influence, abroad as well as at home, in abeyance, until the result of the elections shall have determined their fate. For upwards of thirty-five days, from the prorogation of one Parliament to the assembling of another, and at the most critical time whether for negotiation or for hostilities, no Parliament whatever can be called together. The state of foreign affairs, far from being any ground of a dissolution, is in truth one of the most powerful arguments against it; for at the very moment when a strong Government may be most required in our foreign relations, Ministers will probably be in the condition of a culprit between judgment and execution — the adverse decision of the country being already entered against them, although some weeks must elapse before the new Parliament can assemble to inflict their doom. The clear and resolute will of a powerful administration, speaking in the name of this country, might produce results of incalculable advantage to the maintenance of peace; whereas the language they have held, and the conduct they have pursued, is not of a character to exercise any preponderating influence on the Continent. But whilst we deeply lament this state of affairs at home, truth and policy urge us to declare that there is no essential difference between English statesmen of any party on the substance of the great principles which regulate our foreign alliances. One great end is common to all alike: and though some may cling with greater tenacity to the rights of authority, and some may sympathize more

warmly with the sufferings of the oppressed, the practical object of every Foreign Minister of this country is iden-

tically the same—to maintain the faith of the Crown inviolate and to oppose every aggression on the peace of Europe.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

## WOMANHOOD AND ITS MISSION.

To one who ponders much on the universe of humanity, it presents a metaphysical whole, under the influence of one law. What that law is distinctly, remains unknown, for it is hidden in the mind of Him whose Name is Secret; but we reason upwards to its existence by analogy, and so strong are the probabilities that they attain to moral certainty. There is a strict resemblance of relations between the growth of an individual and a family, and between a nation and a race. The childhood of a nation is analogous to, and can be explained by, the childhood of an individual. The progress of the race may be gauged by the progress of a person. Each man is a mirror of the universe, and the same laws which govern his existence govern the family, the nation, and the race. Each man reflects in himself the whole of humanity. But for our object it will be sufficient to compare in one point the individual and the nation. At two stages in a man's life he becomes introspective, in youth, and advanced manhood. The first is, when by some crisis in life or thought there dawns on him the knowledge that he is a distinct person, with a distinct work to do. Then those questions which must be answered arise like shapes which startle the mariner upon a silent sea—what am I? why am I here, what is the meaning of this wondrous incidence of this life of mine? Such is the self-introspection of youth. It is a proof of healthy progress and healthy life.

Precisely the same thing occurs in the youth of a nation. A time arrives when

it ceases to be unconscious, and begins to recognize itself; then it questions of its existence, its means, and its career; and as in man the whole happiness of being depends on the answer he gives to the enigma of life, so also in the nation. Now, wherever we find these questionings arising in the youth of a people, they are a sign of healthy life.

But there is a second period of self-analysis in the advanced life of men and nations; and there it is an infallible sign not of health, but of corruption and decay. Nevertheless so far is it a sign of health that it proves that the people or the man have awakened to a sense of their evil condition; and they are not utterly lost as long as they are conscious of their degradation. As long as even they can make excuses for themselves, they have still a standard of goodness left. The depth of infamy is never reached till men or nations are corrupt and know it not. For that state there is no redemption. Theirs is the serpent's curse, "on their belly shall they go, and dust shall they eat all the days of their life."

But to return to the second period of national and individual self-analysis, we will speak of our own nation. England has been struck with a sense of her abasement. She is like a base man who has trodden all the paths of excitement, drained all pleasure, and emptied to the dregs the wine of life, and who, left alone, has learnt at last, by some terrible stroke, what realities and unrealities there are. She has been awaked at last, like the In-

dian stupefied with drink among the rapids, while the roaring of the everlasting cataract is within her ears.

From the fever of war and politics she passed into the fever of literature. Action ceased, and thought awoke. And when thought had passed into the delirious utterances of Byron, and the principles of the French Revolution had sown the infidelity of reasoning broadcast over the land; wearied with the intellectual agony, she sunk into the soft couch of material comfort, and reached a deeper depth. Money became her all. She lay self-coiled around herself, a sleeping serpent gorged. Political life became corrupt. Social life rested on the principles of Sir Giles Overreach. Wealth, and wit, and rank constituted nobility and fame, and not nobility of character. Domestic life was no longer stainless; the power of England no longer rested on the foundation of the hearth-stone, or on the sanctity of home, and the destroyer was standing at our doors. It was then that the Eastern war arose, and we were brought face to face with the awful realities of life, and death, and judgment. It was taught us by a fearful lesson that the law of existence is not happiness or comfort, but sacrifice.

But she recognized the pain as the necessary consequence of her evil—nay she felt it as not penal, but remedial; and it made her not defiant, but repentant. Forced by the war which raged around Sebastopol to look beyond herself, she struggled nobly to "spring out of her own shadow." But her punishment was not yet full. In another eline she had deeply sinned; and there a sadder and a deadlier war arose, for it shed the blood of the innocent with the guilty. We say not that this was an arbitrary judgment suddenly enforced; but it was the inevitable consequence of the violation of God's sacred laws of government, a judgment in that light and in no other. Deep wrong had been suffered, and deep wrong was done. But in the misery and agony, lo! a seed of good. From the farthest point where Scotland meets the northern surge, to the angle where England divides the Gulf Stream, a cry of righteous indignation rose. The hearts of Englishmen were strung to the music of a high emotion, and the deadly sleep of selfish life was broken up, we trust, forever. So it came to pass that our wrath was turned

upon ourselves. Strange questions would suggest themselves to men. True, our women have been brutally treated there; the ark of British chastity has been broken by foul hands. But have we no crimes not wholly unlike these to answer for; have we no gross and shameless evil in the center of our land?

True, men thought again, our men and women, our children have been driven forth naked and homeless, destitute of all, to die where the long grass of the jungle waved above their lonely hours of hunger and dismay. We have revenged their woe! But have we no homeless poor; have we brought comfort to the dark and pestilential garret; have we—faring sumptuously, clothed in purple and fine linen, rolling in our carriages—forgotten that all around us hunger stalks its victims as the rich man stalks the deer? Have we lived in guilty ignorance that the naked and the sick crowd our streets in thousands, and have no pity? And our conscience gave the answer, and we had no excuse.

True, men thought again, the brotherhood of humanity has been disregarded. Our countrymen have been shot down like dogs. The kindest relations had subsisted between officer and native soldier. They had warred and suffered and rejoiced together, and their ties have been foully severed by the sword.

The rights of property have been despised. We have reversed these wrongs; but have we no stern lines of demarkation; have we been true to the brotherhood of humanity? Do we, the rich and noble and learned, speak to the poor and humble-born and ignorant as if they were descendants of one Father? Is there no unchristian code of caste amongst us? Do we drive men to Chartism and Socialism by our words and deeds? Have we a living sympathy for all men?

Thus it was that England began her national self-analysis, and we have seen the result. A noble one: for what more noble than a nation which, seeing its corruption, sets itself silently, earnestly, unboastingly, to redeem its errors? What more noble than to see a people seeking, with true light in its eyes, for its mission on the earth?

But as they considered English life, it struck all those who thought that it was not only by men the good work of self-sacrifice was to be done, but also by wo-



men. Then started into life, we believe for the first time in our nation's history, the problem which they called Woman's Mission. The metaphysical history of this is curious.

When the constitution of a living organism becomes diseased, it is the comparatively passive organs which suffer most; so when the life of that organism on a large scale, which we call a nation, is vitiated, when the blood of its humanity stagnates in the weeds of sloth and selfishness, it is not manhood but womanhood which suffers most. More passive and more receptive, women, when a nation has fallen low, both suffer and receive more evil. In reality they are not more degraded than the men; but relatively they are. Relatively to men; for when men conceive and cherish false and low ideas of their own humanity, they will proclaim and teach a false and low standard of womanhood; and women then become what they are held to be; for no truth is more true than this: that a recipient nature gradually becomes what it is declared to be. The position of women in a nation is that which men have made it. We say the position of women, for when a nation becomes corrupt, the men are more wicked than the women; but the women are lower in the scale of humanity.

But when men began to realize that the law of true life was sacrifice, then they looked for God's embodiment of it in humanity, and lo! womanhood. When men began to feel that utilitarianism and materialism were not all their life, they searched for a proof this in humanity, and lo! womanhood. When men began to think that perhaps love and submission, and tenderness and gentleness, were as strong for good as power and force and intellect, they sought if this were realized any where in humanity, and lo! womanhood. And when men sought to redeem the lost, and to comfort and sympathize with the neglected, and found that they failed in the needful delicacy, they cried—Is there none to help? and lo! the graceful wondering form of woman stepped forward to assist, radiant with a fresh delight, and born into a new life by men at last feeling the necessity of her existence.

Thus, from the self-analysis of England, womanhood was born anew—born into a consciousness of her individual existence—born into the belief of her own power.

Thus it was, too, that the idea of the mission of woman concentrated itself on a sure basis, and became a national thought. About this mission some thought one way, and some another; some denied it altogether, not feeling that manhood had a mission, and in the ignorance born of incapacity declared that womanhood had none. Some opposed it because antagonistic, one-sided, and jealous. Their judgment could not hear any thing much insisted on without siding against it. Some admitted it, but said it lay only in household duty; others quoted *Penelope*, and various old English *spinsters*, laying great stress on the word, as patterns for the women of the nineteenth century. Some went further, and said their mission was to tend the sick, and bless the poor, and visit the village with broth, and shoes, and blankets. And some men, either soured by disappointment or base by nature, when asked what they thought of woman's mission, echoed, with a very foolish or very bitter laugh, the answer of Iago—

"To suckle fools and chronicle small beer."

But ask the poet—ask the thinker what they know of woman and her mission, and they will not describe it in words, they will not attempt to inclose it in a rigid fence of detailed particulars, but they will shadow in song, or let men half seize a fleeting vision of the beautiful thought, which floats within them. They do not mark out for her a line of action apart from the manhood of humanity, but they dream of her life as something different yet indissolubly linked to theirs; as something pervaded by the one spiritual essence of humanity. And just as the more healthy a poet's heart is, the more necessity does love within it feel for imagination, and imagination for love, and the more deeply do they reverence each other, and feel their own dependence for truth of action on one another; so the more healthy the humanity of a nation is, the more do men and women depend on one another, the more do they feel the need of, and reverence each other.

For in proportion as men are noble and true of heart, and Englishmen are so now, nobler and truer than they have been—in proportion as they feel deeply, (and the highest are those who feel the deepest,) do they understand womanhood and what it has to do. Men of dilettante sentiment

--men who dabble in feeling as the London world, at a watering place, does in geology and zoölogy--it is these men who talk much of the mission of woman, and whom true women seriously and sadly despise. But men whose hearts are true to the inner and mysterious song of the universe, whose spirits however joyous are yet in accord with "the still sad music of humanity," who have lived because they have felt, and feel because they have lived--they are those whose central life owns in silence womanhood and its action as the most important reality they know. And so also women who have got free from that foolish system, which pits the sexes against each other, and who are too true to indulge in false expressions about the inferiority of men, think that no more majestic reality exists than manhood and manhood's action. Each sex, then, in proportion as they are true, has a natural tendency to exalt the other, and each is the best judge of the other and the other's sphere of action. Now, the real deduction from this is the perfect equality of both, is that each is the complement of the other.

We have said that the mission of woman was a new idea, and arose mainly from the advance of England into a nobler life. Now, no idea ever settles into its correct form till it has tried and rejected its extremes, and this conception is still in this condition. It fell into two dangerous and false extremes. First, women feeling that they had a distinct position in the world, and a distinct work to do, began, in the ease of many, to separate themselves from men, to imagine that the distinctive character of their action emancipated them from their so-called slavery; and they determined to pursue their course, unhelped, unrecognized, and unrecognized by "the males." Secondly, when others found that they could do their own work well, they began to think they could do *all* work also, and they stood up for "the rights of women," to the pursuits of men. They did not see why they should not be politicians, lawyers, clergymen, and even why there should be any invidious distinction between them and the other sex; and so in America, the cradle of extreme tendencies, this false idea found its most absurd expression in Bloomerism, which flourished for a time to shock and amuse the world.

Both these false extremes were born from the ignorance of the two grand truths, which are the laws of the relation of the sexes. The first mistake arose from the ignorance of the law of interdependence; the second, from the ignorance of the law of the difference in kind, and not in degree, existing between the sexes. The former of these laws depends upon the latter; but that is so evident that we shall make no excuse for treating first of the mutual dependence of woman on man, and man on woman.

We have supposed that men are the best judges of womanhood, and women of manhood; and though much may be said on the other side, yet to us the answer is sufficient, that any theory which tends in practice to render the sexes independent of each other is wrong, and will, infallibly, end in the degradation of both. A compound body, as humanity, is only in health, when its parts mutually respect and mutually feel the necessity of each other.

Thus mutually dependent, the two sexes are inevitably and inwardly urged by nature to unite themselves, and God ratified in Eden this natural tendency by the institution of marriage. Marriage is thus the symbol of a perfect humanity--a completed humanity. Thus in the sanctity of the marriage tie between two persons, lies hid the mystery of our double humanity, and wherever it is broken, there humanity is violated. Wherever it is kept pure in a nation, the men and women of that nation will be strong in action, and noble in thought; and history tells us, in many a voice, that an empire never fell, till corruption had entered its homes.

The noblest poem the world has listened to is witness to this; for what was the grand idea underlying the ten years' war that ranged round wind-swept Ilium? Was it not that the Grecian and Trojan hearts felt, that on the sanctity of the union between men and women depended the life-blood of the world? Nothing is more remarkable in the Iliad than Homer's feeling that the Trojan cause must fail, because it had violated even one individual instance of this law; that there was an inward weakness in the city, because one was there, who had destroyed the holiness of the domestic relation. Nothing is clearer in the poem than this, that the whole and only strength of Troy lay in the continuance of the life of him whose

valor rested on the inspiration of Andromache, whose manliness drew its strength from home; in him who removed the helm, whose tossing crest no Grecian sword could touch, that he might meet the kiss of the son, whom, smiling through her tears, the mother and the wife upheld. And when he fell, in whom the sacredness and truth of the union of the sexes was idealized, Troy fell, and not till then.

Now a union such as this could not be: marriage would be a mocking falsehood were not there a mutual dependence between the sexes.

But apart from the union of individuals, womanhood and manhood depend on one another. What kept the Cimbri true to the savage force and unblemished liberty of their character? What made them die in the great battle with Marius, man by man, upon the field, till night closed in upon the carnage, and the distant summits of the Alps refused to look upon the combat? It was that behind them among the wagons, their women stood, each inspired into a Valeda by the noise of battle. It was that motherhood, wifehood, sisterhood were there praying to their God for those whom they had loved in their forest homes; and with the inspiration of that thought, the warriors died free as they had lived. Their manhood rested on womanhood.

What kept the Greek ever with his face to the foe? What cheered his last death-throe on the field of Marathon, or at the Pass of the Three Hundred? It was the thought that his mother would meet his corpse borne upon the shield, and weep no tear save one of joy, that her son had died with untarnished honor. Their manhood rested on womanhood.

What kept the short Roman sword forever bright in the face of the foe, with the lightning of war? What united in the battle-field the proud Patrician to the fierce Plebeian? What was the cry that welded into a phalanx of tempered steel all the opposing elements of a Roman army, and echoed in their hearts till it strung them to an iron endurance against the mighty Carthaginian? *Pro aris et focis*—for altars and for hearths. It was that each Roman entered the crash of contest with the thought of the Vestal Virgins keeping guard in the Ancient Temple over the Palladium and the Eternal Fire; and each man swore to defend

that chastity, on which the safety of Rome depended. It was the thought of their women watching by their hearths for their return, that nerved the muscles of the sons of the iron kingdom; and each man swore to keep those home unstained and free, on which the majestic fabric of the seven-hilled Republic was founded and upbuilt. Their manhood rested on their womanhood.

And in pursuits less fierce, but no less noble, the power and grasp of manhood has been subtilized and deepened, etherealized and strengthened by the spiritual power of womanhood. When Tintoretto's daughter died, his hand never more touched pencil. Would Raffaele's pictures have been so divine, had not the Fornarina lived? Who would have heard the "world-worn" Dante's song, had there been no Beatrice? It was womanhood in Clelia which rooted the love of country in the Roman; in Cornelia, which established the truth of motherhood. It was womanhood that saved the city from the incensed son and husband as it knelt at the feet of Coriolanus. Not without meaning, too, were the ancient myths which represented the Furies and the Fates, the Muses and the Graces, the Gorgon terrors and the Harpies as women; for on them must ever hinge the agony and the destiny, the intellect and the gladness, the terror and the infamy of men.

And turning to modern times, what has most tended to civilize those ages, when the new elements of European life, after long fermenting, began to settle into quietude? What was it that supported the influence of religion in that strange movement of all Christendom towards the Holy Land? It was that each knight felt that in serving his God he was exalting his lady also. What was it that bound together, as it were with one spirit, that Protestant tendency of Italy, which was embodied in the society called the Oratory of the Divine Love? It was the heart of Vittoria Colonna; and not only did she keep alive this fire, but from her lips and inspiration the genius of Michael Angelo drew the delicacy which has mingled with the majesty of his conceptions.

And if men are so dependent upon women, can we say that the converse of the picture is not true? Needless it were for us to enter into historical detail. A

thousand proofs and instances surround us: the daily etiquette of common life, the woman leaning on the manly arm, is a sort of sacrament to witness to this truth. Well would it be for society, if it would but accept as the law of its existence, that the man is what the woman makes him, and the woman what the man. In our social life few are those men and women, who feel or know the awful responsibility which lies upon them from their mutual relation of dependence. In that hurrying and whirling commingling of gaseous emanations, which is called society in our great capitals, where souls are carried round and round unceasingly, as the ghosts of unhappy and guilty lovers are in the Inferno, men meet women and women men, and the conversation glides and glides, like a canoe skimming the deep waters of Ontario. Far down below lies the heart of womanhood, and the soul of manhood, and no word like a plummet sounds the depths of either. Day after day, night after night, this "social life" goes on, till the woman and the man disappear, and two waxen figures grow beneath the rapid fingers of convention. Each has worked the other's ruin. Each have contributed their best to destroy the pure essence of each other's nature.

But this light neglect, this guilty ignorance of their responsibility by which each debases the other, has yet a more solemn aspect. When young men converse with women in society, the subjects spoken of and the mode of speaking of them is such that nothing of the inward nature of the woman is touched or excited; nay, some words and expressions are used in what is called flirtation in such a manner, that their meaning is lost and they become false; for when a woman hears continually the sacred language of love from the lips of one who she knows means it not in its fullness, she may be at first shocked, but in the end, in very many cases, she becomes so accustomed to it, that the true feeling is slain within her, or finds a vent for itself in a morbid sense of being forever misunderstood, or is replaced by a foolish sentimentalism, to which she gives the name of love. Folly, frivolity, cold reserve, contempt of men, a hunger for excitement—all these, in various women, result from the mode in which they are addressed, met, and treated by men. And men, never considering

that it is they, who have done the evil, by ignoring womanhood, complain that they do not meet any thing to satisfy them in the women of society.

Woman's mission!—we are weary of the multitudinous cant which has been written on the term. A woman's mission is to be true to her own womanhood, and surely no nobler portion of this mission is there than the exalting of men. And this they will never do in society till they are real, till they shrink from the false fear of being laughed at, till they wear the garments of truth, till they conquer that unreal reserve, which keeps them from exertion, till they condemn impurity in men as loudly as they censure it in woman.

If they would but awake, here is a glorious mission for them—the redemption of men from much of sin. Would they but be true to their nature, to the inward promptings of their spirit, they know not what they might do. Let them go out into society determined to try all they can to sympathize with and help men; to appreciate men, and to draw forth the seeds of goodness and manhood in every one they meet. Let them, with the beautiful charity which should belong to womanhood, believe that there is nobility in every man they meet, and try to touch that into life. Let every woman strive to exalt herself to the ideal of her womanhood; let her train herself to be a companion of man, and a helpmeet for man; let her struggle to make man noble, and in the struggle she will develop herself; let her make herself a true sister, a true wife, a true mother, a true daughter, a true woman, and we will surrender every atom of interest we have in the subject, if they do not put up a mighty barrier against one of the greatest evils of our social condition.

We will now see how this unalterable law of the mutual dependence of the sexes bears on many theories, which women have put forward concerning their mission. They have declared that as their work is distinctive, therefore they will pursue it without the help of, and separated from men; that men have no right to pry into their business—no right to assist them or to interfere. Men, too, on the other hand, have laid it down that woman's mission is simply confined to spinning and keeping house, and bringing up child-



ren; and that it gives them no right to touch on even the slightest portion of man's work — that they want no help, nor will seek for any from women in their pursuits. *Chacun a son métier*, they cry. We will do our work, and they theirs separately. Now, all ideas of woman's mission which are founded on this theory are false and will come to naught, for they violate the primary law of the sexes — mutual dependence. If women attempt to carry out their missions in separation from men, or if men attempt to force on them a position which divides them from the man, they have entered into a contest, not against opinion, but against God himself, who in the beginning made the woman for the man, and the man for the woman.

Woman's worth united to man's make up the whole of the influence of humanity; and as the power of the sun would be useless, if, in its ray, the light was separated from the heat, so the power of humanity would be forever destroyed if the mission of the woman were divided from that of the man. It is true that the work of a woman is distinct from that of a man, just as the actions of light and heat are different; but still that does not prevent each in accordance with their several natures working as one. The union of light and heat performs one work, but each does its own distinct part; so man acts in his sphere, and woman in hers, but always in union. It is important to keep this distinctiveness of work in mind, for it is as dangerous for women to assume that their mission is the same as man's as it is for them to separate it from the influence of man.

And this brings us to the consideration of the other law of the sexes, which many of the extreme theories of woman's mission have violated — *the law of the difference in kind*.

It seems scarcely necessary to adduce any proofs of this principle; but as it has frequently been called in question by women — sometimes even by men — and as many of the theories of the rights of women have been built on the denial of it, it may not be out of place to discuss it briefly.

The first proof arises from the existence of the marriage tie. The true object of marriage is to establish a perfect union — to make of two one spirit. Now, what is necessary for a real unity? We answer

variety in the parts united. Uniformity is the accurate resemblance and sameness in nature of any number of existing things, and its essential difference as distinct from unity is that there is no coherence between the parts. The pebbles of the seashore, polished all to one size and roundness by the force of the waves, are uniform, but there is no union there; whereas true unity is when a number of parts different in themselves, and different in their office, are bound together by the influence of one spirit to attain one object. Thus unity is not a thing seen, but felt — does not as uniformity appeal to the senses, but is a conception of the spirit.

Now, unless there were this difference in kind — not in degree — between the woman and the man, that unity whose symbol is marriage never could be, and marriage itself would be a mockery. But the man diverse in kind from the woman, and yet joined to her by the one humanity they share in, finds in union with her, whether in life, or work, or thought, the perfect whole of existence.

Again, the difference in kind is produced, not by different parts or qualities being theirs, but by a different arrangement of these powers. The law given to each sex is diverse; and thus, though the elements are identical, they are so ordered that the nature of the man is forever different from that of the woman. Analogously in nature, different rocks are formed from the same primitive elements, but rendered distinct in kind, and not in degree, from one another by different heats in the process of fusion, and by unequal mixtures of their originals. Again, no one will deny that though the elements of the physical constitution of man and woman are identical, yet that they are differently arranged and developed. But in this world the body and the spirit are so blended in humanity, that the latter must conform its modes of action to the medium it employs; and for this reason, if for no other, woman in mind and spirit is essentially different from man.

Thirdly, we have such an intuitive perception of this difference, that we act always on it in life.

In history women have been looked on as inferior, superior, and equal, by men; but never as identical in nature with themselves. In life he who denies this essential difference has the fact of "love" to account for. When the lover touches his

lady's hand, does not the unconscious thrill which fires his eye and quickens his blood proclaim that she is different from him in nature; and if the denier of this principle were ever to love truly, then his every thought would be a practical refutation of his theory. And when the man of thought listens to a woman speaking of truths which she can scarcely be said to have attained, so intuitive and unconscious is her acceptance of them, but which have cost him years of painful demonstration — when he listens thus and wonders, does not his intellect tell him, that her nature is essentially distinct from his?

And he who denies this law has also this to account for: the wondrous friendship which, without passion, may be between man and woman — a friendship utterly distinct from that which exists between persons of the same sex.

The impulse, the desire, to lose ourselves in another sex is known to all experience, and therefore there is a difference in kind between the man and woman; and this will be clearer if we consider the origin of impulse. There are two springs of impulse, emulation and love. The principle of emulation, which is the honest desire to surpass another, is not felt by man relatively to woman. We feel that to emulate a woman we must be made into a woman — be altogether changed in nature. With regard to love as the source of impulse, the love which we feel to a man may excite us, may elevate our life; but there is ever, almost, we may say, necessarily mingled with it, some feelings, either of emulation or of inferiority; in fact we do not lose the consciousness of ourselves. But the man who truly loves a woman is elevated by her, not through emulation, but by love; he is excited to newer and fresher life, not only by the nobleness of the thing itself, but also by the thought that she will share in it with him; and in the impulse given by this love to her, there is this altogether peculiar feeling, that every fresh sacrifice, every fresh effort to please her, and to bless her, seems to elevate her still higher, to make him lowlier, and more unworthy to reach the pure light on which, to him, she stands. Now, we should like to meet the man who would feel thus to one whose nature was identical with his, or only modified into difference by circumstance.

It would appear needless to have entered so much into a self-evident pro-

position, were it not that women have claimed their rights to the privileges of men. They have asked for political rights, have declared that they should have the power of voting; have even said that they could form a parliament. They have tried to become lawyers, and have sought for entrance into the church. Some have even wished to organize a band of Amazons. Now, the simple answer to all these is, that any thing which tends to destroy the essential distinction of kind between the sexes will inevitably tend to ruin — is false to God and nature, and will end, if men assume the woman, in making them fools; and if women assume the man, in making them fiends; or else, in a complete ossification of their nature.

Further, women, ignoring this law, have declared that it is education which makes the difference between them and man; and that to render them equal to the other sex in thought and science, and artistic power, in influence on the world, they have only to educate themselves sufficiently. Now, the answer to this is, that they *are equal*, if they would only believe it. Different in kind, but ever equal in the value of humanity. No education will ever make them men; but a greater breadth of culture will make them all the nobler women. No education will ever fit them for the peculiar pursuits of men; but it will make them truer helpmates for them, and give them a deeper joy in their own womanhood, by enabling them to follow out more usefully their own natural pursuits.

No where has this wild cry of women for equality, and the effort to realize it through education, been treated more gracefully, or more truly, than in Tennyson's *Princess*. No where has the poetic heart gone more deeply into truth, by intuition, than in that poem. *Ida* started on this very idea, that education was the source of the difference, and that the inferiority of the woman was to be conquered by culture. She felt the distinction between the sexes; but she did not know that this was the very seal of their equality. And so she separated herself from men, and thus was false to one law, and then pursued a system based on ignorance of another. And as time wore on, the woman faded away, and she became hard and unpitiful. Attempting by separation

"To lift the woman's fallen divinity  
Upon an equal pedestal with man,"

she herself lost womanhood. Struggling to render herself "whole in herself," and owed to none," she parted with the beauty of love, and the joy of mutual dependence. Endeavoring in seclusion from men to redeem women from their "slavery," she forgot that her noblest mission was to redeem man. Thus she petrified till the sorrow, and sickness, and dependence of man on woman, and the tender beauty of her hidden nature called forth by these, showed her that only in union with him she could exalt herself. And then, when once she yielded herself to union, and became as dependent on him as he on her, she learned that not by education was she to render herself equal and abolish the difference, but that in that very difference consisted her equality.

Thus, this poem establishes, in its graceful serio-comic, the two great laws on which we have been writing, the interdependence of the sexes, and the difference in kind between the man and the woman. We have thus seen in the statement of these two laws what the mission of woman is not; we have defended it from its false extremes. We will now consider what it is, and attempt to establish a principle.

The real existence of any thing consists in its being true to itself within its own sphere of action. Thus a rose exists only so far as it is developed in accordance with its nature, and never attempts to be a lily, or any thing but a rose. Thus a planet *is*, only so long as it moves in its appointed course, and does not attempt to exalt itself into a star. The moment it breaks loose, so to speak, from itself, that moment it is virtually a negative, or a dangerous thing in the universe.

So the highest mission of a woman is to be true to her womanhood. She only exists so long as she moves in her own sphere, and does not strive to be a man. Once let her pass beyond herself, and she either sinks to a non-existence, or she becomes a deadly woe. With marvelous truth to nature does Shakspeare represent Lady Macbeth becoming a fiend, when she had unsexed herself, and attempted the qualities of the man. Therefore, as the general rule of her existence, as the general law of her mission, woman must be true to womanhood. That is her great duty in this world. Other subordinate and multiform missions are hers, but she can only perform these so long as she performs the greater. The moment she fails

in the one, she will infallibly fail in the others, and while she succeeds in the one, she will infallibly succeed, even without the consciousness of success, in all the others.

Let that, then, be our principle. Truth to her nature is the primary mission of woman. But how shall a woman find out what she has *particularly* to do in the world? We answer: by a study of her peculiar character. Each human soul is a distinct thing in this universe. Each soul is alone, possessing its own rules of existence, its own temperament, its own bias of character. But there are two great divisions of soul under two standards—the souls of men born to be true to the standard of manhood, and the souls of women born to be true to the standard of womanhood. Let each be that, and they may follow out their peculiar nature in whatever way they please. Let a woman be but true in the inmost recesses of her heart, to her own womanhood, and then she may adopt any mode of life, enlist herself in any pursuit, shock narrow prejudices and one-sided views, be artist, poet, writer, *sœur de charité*, any thing—no matter—she will fulfill her mission, and her life will *tell* upon the world. So, just as a tree is the product of the living force of nature first, and then is developed both by its inward peculiar tendency to be a birch, an oak, or a larch, and by the circumstances with which it is surrounded, so the life of a woman is the quotient of these three things—the living force of her womanhood, her own peculiar character, and the circumstances which are outwardly impressed upon her; and if she retains the first, she will develop herself rightly in the second, and bring comfort and blessing from the third. Take for example Juliet and Cordelia. Both were different in character, and lived under various influences. The one reflected in her life the glowing skies and the sudden storms of her southern land; the other bore within herself that slow, abiding, infinite power, which, rooted in the northern heart, finds no words for its deep emotions. They were each the children of their climate, and were further developed and molded by the circumstances which surrounded them. Both, again, were the products of their own inward temperament: Cordelia, like the moss-rose wrapped in its own scented silence, expanded into fuller life, and gave forth power, and

sweetness, and consolation as she was beaten by the rain of sorrow; Juliet, like that flower which blooms in a single night, and dies at dawn, was touched in one evening into life, and loveliness, and passion, and then dashed to death by the fierce realities of the morning. Each was the necessary product of her nature. Juliet could never have been Cordelia, nor Cordelia Juliet. But at one point they met, by one bond of common feeling they were both united; Juliet and Cordelia were true to womanhood. In diverse ways, and under varying forces, they both fulfilled their subordinate missions by being true to their great mission—by obedience to their womanly nature; for by this Cordelia saved her father, for did she not restore to him his faith in humanity? Did she not bless and soften the wounded and hardened heart of Lear? This it is which saves the tragedy of tragedies from all its gloom—that by Cordelia's womanly power, the heart of Lear broke, not with the agony of the sense of wrong, but with a mighty rush of love—"the late remorse of love" was his. And Juliet; how did her life tell upon Verona? Dead, she yet spoke, and over the corpse of the true woman, the rival houses, remembering her love, and witnesses to her sorrow and her faithfulness, linked their long-severed hands in a grasp cemented by her womanhood. Thus, though neither knew aught of missions ordered and labeled as belonging to their sex, yet they did a noble work, because they fulfilled their mission nobly and truthfully.

But our readers will cry out, What? Is this all? This is nothing new. Of course, a woman is sent here to be true to her womanhood. This, however, is precisely what women do not recognize; for it is much too simple a truth to be attained at once by them. There is not *écât* enough about it. Rarely do women reach this knowledge till many years, and many searchings of heart, and many failures have taught them that their work and their position is not one of ostentation. Again, they have in general no living conception of their own nature. Half-ideas they do seize—broken lights of it, showing true, through dim clouds of sentiment, gleam upon us from their writings; but seldom do we meet with a woman who knows how she should work, in what her real influence consists.

"There is a blessedness, however, in

this," many may say; "for is there any thing more beautiful than the unconsciousness of woman? Would you strip them of that?"—No; but ignorance is not unconsciousness, and a woman who knows nothing—that is, feels intuitively nothing—of the ideal of womanhood (for intuitive feeling is the knowledge of the woman) is rarely an unconscious, but rather an affected woman. Now, such women, we do not say not feeling, but not believing this truth, that all they have to do is to be true women, are driven into forming particular missions for themselves by the divine necessity within them of expending their hearts on some *great* object; whereas, if they knew what the power of their womanhood is, they would understand that the commonest and most trivial life is made great by the spirit of love which is within them.

But as long as this remains a mystery to them, they will seek for patent and fame-bestowing work; they will idealize a mission without taking into consideration the peculiarities of their individual temperaments, and then be miserable if they find it an impossibility. For example, Miss Nightingale goes to the Crimea, nobly and truly impelled thereto by her womanhood and her natural bias of character working harmoniously together. Straightway a number of women cry out, "That is our mission;" and, trying, fail, because they have not the necessary power or inclination; and failing, think in despair that they have fallen short of their mission. Such is the history of many a woman, who makes universal any *particular* phase of feminine action. Only, then, in a general principle can repose be found, in a universal mission, which will embrace beneath it, as a genus its species, all the characters and circumstances of women and their life. That principle is this: the grand mission of women is to be true to womanhood. Let all books which advocate particular missions be thrown aside; let all attempts to place the chariot of woman's work in a fixed groove be discarded. They are useless, for they strive to fit the universal into the particular. It is the duty of each wave to break upon the shore, so it is the duty of each woman to be true to the laws of her nature. But what should we think of him who ordained that each billow should roll on the beach in the same particular form, and with the same force; and yet that would be as wise as confining



the action of womanhood to one mission. Rather let each woman try and realize to herself what that womanhood is, which she shares with the Indian squaw, and the Pariah of our streets, and then set her life to music by being true to that; and whatever her position in life may be, however confined her sphere of action, however lowly or however high her rank, however small or great her opportunities, however weak or strong her character, however peculiar or common her temperament, she will be true to her highest mission, and will in her existence bless and soothe the world.

Again, this general principle will prevent her from doing violence to her natural and individual bias, by adopting a mode of life or a mission contrary to herself. The secret of all life is this. Find out what you are most fitted to do, and do it; if a man, with truth to manhood; if a woman, with truth to womanhood. Thus, each woman's mission is: first, to be always in harmony with the ideal of her nature; and then, secondly, to do whatever her circumstances and character urge her to perform.

So we get rid of all particular declarations, of all maps of woman's mission, and make them free from fear, and emancipated from restraint. Then, whether she follows Miss Nightingale to the tents, or lives with Rosa Bonheur in a mountain hut; whether she delivers a captive nation like Deborah, or seeks out and tends the homeless poor; whether she travels over the world, and adds to geographical knowledge, as Ida Pfeiffer, or stays at home to nurse an aged father; whether she lives in society and exalts men, or passes her existence in obscurity, she will have fulfilled her mission as God would wish her, if in all and every station she is true to the divine womanhood, which was born in Paradise.

Now, this great principle being laid down, it will be necessary to investigate practically the subordinate missions of woman, her position and her work in art and science, in religious efforts and in politics; in her character as comforter, and exalter, and redeemer; in her influence on the lost of her own sex and on the poor; on men, and on the progress of their race. But first, as the limits and the direction of these depend on her womanhood and its peculiarities, it will not be alien from, it is even needful to our subject to try and discover the great-

ness and the weakness of womanhood. And when we have unfolded the characteristics of pure womanhood, its faults, which are the perversion of these, will also become clear. Further, it is our intention, in the second part of this article, to see how the large *surplus* of woman may be employed, and what work their nature, as laid down, best fits them for; and lastly, to speak of the present mode of educating woman, and how they may be trained under a system more in accordance with their wants.

To state all this clearly, it is necessary first, as we have said, to fully investigate their powers.

What, then, is pure womanhood?

It is difficult to write clearly on the subject, a subject so much dreamt of, and so little thought out; and the difficulties which meet us at the outset arise from both the sexes. Womanhood has been so idealized by men, and so unrealized by women, that, on both sides, a fair judgment is almost impossible. Some men scarcely allow her any faults; others, who have passed this stage, have stopt short in the reaction from it, and blame as much as they praised before.

For example, the young man sees before him, far away, seated on a sunny distant height, his ideal woman. Men, who have lived apart from real life, embody all the hidden tenderness of their nature in her who visits them in the evening dream. But when the youth meets and lives with real women, when the student comes in contact with the substance of his vision, then the reaction commences, and the actual falling far short of the goddess he has worshiped, his world of phantom beauty is shattered ruddily. Happy is he who, trusting in humanity, springs away from this, and finds in the actual the real womanhood, whose human infirmities he has to support, whose weaknesses draw out his own nature, whose failings are but the shadows thrown by great qualities, and whose faults prove woman to be of the same dear, erring humanity, which he himself possesses. But many there are who, disappointed in their early ideal, remain forever lonely, and grow sour in heart, and smile a bitter smile, when womanhood is named and praised. Now, this contrast between the ideal and the experience of these men will make them hard to convince of the loveliness of the feminine nature.

Again, on the side of women there are arising from their very nature, difficulties, which will prevent many of them from agreeing to the truth of a real picture of their womanhood.

For example, it is one of the deepest peculiarities of their nature that they love the concrete, while man desires the abstract. Therefore, by their very nature they long to embody their ideal in persons. Now, either from the keen knowledge of the weaknesses of their sex, which their subtle perception of character produces, or from a jealousy of one another which is a perversion of their noble quality of individuality in attachment, they are not disposed to see pure womanhood in women; and they never can find it in men. Thus they form no clear idea of womanhood.

Again, loving the concrete more than the abstract, they do not possess much power of generalization. Subtly perceptive of things, in forming a conception of their own sex, they dwell on the minute details of feminine character, and do not consider it as a whole.

Again, loving the concrete more than the abstract, they desire to embody their influences in the seen and the present. Now, this by the nature of womanhood can rarely be, and, therefore, women resent any representation of their nature, which tends to establish the contrary, and prevent them from realizing their wishes. Nevertheless it is true. For the powers by which a woman works are spiritual. Who has ever seen love or tenderness, meekness or submission? Who has ever even translated into words of human speech what we mean by these? When have their effects become rapidly visible in an acknowledged and open form? Power, strength, and force of mind, or body, these are manifest to all the world. A great speech, a scientific discovery, a giant aqueduct, a land traced with railroads, a nation subdued, a revolution in thought—these are the work of man, and they are visible in themselves or their effects, because they act on the material and the intellectual worlds. But she who works on the secret spirit must be content to suspect and hope that the results she feels are hers, but never dream that she will view them with the eye of sense. Things seen—these are not the sphere of woman's labor.

And the powers of womanhood, as they

are spiritual, so their influences are slowly developed. Rooted in the present, they bear fruit only in the future. No woman planting her tree in the world can expect to see it blossoming in her life-time. She sows, but another reaps; and sad would be her existence, had not God bestowed on her a wondrous power of faith. She blesses and assists without knowing what she does. She stands like the world's lighthouse, seeing naught herself but the cold rocks she rests on; but far away on the tossing waters of life's tempestuous sea, the stormy light she carries falls in long lines of radiating comfort to warn, and cheer, and save those whom she has never known. For never in the seen or present can women hope to realize their lives. Still, this is the very thing they wish for; and there is no greater trial belonging to her sex than this, that the nature of her powers is in direct antagonism to the desires of her nature. And further, there are no greater obstacles than these desires, to her forming a true conception of her womanhood.

We shall often have occasion to bring this great peculiarity, this love of the concrete, prominently before our readers. Abandoning it now, we will enter upon our present task, and sound with a bold but reverent plummet the ocean, which sleeps above the heart of woman.

Who is the true woman? It is she who, essentially human, finds all the joy of her life in humanity. Separated from her fellows, she dies; unrequired by others, the subtle vitality of her existence perishes. If she can not live as wife or mother, as sister or daughter—if she has been robbed of these relationships by death, she becomes these to all who need. Take from her the law of her creation, force her to cease as "helpmeet" to man, or as "mother of all living," and her life becomes a living death. Unable to live herself in others, she can not bear the weight of her own feelings, nor the burden of her being. She can not "in herself possess her own desire," and thus her life is the witness to the truth and the redeeming power of self-sacrifice. She exists not to be happy, but to bless; not to gain, but to give. She only finds her rest, when she has lost her being in the objects of her love, and found a new self in them. In her, indeed—

"Love takes up the Harp of Life,  
And smites on all its chords with might;"

and in music, the chord of self, not trembling with an effort, but softly, as in a vision, passes out of sight. Pain and sorrow, even death are crowned with light, like the glory round the head of a saint, when they are borne, that she may give life, and rest, and redemption. The meanest lot becomes divine, when she can hallow it with the sacrifice of herself. The commonest offices are touched with a strange delight, when they are done for others. The base things of nature, seen as things which she can restore and help, are clad no longer in loathsomeness, but shine as clothed with "a seraph robe of fire." All things are interesting—all things are ennobled, when she can thus project her spiritual power upon them, and view them in the light of that God-given knowledge that her mission is to help and save by the sacrifice of herself.

And she is highest when she does this voluntarily, and yet without self-consciousness. She is truest woman, when she lives without a self-approval of her love, when she surrenders herself, and yet is not conscious of being noble; when she dies for others, not because it is her duty, but because she so delights to die; when she is beautiful with this spiritual beauty, and yet walks her way without a wish to muse upon her loveliness.

But though her love is thus unconscious of her goodness, yet it is voluntary. Her will—her whole nature goes with it. It is a free self-determination of her whole powers, in which she finds the only solution of the enigma of her existence.

And because she thus loves, therefore is she enduring. Enduring, because, loving on in spite of trial, and contempt, and difficulty, the power of loving is strengthened; enduring, because her joys do not rest in the absence of pain or sorrow, but in the inward and deeper realization of that affection by which she lives. All the agony of the mother is as naught before the thought of the life to come, in which she will lose herself anew, and of the joy, which she will give her husband. All the long years of ill-usage, which the wife of a cruel man endures, are borne and lightened by the dream, that he, perchance, will think that she was true and tender when she has died for him.

And because her nature is thus filled with love, therefore the highest woman is dependent. A man may be (the religious feeling put out of the question) *autarchos*,

self-sufficing. He may, independent of the other sex, devote himself to fame, or the pursuits of the pure intellect, and be conscious of no necessity for womanhood. Neander lived and died immersed in books; but no true woman can live without some human object to spend herself on. Hence, she becomes dependent on the objects of her love, be they men or women. Again unconscious of the strength arising from her spiritual powers, and conscious of her comparative weakness in physical and intellectual faculties, a fact which is only proved the more by the strenuous denial of it by some women, she must repose her nature on the outwardly stronger, and find in man the complement of her being. From these two necessities, the necessity of something to love, and the necessity of fulfilling herself, she becomes dependent. We do not say that men are not dependent on women, nay, without women we could not live. Neander would have died soon, had not his sister been. But men are not so dependent on women, as women on men. A man may find a wife in ambition or in science.

It is true, in both cases, that the ultimate person on whom all depend is God; but, it is also true that while women learn the necessity of dependence on Him by the necessary resting of their nature on men—men learn it chiefly from the loneliness, which comes upon them when their boasted self-dependence is broken up by the terrible strokes of that love, which will teach us that we are not our own. But with woman it is the natural dependence of their nature on the manly powers, which finally leads them beyond that to their deep rest on the Divine. The natural conducts them to the spiritual, and it is for this reason, that women possess more of the essence of religion, or entire subservience to the highest will, than men because they arrive at it more naturally through their nature.

And because she is thus possessed of loving dependence, therefore is the truest woman most truly free. For what liberty is like hers, who reposing in unquestioning faith on him she loves, delights to do his will, because she is at one with him by affection? What freedom is like hers to whom the words duty and coercion have no meaning, because love is all?

Again, because her nature is necessarily possessed of this power of self-sacrificing love in so much deeper a manner than

that of man, therefore is she gifted with a subtler insight, and a more discriminating sympathy. For the capacity of insight is in exact proportion to the capacity of loving, and the power of insight is measured by the strength of love in any character, and by the amount of affection brought to bear upon the object of investigation. To him who loves the universe, the "open secret" is clear. To him, who loves a book, the inner comprehension of it is granted. To him or her, who loves a person, an intimate knowledge of that soul is given. And the highest woman, who pours the truest love humanity can know on those for whom she spends herself, has a delicate insight, which penetrates like light into the hidden springs of being and of action, and lays bare the innermost recesses of the spirit. She sees into men and women, as the poet sees into the world, because she loves. She is dowered with—

"The hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,  
The love of love;"

and for this reason also she possesses a discriminating sympathy. There are two kinds of sympathy. There is a sympathy, which feels for humanity as a mass, and produces philanthropy, and is the parent of high-sounding schemes and socialistic systems. Oftentimes this is worse than useless, for not expending itself on individuals, and too slothful and dainty to carry out in action its feelings, it forgets its objects, and only suns its silken complacency in the warmth of its self-approval. This evil belongs to men and women alike; but when this large sympathy for the mass is true, and finds its complement in real work, it produces men who live like Wilberforce, or Francis Xavier; and to such men, whose object is the redemption of masses, we give the name of benefactors of the race. Rarely do women possess this kind of sympathy, for they can not generalize sufficiently, and even should it be theirs, the practical power to act on it is often wanting, and their position shuts them out from opportunity. Their true province, when such occasion does not exist, is to arouse action by appeal to the heart.

But the general sphere of woman's sympathy is different, and the sympathy itself is different. There is a sympathy, which, not lavishing itself on the mass, discriminates individuals, and is able to

apply peculiar comfort to peculiar circumstances and peculiar characters. This is especially in the power of womanhood. It is more hidden in its action than the former, but infinitely more practical; and the highest woman possesses deep and wondrously effectual sympathy, because she has gained an insight through love into human character, and is able to mold herself in other forms suitable to the various cases, which she meets.

For another reason also is she thus gifted. The power of practical sympathy, which is comfort, depends on suffering; a knowledge of what is needed, in order to console, is only gained through sorrow and trial. Now, it is another characteristic of womanhood, which arises from her deeper spiritual, and, therefore, more delicate nature, that she suffers more than men. Things, words, looks, which seem trifles to us, touch her to the core. Trials, bereavements, and sadness, which are deadened in us by our life of action and intellect, descend into and dwell in her heart. "Sorrow's memory" to her is "sorrow still." Her capacities of feeling are more subtle than ours, and therefore her suffering is more subtle too; and because she has thus more keenly borne the cross, therefore can she heal with a more delicate and softer touch, than we; therefore is her sympathy more discriminating; therefore is it more useful, because less expended in visions of universal improvement; and, lastly, more personal, because the tendency of her nature is to individualize, rather than generalize. But further still the power of applying sympathy practically depends not altogether on suffering, but on the right conquest of suffering. A human soul may break beneath its sorrow; it may forget it in action, or crush it out by the resolution of strong will. In these cases, which are more peculiar, especially the two last, to men, the power of giving sympathy in a useful way is lost. But suffering, when conquered by a calm and Christian endurance, when felt keenly, and yet felt as the blow of love, is changed into the power of consolation. And so the true woman, to whom this is natural, has overcome her sorrow without forgetting it in the manner most conducive to the practical power of consoling others, and that in a way to which men more rarely can attain. Surely this view opens to womanhood a wondrous mission.



We have said that women are more keenly susceptible of suffering than men. The principle on which this is founded is, that the spiritual\* is more delicate than the physical and intellectual. Now, in a woman, the spiritual is predominate, and therefore she is more receptive of, and sensitive to, impressions of every class. In accordance with this her physical organization is more delicate than man's, as it is to be the channel of finer intimations, and the medium of tenderer shades of sensation. Now, from this inward and corresponding outward fineness of organization arises—so far as relates to *ideas transmitted through the senses*—much of the thought and joy and sorrow of a true woman's life. Hence her feelings are more subtle and more easily excited than ours; hence her feelings are keener and deeper, though not so strong as ours; hence it is that she collects delight from a smile, and happy thoughts from a word; hence it is that she entails sorrow on her heart from causes, which were not meant to create it; hence it is that the slightest looks encourage hope when she loves, and that she will grasp at a passing expression, and gather it like a flower; hence it is that when her love has been cast away, and she feels the object unworthy, she will yet cherish the memory of what has been, and find a sad delight in ignoring the present, and living in the past.

Hence it is that women are earlier in life more thoughtful than men, for their delicate inward being receives things which, with another tendency of womanhood, they lay up with a conservative instinct in their hearts—things, and looks, and words, which the sharp, objective vivacity of boyhood passes over. And this extends itself through all existence. And women have a wondrous intertwined symphony of inner and most delicate thought which forms a second life, whose mystic music men have never heard—have not even, we believe, conceived.

It will afterwards be seen how this peculiarity fits them for discharging a peculiar office in literature.

It is true that this thoughtfulness does not produce great works, and is not manifest to the world. But for this there are obvious reasons. The things of the inner heart are ever unutterable in language.

\* By "spiritual" we mean all that pertains, not only to the spirit, but also to the heart.

Speech fades before the power of feeling.

"For words are weak, and most to seek,  
When wanted fifty-fold."

And not only unutterable, but also unspeakable. There broods above them a hallowed air to break whose waves with speech were sacrilege. To vulgarize her inmost self, no idea can be to woman more full of shuddering than that. It is hers by right of possession, and no kaiser or king may touch with despotic hand that mystic woof and warp of thought which shares her loneliness with God. Men see it only in the undefined and fleeting changes of the face—in all the cloudlike shiftings of expression—in the individuality of manner, but never as it is.

True is this also of men. In our inmost nature we are all alone—

"Each in his hidden sphere of joy and woe,  
Our hermit spirits dwell and range apart."

But it is naturally and more especially true of women.

And, again, arising from this delicacy of inward organization, joined to its outward and fitting vehicle, women are more receptive of natural beauty than men. In a peculiar way, however. The man admires the landscape as a whole, with all its parts bound together by one law into a glorious unity; his eye dwells with pleasure on the sunset sky, and on the everlasting downfall of the cataract; but he pierces beyond the pleasure of sensation and marks the various waving of the cloud march in its obedience to law, and the majestic submission of the water atoms to the force of gravitation; he sees the harmony of the evening vapors with the land and sea they hover over; he combines the sound of the cataract with the silence of the pines, and its white and leaping radiance with the rainbow which arches there, and with the darkness of the swift eddies which, in the hollowed pool beneath, contrast with the foam above. For man's idea of beauty is not complete, till he has added to the pleasure of the eye and ear the sense of harmony and law—and in him the latter often predominates over the former. But women rarely generalize thus, and never possess in the same fullness this power of reference to law, which is the parent in the artist of his greatest gift—harmonious composi-

tion. Her pleasure is more the result of fine sensational impressions, and she is entranced by the minutenesses of nature, and by the portions of a landscape. The violet which nestles in the moss beneath the oak is dearer to her than the thought of the law of its growth. The fern which shakes its penciled shadow in the still pool of the mountain stream is the object of tenderer love to her than the law of its reflection. The delicacy of color in the light and breezy cirrus which lengthens forth its golden fibers to follow the sun it loves is sweeter to her than the knowledge of its harmony of tone with every tint in sea and land beneath it. "I feel, I feel," she cries, "do not destroy my keen and silvery delight by reasons and by law. The loveliness of all and each enters my heart, and fills it to the brim—I have no room for thought; and when the beauty I have seen returns on me at night,

"And strikes upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude,"

it is mine not to reason on, but to mingle with my inner life, to add delicacy to my associations and my past, to exalt my spirit more and more to the high region where all beauty shall be perfect, and all purity be stainless." Thus, in womanhood's gaze at nature the emotional predominates over the intellectual, and the sense of the delicacy of the parts overcomes her appreciation of the whole. And from these grounds, and from a consequence naturally following, we shall hereafter deduce the position and mission of women in artistic life.

The same principles apply to the reception by women of all beauty, whether in art or music, or in the higher beauty, which appeals to their intellect and spirit in poetry or religion, in noble words or noble action. Such are some of the effects of delicacy of inward organization in connection with ideas received through the senses.

And resulting from all these there is another characteristic which belongs to womanhood: deep unsatisfaction. We do not say dissatisfaction, but unsatisfaction. A woman is not satisfied with approximation to her ideal, but desires ever to be the very thing she wishes to be. Now her spiritual nature, which delicatizes the minute, aspires to be equal in the smallest point to her ideal, and the consequence is

that she becomes not only confused in the multitude of thoughts, but also the more she advances the higher does her ideal become. Hence results deep unsatisfaction, a deep sense of her own weakness, which, had she not as deep a trust, would end in despair.

These two, high ideals and deep unsatisfaction, follow her through life; and, whether she be artist or writer, musician or religionist—that is, whether she strive to realize the intuitive beauty, or the intuitive love of goodness within her, she will either lose the power of expression from the overwhelming emotions which overcome her, or she will want that sense of self-confidence, which, above all, must belong to him or her who greatly creates in art or literature, or greatly invents in science. Hence it is that woman does not create or invent at first hand. She does create, truly create at second hand; but this we shall more fully enter into afterwards.

And now, what is that quality of pure womanhood which binds all these into a whole? What is the bond of her perfectness? It is purity. Without that her life is a ship which has lost its rudder.

There it lies, sleeping on a calm sea, with its shrouds penciled against the golden sky, and its sails opening their snowy folds in loveliness, with its tapering masts and fair-built hull reflected in mass and wavering lines down into the summer sea—beautiful and fair vision, dreaming on the ocean of existence. But the winds of trial begin to blow, and the temptations of life arise in waves, and the sharp hail of sorrow, and the scathing lightnings beat and dazzle on her fairness; and when the tempest has past, where is that phantom of delight? She lies on the cold rocks, shattered, and despised, and lost, for the rudder of purity was not there.

But where purity is, where a woman has kept that palladium safe from hostile hand, and defiling touch or thought, there every quality and power is sanctified and ennobled, exalted and refined; and if trial or temptation, sorrow or dismay, should wake in wrath or woe upon her, the woman who is pure within keeps her life unstained and perfect, like Alpine snow which is beaten by the rain and hail into the more crystal clearness of the glacier ice, and swept by the tempest into the more dazzling spotlessness which glitters on the aiguille.

Such is something of the glory of pure womanhood. To be true to that which we have but imperfectly described, how noble a mission! No vaster field of work is given to man, no greater resulting possibilities of action lie before manhood in this world. It remains for us to say to man, in whatever position God has placed you, work there with truth to pure manhood, and you will fulfill your mission; to woman, in whatever position God has placed you, work there with truth to pure womanhood, and you will fulfill your mission; to both, never repine, never seek to step beyond yourselves, never violate your natural character or temperament voluntarily, never bind yourselves to any particular mode of action—be free, faithful, unfearing, wise. Be content, and know that where you are, there is the best place, and there your noblest mission.

Lastly, these powers of pure womanhood, which we have been describing, are spiritual powers. We have used the word spiritual as embracing under it all in us that is not physical or intellectual, all that belongs to the heart and spirit. We do not say that women have not intellectual or physical powers, nor that men have not spiritual; but this we do say, that in man the two former predominate, in woman the latter. Every action and thought of womanhood is penetrated by, and draws its life from, and has its foundation on, her spiritual powers. We can call to mind no purely intellectual or physical work done by a woman. Her heart and spirit give the motives of her life. She arrives at truth, she is an artist, thinker, worker, by her spiritual powers. She must be educated, redeemed, exalted by appeals to these. She is all she is by them, she lives, and dies, and loves, and suffers through these, by these she is trained for heaven.

Now, from a false perversion, or rather from an ignorant persuasion of this truth, the common proverb, which we hear from men has arisen: "A woman's strength is her weakness." The real origin of the saying is this: most men think that only strong which openly appears strong, or is manifested in forcible results. But they can not also help seeing that woman prevails where they have failed, that she does a mighty work in the world, and possesses enormous influence, and then they leap to the conclusion that she wins because she is weak, and that they give way to her because it is manly to give way to that which has no power of resistance; as if it were manly to surrender to weakness at all times. No; men give way, women have strength and influence because they work by powers which to the coarse and ignorant appear weak, but which in reality are the strongest.

If we look, then, largely on humanity as a whole, made up of womanhood and manhood, we arrive at this final result. Womanhood is the spirit of humanity; manhood, the body and mind. She bears the same relation to humanity as the contemplative and feeling powers in an individual do to the reasoning and active. Without either, humanity would be no more; separated, humanity is useless, the world is at a dead lock; together, hand in hand, and heart in heart, our fallen but divine humanity advances nobly, freely, usefully to do its work, eliminating slowly and unconsciously out of unknown quantities the great equation which shall be, when the race, emerging from many an Æonian storm, shall at last progress into that golden year which all high hearts, and all fair song, and all true philosophy, has prophesied for man.

## ITALY FOR THE ITALIANS.

That war is inevitable, has long been known, even to those who were unwilling to throw away the chances of peace which negotiation affords; but very few of us indeed imagined that the thunderbolt was so soon to be launched, and that the situation, with Russia in close alliance with France, was to be so dark. It might not unreasonably be asked what could be the worth of negotiations, the nature of which was pithily described by Lord Clarendon as being the request of one despotic power to another despotic power, that, by amicable arrangement, a third despotic power should give liberal institutions to the Italians? What could the real object be but war, when the cause of quarrel was palpably a pretext? Was there any possible chance of an amicable settlement, when the French eagle said to the Austrian eagle: "Ah! those poor lambs of Italy! how I pity them! how cruel of you to feed upon lambs! It is too bad! It must not be!" The French Emperor has an ambition to acquire somewhat of the military glory which belonged to the First Napoleon; he sees the necessity of diverting the minds of the French from domestic concerns; he has faith in his new rifled cannon; and there is no room to doubt that war has been decreed. Actual hostilities have in fact commenced, and while we can not but regard the striking of the first blow by Austria as a signal lack of moral courage, and as the throwing away of a permanent gain for the sake of a temporary advantage, it is not possible to condemn entirely the tactics of the court of Vienna. They are short-sighted, but natural. Being perfectly assured of the aggressive intentions of the French government, it would have been very hard—it would have required greater faith in the eternal principles of justice than belongs to any despotic power—to wait in patience until the enemy was prepared, and assumed, in act as well as in intention, the aggressor's part. We

will not blame, and we do not admire, England has no sympathy with either side. We are neutral in this awful contest which is now imminent. Our entire sympathy is reserved for that poor Italy which has so often been drenched with blood, and which is now again the prize for rival armies. It is too much to hope that from such a conflict the Italian peninsula will be a gainer; and if she is a gainer she will pay dearly for the advantage. But whatever be the chances of war, and whatever the nature of our hopes, we suppose that all Englishmen will assent to the principle expressed in the title of our article. If Austria or any other foreign power is to rule in Italy, she ought to rule through the Italians; and so long as the sentiment of nationality is a force in this world, no Italian province will submit to be the mere dependency of an exotic race. The Lombardo-Venetian provinces might submit to an Austrian archduke, but never to an Austrian army, and to a shoal of Austrian officials.

Italy has been unfortunate in her friends. She has indulged in stolen interviews with Mazzini, and she has endured the ogling of Napoleon. "Italia! O Italia! thou that hast the fatal gift of beauty!"—more fatal than all, thou hast listened to the addresses of the political fanatic, and thou hast won the affections of the political *roué*! Strayed, but not lost; fallen, but not dead; hurt, but still beautiful; full of hopes that are wild, and strength that is strange, she sends her cry to heaven in fitful gusts, and she spreads her hands by turns to all the powers of the earth. Is it wonderful that in the blindness of her despair she should be found looking for help now from the impracticable regicide and now from the insinuating libertine? Why, at one time, she rested her hopes in the most staid and respectable old gentleman going, and this respectable old gentleman proved to be the most fatal of her friends. We refer to that model of



an ancient Whig, Lord Minto, whose mission to Italy in 1847 is one of the most disastrous events in history, and is one great cause of the evils from which the peninsula is now suffering. In the previous year, Cardinal Ferretti had ascended the chair of St. Peter, under the title of Pio Nono, and inaugurated his reign with many professions and proposals which awakened the expectation, not only of the Papal States, but of all Italy, and not only of Italy, but of the civilized world. Now was to commence a new era; now all abuses were to be reformed; now the papacy was to cast off its rusty traditions; now the Eternal City was to renew its youth; now the beast of the Apocalypse, like the beast of the fairy tale, was to be transformed into a glorious prince worthy of the maiden, Beauty, who consented to be his bride. Lord Palmerston was then in the Foreign Office; and as there seemed to be no immediate prospect of all these fine visions being realized, and all these brilliant words becoming deeds—probably because the Pope was inexperienced in the art of governing, and was unacquainted with the ways of liberty—it was arranged that a commissioner should be sent to Italy to confer with the papal government, to watch the state of affairs, and to give that practical advice of which, in these matters, Englishmen are apt to conceive that they enjoy a monopoly. Dispatched on no ordinary errand, this commissioner was to be no ordinary person; he must not be the mere deputy, he must himself be a member of the cabinet; and who so fit as the Lord Privy Seal and the father-in-law of the Premier? Italy was delighted with the honor, and threw her arms in a transport of joy around this fine old English gentleman who was to act as her guardian. Before he knew where he was, Lord Minto found himself every where accepted as the champion of Italian independence, of liberty that was little better than license, and of nationality that meant the rupture of treaties and the confiscation of power. Wherever he went there were popular risings; he sowed the wind and he prepared the storm. The populace flocked to his hotel, shouted the wildest cries, and had the satisfaction of seeing handkerchiefs waved to them from the windows. In public, in the theater, and on the Corso, Lord Minto was seen in company with men of extreme views; and in the Italian mind he

became identified with the most revolutionary doctrines. The dull, good, old gentleman, who has never had any reputation beyond that of being a capital family man, and looking well after the Elliots in the British service, was utterly belated, and had not the wit to extricate himself from a false position. He raised hopes which could never be gratified; he laid the train which was soon to explode with anarchy; he gave consistency to dreams and definition to madness; he whistled for the wind and the whirlwind came, and with the whirlwind disaster on disaster, the collapse of freedom, and the ruin of hope—Italy stabbed, fettered, pillaged, crushed under the hoofs of Austrian horse and the iron heel of French soldiery.

The Revolution of 1848 was Mazzini's opportunity, and he turned it to some account. In that brief burst of outrageous liberty Italy saw the fulfillment of his prophecies, and she began to worship his prescience. It was evident that the infallible prophet must be a good lawgiver, and that the successful conspirator must be an able statesman. Mazzini forever! The saviour of Italy! Who but Mazzini? None but Mazzini! He went up like a rocket into the political heaven, but only that, like the rocket's stick, he might come down again to earth. A great genius, he was not a statesman; a strong enthusiast, he lacked wisdom. He is one of those who, seeing very vividly what ought to be done, think too little of the means by which the result is to be attained. If the situation is complicated—let the Gordian knot be cut; if the prescription of centuries lies in our way—let it be swept aside like cobwebs; if there are tyrants who prate of vested interests and the right of treaties—let them fall before the poniard. There is a curious story told of a French doctor who had discovered a specific for some skin disease, and found a patient willing to give a fair trial to the remedy. Sad to relate, the patient perished just as the disease was vanquished. "Il est mort gnéri!" said the enthusiastic physician. Mazzini is a man of this temper. He would cure his patient at whatever cost; he would hold to his theory in the face of a million facts. He dreamed a dream of an independent Italy—a free Italy—a united Italy; and nothing short of his dream in all its details will ever satisfy him. What is Sardinia to him?

Victor Emanuel stands as much in his way as Bomba in the south or the Austrian eagles in the north. Not content with the practicable, he demands theoretical perfection. Enough to him that his objects are desirable—therefore they can and they must be realized. Italy believed him for a time, because of the revolution which he had foretold. A fortune-teller may make a hundred mistakes, but all her lies will be forgotten if only once she proves to be a soothsayer; and Mazzini had to commit innumerable blunders before Italy could cease to have faith in him. His views were extreme and exclusive; he insisted on his dream of Italy united and republican; and he would advance to his impossible schemes by execrable means. Gradually the more rational of the Italian patriots fell away from him; and the first public symptom of this falling off appeared in that celebrated letter in which Daniel Manin denounced the theory of the poniard. Manin's protest was but the utterance of a feeling which had long been simmering, and which had made not a little progress among sensible Italians. They could not brook the doctrine of assassination; they were weary with the aimless efforts and paltry conspiracies directed by Mazzini; they beheld some prospect of rational government and constitutional liberty in the course pursued by the Sardinian monarch; and by degrees the ardor of their attachment to Mazzini wonderfully cooled, so that he was left with a few desperates to nurse in sublime isolation his Laputan visions, and to preach his unhalloved doctrine. The attempt of Orsini was the practical illustration of the Mazzinian principle, and finally destroyed the influence of the faction. The recoil was tremendous. There may not have been much reason in the reaction, but the reaction was nevertheless complete. A great crime had been attempted. The authors of that attempt played the game of desperates. It was do or die—win all or lose all. On one cast of the dice—and terrible dice they were—thrown madly down in the Rue Lepelletier, every thing was staked; and for them at least all was lost. The immediate agents in this diabolical attempt were guillotined; the party to which they belonged was annihilated. Italy was saved from the embrace of intoxicated enthusiasts and midnight braves.

The escape of the French Emperor on that occasion is a marvel which, to the best of our knowledge, has never yet received a satisfactory explanation. Orsini's plans were arranged with consummate skill, and following all the known laws of cause and effect they ought to have succeeded. The address with which he contrived to baffle the French police and to smuggle his infernal shells into Paris was perfect, and every subsequent step in his progress was marked with the same wonderful forethought and secrecy up to the moment when the fatal bombs were thrown down. From first to last, from the devising of the shells to the exploding of them, every calculation was made with the most infallible accuracy, and not one mistake was committed. Why, then, was that awful explosion without effect? There had been one omission. It had not entered into the calculations of Orsini that the Emperor would go to the Opera in a carriage made of boiler-plates. The shells were terrible enough to blow up any ordinary carriage, or at all events to burst through it; and had the Emperor and Empress been in such a vehicle they would inevitably have fallen victims. It so happened, however, that they went to the Opera in Louis Philippe's carriage, which was lined with boiler-plates, and which was proof to the fulminating missile. It was the knowledge of the narrowness of this escape that afterwards threw the French government into a terror which seemed unreasonable to us, who saw in the failure of Orsini's attempt but the failure which ordinarily awaits the assassin against whom the most ordinary precautions are taken. The most important effect to us at this moment of all the alarm which was thus excited was, that Napoleon was hurried into the Italian question. He had, no doubt, thought of it before, for it entered very largely into the Napoleonic ideas, which the French Emperor regards as a sort of heirloom. But the deed of Orsini proved the necessity of a more active policy, and at the foot of the scaffold he who had risked his all for the salvation of Italy may be said to have bequeathed to the Emperor the cause of Italian independence. In a very short time we in this country were alarmed by the preparations for war on the other side of the Channel, and, above all, by the elaborate display at Cherbourg. It was instantly surmised that Louis Napoleon

was bent on the invasion of England; but the surmise was as instantly extinguished, and the knowing ones declared that Austria was the intended victim—the building of fleets and the completion of the mighty naval arsenal at Cherbourg having for their object, not the invasion of our island, but the holding of our armaments in check. Why Austria? And then we heard mysterious hints about the Danubian principalities, about the necessity which lay upon a despotism like that of the French Emperor to amuse the people by foreign conquests, and about the triviality of the spark which might be used for the purpose of kindling a war. Not a few persons were astonished when, in the commencement of the year, Louis Napoleon appeared in a new character as the defender of liberty, and as the champion of Italy against Austrian oppression. This, then, was the point to which the French government had been steadily steering throughout the whole of last year. At first we thought that Louis Napoleon was threatening ourselves; then we discovered that he was threatening Austria; at last we find that his heart is set on Italy, and to carry out his views there he allies himself with Russia, and is ready to fight Austria and defy England. Ostensibly his intentions are of the purest: he seeks no personal gain, and acts but, as in concert with England, he acted in the affair of Naples when the envoys of the two countries were withdrawn—all in the cause of justice and humanity. Louis Napoleon appearing as the knight-errant of liberty is a novel spectacle, however; and in this country we have a profound suspicion as to the disinterestedness of his motives. That suspicion is strengthened by the union of his cousin with a Sardinian princess—a princess of that sovereign house which is notoriously anxious to increase its power by the acquisition of a larger Italian territory. A thousand suggestions are thrown out. Sardinia covets Lombardy, and, in order to acquire that tempting prize, will part with Savoy to France; a principality must be found for Prince Napoleon; Prince Murat will be raised to the throne of the Two Sicilies; and so on. It is enough that the suspicions entertained regarding the Emperor's policy are deep-seated—and in this country invincible. What transpired with regard to the negotiations for a Congress only tended to confirm those suspicions.

VOL. XLVII.—NO. III.

It was believed that the Emperor is really anxious for war, and that if the Congress had been held at all, it would have been but a toy for the purpose of gaining time, or a mask for the purpose of working out the end more securely. It is known that Louis Napoleon is great on the subject of his new rifled cannon, the secret of which is kept with the utmost vigilance; and that he expects the most astonishing results—unprecedented results from guns which, for portability, length of range, and accuracy of aim, outdo every species of ordnance that has hitherto been brought into action. His faith in this weapon, and his desire both to gratify the army, and to acquire a military name, outweigh every other consideration—not forgetting the aversion of his subjects to war and the specter which he has raised throughout the country in transferring the Bourse to every town in every department. It may be remembered that when, in attempting to raise a certain loan, he appealed, not to the Paris Bourse alone, but sent his proposals to every town in the provinces, the result was, that he drew from private hoards throughout the land sums of money that made all the capitalists of Europe stare. In 1855 he had to raise a loan of 750,000,000 francs. Consider what that sum is—not less than £30,000,000 sterling! In subscribing for this enormous amount, our French friends actually put down their names for five times the sum. They subscribed for 3,652,591,985 francs. Here was a new source of wealth! What a wonderful man was this French Emperor, who, unlike other princes that are at the mercy of the tyrants of the Bourse, had only to appeal to his people and they offered him five times the amount which he asked—were willing to trust him to the extent of £150,000,000 sterling added to the national debt! In point of fact, the Emperor has taken the people very much at their word, and in his brief reign has already added not less than £100,000,000 to the national debt of France, and now proposes to add £20,000,000 more. Probably he little calculated that in thus teaching the people to become fundholders, and to have a personal interest in the security of the government, he was at the same time raising a power in the country to be a check upon himself. Your fundholder and your man of commerce is an enemy to war. The Emperor fostered the spirit

of speculation and the habit of trade ; and in so doing he raised throughout the country a specter against himself which he can not easily lay — which is, indeed, the only effective guarantee for the preservation of peace or the speedy conclusion of war.

But if Englishmen regard France with distrust and jealousy, it is equally certain that they have not one particle of sympathy with Austria. There is a singular unanimity among our statesmen, and indeed upon almost all questions of foreign policy the English people have but one heart and one mind. It is upon domestic questions that we differ. In our estimate of foreign affairs we are for the most part united — the peasant and the peer sink their petty prejudices, Whig and Tory pocket their party differences, to fight under the same flag and to shout the same slogan. In this case the close front presented by all our leading statesmen is a spectacle of which we may be proud, and which ought to have some effect on the continental governments. It would be difficult to say which of the two great monarchies now apparently rushing to battle most excites our antipathy. Hitherto, our statesmen have been most with Austria, or, rather, least with France, for it is France that really takes the initiative, and Austria stands upon the letter of the law. But assuredly if the people of England have a respect for law, and will be no party to the violation of treaties, they have also a regard for equity and they can not endure oppression. There is no doubt that Austria, with the bond in her hand, has given to that bond a most cruel interpretation, and like the Jew of Venice with his knife and his balance, has brandished her sword over Italy to cut from her subject provinces the last pound of flesh. Like Bassanio in the play there are those who cry for the obliteration of treaties and vengeance upon Austria :

"I beseech you  
Wrest once the law to your authority :  
To do a great right, do a little wrong,  
And curb this cruel devil of his will."

As Portia replied apparently in the interest of Shylock, Great Britain replies thus far in the interest of Austria :

"It must not be : there is no power in Venice  
Can alter a decree established :  
'Twill be recorded for a precedent,  
And many an error by the same example  
Will rush into the state. It can not be."

But depend upon it, if we can not discover a solution of the difficulty as satisfactory as that of the "wise young judge, the Daniel come to judgment," our feeling is entirely in unison with hers, and can only express itself in detestation of the Austrian tyranny. We do not forget, indeed, that since the Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian was appointed viceroy, there has been some amelioration in the condition of Venetian Lombardy, many little reforms have been set on foot, and there has been an evident desire to relax in some degree the extreme severity of a system which amounts almost to martial law. Neither should we fall into the mistake of those rabid politicians who can see no difference between Austria and Naples, and consign both governments to the same abyss of infamy. Beneath the lowest deep there is a lower still, and condemn as we may the Austrian policy, our condemnation of it would be ignorant and therefore worthless if we did not freely admit that the Emperor of Austria is to the King of Naples what Solomon was to Rehoboam — the one has chastised his subjects with whips and the other with scorpions ; the one can plead some excuse for his severity, the other can plead no excuse whatever. Let it be observed that the Bourbon dynasty at Naples is at home, whereas the house of Hapsburg is alien both to Milan and to Venice. King Bomba in the Two Sicilies is in his own proper dominions, and, ruling them upon the principles of King Stork, he is guilty of the most atrocious tyranny and is unworthy the recognition of civilized nations. Francis Joseph, on the other hand, holds his power south of the Alps by right indeed of treaties, and at the request of the great powers assembled in congress, but he is there as an intruder — he is a foreign potentate ruling by a foreign force ; and were his reign as mild as that of King Log it would be hateful to the Italians. We have a case in point. It was but the other day that we were immersed in all the squabbling of the Ionian question. The Ionian islands in the power of England are as islands in some fabled sea of milk. "We loathe your milk," the Ionians cry, "give us our own salt brine. It is true that your rule is honeyed : and that you cover us with endearments — but your endearments are oppressive ; we hate your matronly kisses : we prefer the frowns of our own Amaryllis to the smiles of a



foreign beldame. Young Greece forever!" We take all this very calmly and allow these pleasant Greeks to waste themselves in talk. Probably no other power on the face of the earth would act as we have done — the moral courage and the magnanimity would be wanting. Austria in the Lombardo-Venetian provinces is in precisely this difficult position; and while emphatically condemning her conduct, we desire in all fairness to make every allowance for the necessities of her position. Have we not ourselves been forced to consider the alternatives — Shall we give up the Ionian islands altogether or shall we bind them hand and foot and compel them to submission? We have not yet been able to decide whether there is a middle path between either of these alternatives. Let us therefore, for the sake of argument, say that we could not expect Austria tamely to surrender the possession of her Italian provinces, and that it was necessary for her to assert her right with somewhat even of severity. There can be no doubt that this severity has been pushed to an extreme, and that the Austrian yoke weighs upon the neck of Italy with a force which is oppressive.

Take revenue to begin with. In 1847 the clear revenue which (after all deductions) was forwarded to Vienna from the Italian provinces amounted very nearly to £4,000,000. According to the latest returns which we have been able to obtain, the sum extracted from these provinces through the increase of taxation was forty-four per cent above the amount we have mentioned. It will readily be understood that such an increase, obtained from a population crowded to excess, and in its present position incapable of making great advance in the arts of commerce or of agriculture, must have been the produce of fearful exaction; and as an index to the nature of these exactions we may state a single fact, which in itself contains volumes, namely, that the land-tax is an assessment of no less than twenty-five per cent on the gross receipts. What becomes of all this money? It goes to feed the Austrian service. It fills the pockets of Austrian soldiers and Austrian police, Austrian magistrates and Austrian clerks. Misery upon misery. Not only is the last scudo wrung from the poor Lombard; it goes to feed a foreign host, and he has no friend or kinsman to share in the spoil. If we are hard taxed here, we have at

least the satisfaction of knowing that the money is spent among our own people; that friends of ours are making their fortune; and that we may one day get a son or a brother into some nice government appointment, where he will have a taste of the sweets of office. We live in hope; the Italian lives in despair. Office is not for him — he is not trusted. He is taxed to feed foreign functionaries in every possible department; and these foreign functionaries are fed with his means, prance in his streets, enter his house, and meet him wherever he goes in order that they may keep him in thralldom. It is the plague of locusts. The Italian sees his substance consumed before his eyes; and even were there no consumption he would abhor the presence of such hideous swarms. "The true cause of the deep discontent of the Lombardo-Venetians," said Count Cavour, in his Memorandum of the First of March, in which, for the benefit of her Majesty's government, he gave his view of the Italian question, "is the being ruled and domineered over by foreigners — by a nation with which they have no analogy of race, of habits, of tastes, or of language. In proportion as the Austrian government has applied in a more complete manner the system of administrative centralization those feelings have increased. Now that this system has attained its extreme point; that centralization has become more absolute than even in France; that all local action has become extinct, the humblest citizen finds himself brought into contact, for the slightest reason, with public functionaries whom he neither likes nor respects, and the feeling of repugnance and antipathy towards the government have become universal." Observe that the Sardinian minister, in the important memorandum to which we refer — a statement of his case for the purpose of influencing the British people — has a direct interest in advancing the strongest charges against the Austrian government of Venetian Lombardy, and yet he carefully abstains from those charges of "butchery" and "torture," "infamous espionage" and "diabolical penalties," which flow so naturally from the tongues of Mazzinian democrats; and we beseech all those who would effectually oppose the Austrian despotism to study the same moderation, and confining their attention to the actual condition of the Lombardo-Venetian provinces, to advance no charges

which it is impossible to substantiate. In all conscience it is enough that the nationality of the Italians should be insulted as it is; that liberty should be utterly repressed; that the burdens of taxation should be so increased as to make us think — one more feather and the camel's back will break; that, in one word, Northern Italy has to endure, day and night, an Old Man of the Mountain seated on her shoulders. He may be a most amiable old man, he may have the best intentions, but he is an incubus, a terror, an intolerable burden. Life is not worth having on these terms, and Northern Italy groans under the infliction of having her eyes bandaged, and her mouth gagged, and this horrible old man eternally seated on her neck to guide all her movements and to oppress all her energies. Add to this, what Count Cavour well says, that by means of the last concordat with the court of Rome, the Austrian government has curiously contrived to lighten a misery which seemed to have reached its climax. "During a certain time," he says, "the firm and independent conduct of the Austrian government towards the court of Rome tempered the disastrous effect of foreign domination. The Lombardo-Venetians felt released from the rule which the Church exercised in other parts of the Italian peninsula over the actions of civil life, and even in the sanctuary of families. This was for them a compensation to which they attached the highest value. It has been taken from them by the last concordat, which, as is notoriously well known, secured to the clergy a greater influence and more ample privileges than in any other country, even in Italy, with the exception of the Papal States. The destruction of the wise principles introduced into the relations of the state with the Church by Maria Theresa and Joseph II., has caused the complete loss of the moral force of the Austrian government in the minds of the Italians." The Sardinian minister then proceeds to sum up. "It is only sufficient to go through Lombardy and Venetia to acquire the conviction that the Austrians are not established, but simply encamped in these provinces. All houses, from the humblest cottage to the most sumptuous palace, are closed against the agents of the government. In the public places, the theaters, the cafes, and in the streets, there is a complete line of separation between them and the

native inhabitants; and any one would say that it was a country invaded by an enemy's army, rendered the more odious by its insolence and arrogance. This state of things is not a transitory fact produced by exceptional circumstances, and the more or less distant end to which can be predicted; it has endured and gone on aggravating for the last half century, and it is certain that if the civilizing influence of Europe do not put a stop to it, the attitude of the people towards the government will grow worse and worse."

All this is very bad. To Englishmen it is almost inconceivable. Yet we confess that we do not see how war is to be the solution of these complications, the plaster for these sores. We have not the slightest faith in Satan casting out Satan. Manifestly it must depend on the resources of diplomacy and mediation to effect changes in the internal administration of foreign states. How is it even to be effectual? The principle of non-interference in the domestic arrangements of foreign states is a principle which, propounded by Canning in opposition to the policy of the detestable and notorious Holy Alliance, has been maintained, in theory at least, by every foreign minister that has since held the seals of office in this country. Lord Palmerston, maintaining the theory in words, has been accused of violating it in practice; and all the opposition that his foreign policy has received has been grounded on this charge. At the present moment, the principle of non-interference is paramount in England. Mr. Cobden has advanced it as a novelty; but it has long been the supreme doctrine of our Foreign Office. We regard it as good for ourselves, and we think it good for others also. Italy is frightfully governed; but we expect only evil from the violation of a great principle, which is involved in the attempt, by main force, to compel the Italian powers to do their duty. We must not do evil that good may come; and we can not recognize that Sardinia, and still less France, has, in the mal-administration of the Lombardo-Venetian provinces, a just *casus belli*. In point of fact, dark as is the picture drawn by Count Cavour, we believe it is generally admitted that he has utterly failed to prove, on the part of Austria, a single violation of the international law of Europe. He himself, indeed, admits this with reference to the internal arrange-

ments of the Austrian possessions in Italy, and is compelled to fall back upon other proofs of Austria's guilt, dwelling especially on the treaties which she has formed with the Duchies. Undoubtedly these treaties, which bind Austria to the performance of certain acts in certain eventualities, are in principle opposed to international law; and were they acted upon, might furnish good ground for complaint. But an obligation undertaken is one thing; an obligation fulfilled is quite another. Austria may make as many secret treaties as she pleases; and these may be well entitled to arouse the jealousy of her neighbors; but so long as by overt acts she does not offend, she may stand on her rights and defy Sardinia to make good her case.

Not the less, however, will Sardinia create a secret sympathy in the hearts of all true Englishmen. We shall not forget what is due either to municipal or international law, and we are not blind to the territorial ambition of the house of Savoy—to the weakness, also, with which Sardinia has consented to be the tool of France; but spite of all mistakes and faults, how much respect is due to the reign of Victor Emanuel! and how impossible is it to repress the sympathy which that brave little kingdom of his demands! Lord Shaftesbury hit the nail on the head when in view of the Austrian menace he said: "On which side should be the hopes and prayers of the British people there can be little question. Sardinia has declared and proved herself to be the defender of civil and religious liberty in Italy. She has raised the Waldenses from degradation and suffering, and planted their church in the principal places of Genoa and Turin: she permits the free preaching of God's word in public and in private; and where on the Continent is the circulation of the Scriptures so open, so wide, so countenanced by the authorities of the state? Her policy is to resist the encroachments of the Church of Rome; nay, further, it is to seek, by all legitimate means, the total abolition of the secular power of the Papacy." What a frightful calamity it would be—what a dark day for Italy—if, in the shock of armies, this gallant little nation should be shivered! If not shivered to pieces, we must at all events count upon the exhaustion of its power in the unequal conflict; loss of treasure, waste

of men, destruction of industry, and a retrogression which will not be compensated by years of peace, and by the halo of military glory. It is not likely that Sardinia will gain by an Italian war as much more as she gained by the Russian war. Her policy, indeed, in entering upon the Russian war has been seriously questioned; but we may grant it to have been to the full as successful as the Sardinian government expected. At a very great cost, Sardinia, in the first place, purchased the right of sitting in congress with the great powers of Europe; and, in the second place, she contrived, by admirable organization and effective leadership, to restore confidence to an army which, in the campaign with Radetsky, had been demoralized by defeat. It was something to reconstitute the army, and to give the country, both in its own eyes and in the eyes of Europe, the importance of an independent power. The attainment of these advantages was worthy of some sacrifice; and Austria never played a more short-sighted game than when, through her own remissness, she permitted Sardinia to take that place in the Alliance which she herself ought to have occupied. Had Austria joined the Alliance, Sardinia would have been kept out of it, and would not have obtained the great object of her ambition—recognition of her importance as a European power. The court of Vienna now reaps the fruit, and the court of Turin plumes herself upon her position—hoping to make use of it for the purpose of still further gain. Sardinia gained so much in the previous war, into which she entered at the tail of the strife: why should she not gain a good deal more in another war into which she shall be the first to enter? Obviously the calculation is one of enormous hazard. What the future contains, none of us can tell; but to human apprehension, Sardinia is very much in the attitude of the dog, who, with a bone in his mouth, sees the shadow of the bone in the water, and is about to lose the advantage which it possesses, for the sake of grasping another advantage which it is ambitious to possess. If Austria puts herself in the wrong by being the first to attack Sardinia, Sardinia is not less in the wrong by the part which she has taken in this affair, not only through the speeches of the king and the dispatches of his minister, in raising the turmoil, but subsequently also

through her response to the proposition for a general disarmament, in practically frustrating the negotiations, for a pacific settlement. There is nothing that Sardinia has desired less than peace; and there was surely something disingenuous in the agreeing to disarm, while making an exception in favor of her free corps. Consenting to disband her surplus troops of the regular army, she positively refused to disarm those volunteers which she had gathered from other Italian states. It was this refusal that provoked the Austrian ultimatum; an ultimatum which was all the more rapidly delivered, when, if we may record a common rumor, it was discovered that something had gone wrong with the far-famed rifled cannon. We do not vouch for the story, but it is so entirely in keeping with all else that we know in connection with these negotiations that it may at least be mentioned. People have been wondering why France, bent as the Emperor is upon war, should waste time in idle negotiations and flirt with promises and congresses. It is, we now are told, because the two hundred rifled cannon which have been so much vaunted have not given the most satisfactory results in the experimental discharges to which they were subjected; and it is necessary to go through the process of recasting them. The process requires a little time, and therefore the Emperor stands forth in the character of a man of peace, anxious for discussion, an enemy to war, and willing to the utmost of his power to further the negotiations. Austria on the other hand, having heard of the hitch, and seeing through the whole farce, seizes time by the forelock, declines to wait until the new cannon be cast, and determines to strike at once. Be this particular story true or false, it perfectly well describes the general position which is put as follows by the Paris correspondent of the *Times*:

"The obstinacy of Austria is no doubt condemnable, though not difficult to be understood. She can not but be aware that war against her had been long ago decided on by France and Sardinia; that the first prize in view is Lombardy. She must believe that the proposal for a congress originating *here*," that is, really under French inspiration, "and which came expressly to baffle Lord Cowley's negotiations at Vienna, and the subsequent incidents, were so many difficulties thrown in the way in order to gain time. She was led to think France was not quite prepared; and as she knew that

sooner or later she must have to fight, she resolved that the sooner it came the better, as the present conditions were favorable to her. She is now like the bull that is goaded to rage by the darts of its tormentors. Garibaldi and his free corps are the *torreros* who flutter their red flags in the face of the animal which it is meant to rouse to the proper pitch of madness, when with eyes shut and head down, it rushes with its immense weight on the sword of the matador who is expected to give the finishing blow. It is permitted to cherish the hardly perceptible hope that still lingers so long as hostilities have not actually commenced; but if all that has been as yet done is vain, it is not probable that Austria will listen to any overtures at this late hour."

What is to be the end of all? That, of course, no one can answer in the affirmative. We can only say that the dream of a united Italy is past away. At first it arose before the imagination of Italians with Pio Nono at the head of the unity. It soon appeared that the spiritual head of the Catholic world would, in such a position, be placed in circumstances of insuperable difficulty involving an eternal conflict between his spiritual and secular duties. Then it arose in the form of a united Italian republic, but that bubble also burst, and now occupies the thoughts of none but the discomfited followers of Mazzini. Lastly, it has arisen as a Sardinia idea. Sardinia, in Italy, is the little leaven of constitutional government which is to leaven the whole lump. Those who entertain any expectation that Italy can be united under the house of Savoy have little notion of the jealousy which prevails in the peninsula among those celebrated capitals which have each of them a history and a claim. Milan would fight with Venice, and both against Turin. Florence regards itself as superior to all three. Genoa still nurses dissatisfaction with the domination of Turin; and in these, as well as many other rivalries, there are obstacles which we can not expect to see overcome by the wisdom of governments or the moderation of peoples. We can only wait in hope. We expect no good from war. We are disgusted with the game of tyranny and ambition. We know that if Russia and France are in league it is but for evil. Only one comforting assurance remains—that, with the exception of Sardinia, Italy can not be worse than she is, and almost any change that occurs is likely to be a change for the better. And in that assurance, Italians are bold because they are desperate.



From the Dublin University Magazine.

## THINGS NEW AND OLD.

LANDOR in his *Last Fruit off an Old Tree* has instituted a comparison between fancy and imagination. "Fancy," he says, "is imagination in her youth and adolescence. Fancy is always excursive; imagination not seldom sedate. It is the business of the latter to create and animate such beings as are worthy of her plastic hand; certainly not by invisible wires to put marionettes in motion, nor to pin butterflies on blotting-paper. Vigorous thought, elevated sentiment, just expression, development of character, power to bring man out from the secret haunts of his soul, and to place him in strong outline against the sky, belong to imagination. Fancy is thought to dwell among the fairies and their congeners, and they frequently lead the weak and ductile poet far astray. . . . Their tiny rings, in which the intelligent see only the growth of funguses, are no arena for action and passion. It was not in these circles that Homer, and Eschylus, and Dante strove."

Not unfrequently fancy endeavors to grasp what imagination alone can comprehend, and then we witness that most easy of all Avernian descents, the fall from the sublime to the ridiculous. Let us take an example. Milton grandly says, "Satan like a comet burned." Imagination will at once take in the full force of this splendid comparison. The terror and the awe which the comet inspired in the poet's time will be transferred to the fallen archangel. The withering heat, the baleful atmosphere, the sudden appearance of a malignant stranger in the realm of order and peace, all these sensations will at once come crowding into the mind, while imagination holds the open door. But what will fancy do; in what way will she treat this Eschylean metaphor? She will find out a congruity which none but she would ever have discovered. The comet has a tail, and so has Satan; and lo! in a moment, the sublime has rushed headlong into the abyss of the ridiculous. Fancy will not let the glories of the rising

sun alone, and we hear her saying by the mouth of the author of *Hudibras*:

"And now, like lobster boiled, the morn  
From black to red began to turn."

Too often fancy is the fool that "rushes in where angels fear to tread;" yet she has her work to do, and if we were asked to define what is her proper province, as well as what is not, we would, too, like our octogenarian author quoted above, draw a parallel between fancy and imagination. We would say, that fancy is to imagination what the microscope is to the telescope; the one enables us to see a world in a blade of grass, a drop of dew, a flower; the other summons to our gaze vast orbs of glory, and flying through space, thrids a labyrinth of worlds, peopled by angels, or like our own, with men a little lower than the angels. Fancy peeps into the world of elves and fays; imagination soars through the archangelic universe, and gazes on thrones and dominions, principalities and powers, until she reaches the court without the Holy of Holies, and even then, awed but for a moment, passes through the veil, and stands untrembling before the visible Shekinah.

Fancy listens to the chiming of harebells and bluebells, and finds that every flower has its own peculiar note of joy. Imagination can hear the "music of the spheres;" the sun "sounding forth its ancient song;" all the morning stars singing with triumphant gladness, and learns that every planet takes its part in the grand celestial chorus. Fancy tells us that this world is an aggregation of infinite systems; imagination shows that it is itself but a unit of one mighty system.

We care not long to remember the achievements of fancy, but the victories of imagination are triumphs for all mankind, and every one reverences a *Prolog am Himmel*, a *Paraphrase of the Nineteenth Psalm*, an eighth book of the *Iliad*. The exercise of fancy must necessarily tend to make man a Pantheist,

while, by frequently using his imagination he daily rises higher and nearer to perfect Theism. A Goethe, an Addison, could scarcely fail to be Christians, and even Homer himself, we almost suppose, must have had a glimpse of eternal unity. Truly the Greek was a wondrous nation. Every power that humanity can boast seems to have had its perfect development amongst them. The same people who by fancy heard Dryads whispering amid the sighing trees, and Naiads warbling in the running streams, saw by imagination Prometheus chained to a rock, and through long ages of torture, bearing the pain and sin of the world, supported by the hope of "seeing of the travail of his soul, and being satisfied." Truly it was a grand people; and we look small and mean beside them, although they did not travel one degree of longitude in the hour, nor turn out miles of broadcloth in a day.

It is no use to deny it, we are *not* fond of "good" people. If we ask our consciences the reason of this, they will scarcely accuse us of envying those who are better than ourselves, but whom we can not imitate. On the contrary, it will be found that the virtue of those who are *par excellence* styled "good people," arises from a deficiency in their mental organization, and not from any superabundance of conscientiousness or virtuous habits. They never fall into sin, because they are never tempted; they are never tempted because they are beneath, not above, temptation. It requires a certain amount of mental vigor to be tempted; there must be an active wish for a wrong object ere that object can become dangerous. The slothful person is not imperiled just because he is slothful and indolent, steadfast, immovable, and impassible, without passions, without desires; without imagination to paint unlawful pleasures, he is never tempted to taste of the forbidden fruit, and he stands a monument of stupid virtue.

That is the reason why we dislike "good people" — for the same reason that we can not herd with the inferior animals of the creation, we can not fraternize with them. We are a little lower than the angels, and they are only a very little higher than the brutes. For this reason, too, it is that goodness which one would think should be the *summum bonum*, is our *dernier resort*; and when we can say

nothing else that is favorable of a person we admit that he is at least "good."

"It is our weaknesses alone that render us lovable," says Goethe, and therefore our pleasure is to walk and talk with those who have enjoyed and suffered like ourselves; we make bosom friends of these, even though they have sinned and fallen. The beating of a warm though erring heart is dearer to us than the cold and clammy life of the reptile that has ever so long lived imbedded in stone.

But if we should meet with some pure souls who, like us, have been "tried, troubled, tempted," yet who, unlike us, have resisted and conquered temptation, we do homage to these as to heroes half-divine, as something far more than "good." So true it is, that before we think the wreath of victory worthily bestowed the field must have been fought as well as won, and the fiercer the struggle the more glorious in our eyes is the crown. Thus, too, we may say, with all reverence, that the human life of Him who was Man as well as God, would have been incomplete without that chapter of the forty days' fasting and the temptation in the wilderness.

At the present time we are in danger of attaching too much value to the argument derived from analogy. The assistance which we receive from this mode of reasoning is little more than negative. We may point to the fairly written volume of nature and so confute the atheist; we may appeal to the moral law graven on our hearts and consciences, and so confound the libertine; yet, while it would have been possible for man to have attained, without the aid of revelation, to the knowledge of a Creator, and of a Moral Governor, there is one subject of vital importance which must have ever been hidden from eyes unilluminated by the light that shone through patriarchs, prophets, and apostles. The immortality which was proclaimed by the Gospel, and which was the most glorious feature of the glad tidings that came heralded by the heavenly hosts, is to be found no where but in the few pages written eighteen centuries ago by men (with one exception) unlearned and untaught.

An eminent preacher of a country whose divines are not distinguished for reverence, and to whom he forms a bright contrast,

has published an eloquent sermon on this subject of the soul seeking to obtain from the outer world some clue as to its own future fate; yet he could show little intelligence gained by analogy. The law of nature is birth out of corruption, death into corruption, and from thence birth again; yet not always to the same life as before. There might be degeneration as well as progression. The tree grows up from a soil rich with the decayed leaves and trunks of a primeval forest. That tree sheds its leaves, and having lived its time, it too decays, and, perhaps, affords sustenance for other trees to come; or else, a plant springs up and yields food to man, himself soon to die, and all that remains of him to become dust, mingle with the ground, and give soil for the growth of other plants, which shall feed other men. Or, to take another analogy: the child increases to the full stature of the man, and brings forth flower of thought and fruit of action; but soon the glory of summer passes into the mellowed ripeness of autumn, which, in due course, is succeeded by the chill frosts and death of winter—"a second childhood"—melancholy words, descriptive of ever-circling change continually repeating itself. Is there to be no advance? Shall the man who strives so earnestly after knowledge never attain to the seraph's wisdom? Sad truth, if this be so; yet a still sadder creed did the olden philosophy teach.

Death was degeneration; the man dying passed into the brute, noble or base, (as far as brutes can be noble or base,) according as his life had been good or evil. Better, infinitely better than this, is the modern doctrine of development. Let the ape become the man, rather than the man the ape. Hard indeed is such a fall. Man wallowing in the pig-stye! Better let Cæsar's dust bung up a beer-barrel. Let our origin be base as you will, ye discoverers of the "vestiges of creation," but let not our end be vile. Yet how know we, most diligent "interpreters and servants of nature" though we be, but what we sprung from nothing, and shall return to nothing; but what having risen out of darkness we shall set into gloom?

Through the darkness, and through the gloom, a light has shone—a light dispersing all the clouds that veiled Heaven's glories from our gaze—the light of the star of the Epiphany.

Now, we no longer sadly ask with

wearied watchmen, "What of the night?" Now, we even have glimpses of a former brightness.

"Our birth is but a sleep, and a forgetting;  
The soul that rises with us, our Life's star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar.  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God who is our home."

Most inhuman would he be who should grudge his brother knowledge. Yet it is a fair subject of inquiry whether the present increase of teachers and teaching has not been attended with some falling off in the quality of that which is taught. We seem to have lost in depth what we have gained in breadth. The student's cell, once a veritable reality, is now a mere *façon de parler*, by which we intimate the mechanic's institute. The days of the giants are gone by. Erasmus, Bacon, Newton, and Pascal, have left no successors. The toilsome reader of cumbersome folios gives way to the dilettante frequenter of popular lectures. Now, without for one moment wishing any return to the old monopoly, may we not seek to avert the calamity impending over the next generation, of becoming a nation of superficial smatterers? If we do so, we must, in the first place, endeavor to exterminate the species of glib talkers, who are the popular heroes of the tea-table. To accomplish this will be no easy matter, for the man of "general knowledge" (that is, of particular ignorance) is so much more useful in company than the really wise man. The one is ready with a tale, an *à propos*, a happy illustration; while the other is still weighing the merits of a question, setting one side over against the other, most conscientiously balancing counter-evidence. Thus, the knowing man earns the reputation of immense reading, as well as ready wit; while the honest student is esteemed learned, no doubt, but a book-worm, quite unfit for the company of brilliant people, like you or me, dear reader.

Dugald Stewart has said something so much to the purpose of this subject, that you must give me leave to quote him:

"The species of memory which excites the greatest degree of admiration in ordinary society, is a memory for detached and isolated

facts; and it is certain that those men who are possessed of it, are very seldom distinguished by the higher powers of the mind. Such a species of memory is unfavorable to philosophical arrangement, because it in part supplies the place of arrangement. . . . A man destitute of genius may treasure up in his memory a number of particulars in chemistry or natural history, which he refers to no principle, and from which he deduces no conclusion; and from his facility in acquiring this stock of information may flatter himself with the belief that he possesses a natural taste for these branches of knowledge. But they who are really destined to extend the boundaries of science, when they first enter upon new pursuits, feel their attention distracted, and their memory overloaded with facts among which they can trace no relation, and are sometimes apt to despair entirely of their future progress. In due time, however, their superiority appears, and arises in part from that very dissatisfaction which they experienced at first, and which does not cease to stimulate their inquiries, till they are enabled to trace, amid a chaos of apparently unconnected materials, that simplicity and beauty which always characterize the operations of nature."<sup>78</sup>

It is, of course, far more simple to exercise the memory than the analytic power. Far more easy to hoard up a host of facts than to attain to the philosophic, truly skeptic mind. Yet facts are but the *rudis indigataque moles* of chaos; and it is no magician's wand that will educe from thence order and beauty, cosmos. It is not those men who, as Bishop Butler said, "have a strong curiosity to know what is said, but little or no curiosity to know what is true," that will extract the precious metal from the mass of ore. It is only the hard-working, honest student who knows the refiner's art.

Stewart, in another part of the chapter from which we have quoted, considers the use and abuse of commonplace books. The commonplace book of an attendant at popular lectures would certainly be a curiosity as curious as a Mexican idol, and about as useful. Shall we turn over the pages of one:

"The sun does not move round the earth, as was formerly supposed, but the earth round the sun, at the rate of about 1000 miles an hour. Lead and iodine mixed together throw down a beautiful chrome-colored precipitate called iodide of lead—Symbol, Pb. I. Chlorine is very extensively used in dyeing, bleaches colors

white. Pompeii and Herculaneum overwhelmed by an eruption from Mount Vesuvius, A.D. 79. Sirius is the nearest of the fixed stars, though twenty billions of miles off. The first parliament was held in the reign of Henry III. The angle of incidence is equal to the angle of deflection. Milton sold his *Paradise Lost* for five pounds."

"Dissecta membra" truly! "Well may we ask with the prophet, 'Can these dry bones live?'" "It requires courage, indeed," said Helvetius, "to remain ignorant of those useless subjects which are generally valued;" "nevertheless," adds Stewart, "it is a courage necessary to men who either love the truth, or who aspire to establish a permanent reputation."

Wisdom will not be content with gentle dalliance when you have nothing else to occupy your time. She will not be your plaything. She must be

"No casual mistress, but a wife,"

and as such will demand honor, respect, yea, even reverence. Let every dilettante in literature or science read the life of Henry Fynes Clinton. The biography itself is not exciting, but as the history of a student's life it is most highly instructive. Possessed of no great genius or originality, Clinton was simply an *honest* and *faithful* student, who felt that if his vocation were to study, then it was his duty to study well and thoroughly. By adhering to this resolution, he left behind him, as the fruit of his industry, works of immense value, and for which every student of classic literature will never fail to give him thanks.

"It is better to know one thing than to know about one hundred things," says the author of *The Schools of Alexandria*. It is hard to practice such austere virtue as this, yet it is our duty to do so; and you know what our Laureate has so finely said:

"He that ever following her commands,  
On with toil of heart, and knees, and hands,  
Through the long gorge to the far light has won  
His path upward and prevailed,  
Shall find the topping crags of duty scaled,  
Are close upon the shining tableland,  
To which our God himself is moon and sun."

STRANGE it is, that while generally ready enough to take for granted the intellectual inferiority of those who differ from us, we should always suppose dissent

\* *Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind.*  
Part i. chap. vii.



from our *religious* opinions to arise from *moral* delinquency.

It is somewhat sad to think how little human learning and human discovery are cumulative. Not only is there no royal road to knowledge, but the fact that the road has been trodden by other pilgrims is little help to us in our journey. The tears which school-boys of a past generation have shed over grammars, Latin and Greek, before they could appreciate the beauties of Horace or Sophocles, will in no way lessen the troubles of yonder poor urchin who is just now introduced, with much fear and trembling on his part, to the muse of the first declension, feminine. He too, as they have done, must toil long and wearily before he can fit himself for the company of the illustrious Roman gentleman and the great Greek dramatist.

This you say, is very trite, and must certainly come under the definition of "Things old." Be it so. Yet, this truth is by no means so obvious when applied to the race of more advanced students; but it is equally applicable to them. True, their predecessors have somewhat trodden down the roughnesses of the road, and so far made the journey more easy; but there is no vicarious travelling; one and all of us must gird up our loins and trudge along as best we can, swiftly or slowly, up the hill of difficulty. We, who are the successors of Plato and Bacon, are better off than their forerunners. Butler takes up the clue which Origen had dropped, and at this very time Mansel follows the same track. Yet the help which these men afford us is only help. It assists us on our way, but does not preclude the necessity of our taking the journey for ourselves.

There is another saddening circumstance connected with this *Wanderjahre* of ours. The recurrence of the same

errors. Not more regularly do the milestones meet us on a great highway, than do certain heresies arise to form stumbling-blocks in our path. The history of philosophical or religious opinion is made up of such repetitions. In one age of the world a false doctrine springs up — is overcome in another — in a third is quite forgotten — arises once more in a fourth, to be again confuted, and again to pass from memory. There is comfort, however, even in this humiliating proof of our slowness to learn. When we are alarmed or scandalized by the vagaries or the blasphemies of some arch-heretic, let us turn the page of history, and we shall find that that which is is that which hath been, that truth is mighty and hath prevailed; and so we may boldly say, truth is mighty, and *will* prevail.

What then is the moral with which to point our truism — that knowledge is not cumulative, that they who gather the manna in the morning can gather for one day alone? Is it not, that there is something higher than knowledge? Is it not, that education is in no way merely the means to an end, but is its own end? Montaigne said that he loved better to forge his mind than to furnish it. Strength of mind is what men require, especially we of this fact-loving century. Bracing, not cramming, is the proper education; or to revert to our old simile the good that we obtain on our journey towards the goal of knowledge, is not measured by the ground which we have traveled over, but by the vigor with which we have walked.

STRANGE notions, indeed, some people have of toleration. "How can I tolerate that which is wrong?" is no unusual question. Surely it requires no very great stretch of Christian charity to tolerate that which is right. E. S.

"It is not only following her command,  
On with bell of heart, and knee and hand;  
Through the long gorge to the far light and won  
His path upward and revealed.  
Still had the tugging crags of dark scaled,  
Are close upon the shining tableland,  
To which our God himself is moon and sun."

STRANGE it is, that while generally ready  
enough to take for granted the intellect-  
ual inferiority of those who differ from  
from us, we should always suppose dissent

"The sun does not move round the earth as  
was formerly supposed, but the earth round the  
sun, at the rate of about 1000 miles an hour.  
Lead and silver mixed together form pew-  
ter, a beautiful silver-colored preparation called  
to be of lead—Sylvius. The L. (Chinese is  
very extensively used in giving plastic colors

\* Researches into the Philosophy of the Human Mind.  
Part I. Book II.

From the Eclectic Review.

## TOMBS AND THEIR LESSONS.

Two hundred generations of mankind have passed away. The world on which we live is one vast graveyard. The soil of earth is quick with human dust. A hundred thousand million buried men give awful meaning to the crust of our old world. It may not be without its use, to turn away from the busy scenes of active life to wander for an hour among the tombs. In doing this, we neither leave our cheerfulness nor our hope behind us, for amid them we are ever reminded how life has sprung out of death. We walk over our Redeemer's chosen battleground, where he bared the arm of victory, and fought out the earnest of his final triumph. It is difficult to classify the tombs which I have myself visited, yet the following grouping of the burial-places of our fellow-men, may help to bring together some of their most striking characteristics and most obvious lessons.

- (1.) The places of simple burial.
- (2.) The memorial sepulchers, which preserve some traces of the men, or the age, or the country that fashioned or adorned them.
- (3.) The tombs where superstition has struggled to outdo and vanquish death.

First, The simple burial-places form by far the largest group. They are deposits of the unknown and sleeping dust of our humanity. Generation after generation has passed away in every land, leaving no names, no individuality, no history behind them, but yet linking together the past and the present. These undistinguished heaps have been wept over by the affections of forgotten ages, and cover all the mystery of that human life which formed, during successive generations, the material and the means by which every human thing enacted on our world was in reality effected. The silent church-yard, under the shadow of the rugged elms and solemn yew, the neglected and disused cemetery in the heart of some vast metropolis, the tumulus of our half-savage ancestors, offer endless food for meditation; but I will not ask

my readers to pause there now, nor will I take them to those simple burial-places, where haste and fear, where pestilence and war, have laid the silent dust of thousands, and "men, like garnered grain, are heaped together." Many such barrows does our earth's surface show; deriving their interest from, and bearing their witness to, great facts in our world's history. Such are the blood-stained plains of Waterloo—the fields of Marathon and Morat—the wooded banks of Thrasymene, the plains of Tours and Hastings, the defile of Inkermann, and the highway between Cawnpore and Lucknow—each of which has a magic power in its name to awaken the sympathy and stimulate the heroism of civilized men. If we begin to moralize over the graves of "the unnamed demigods," we shall wander away from our theme.

I have been much affected by sundry visits paid to Arab graveyards. These are generally outside the walls of the city, exposed to the blasts of the desert, and are often covered with simple memorial-stones, which have no name or mark inscribed upon them, whereby one grave may be distinguished from another. There the Moslems lie, often without coffin of any kind, and shielded only by the shifting sands of the wilderness. Perhaps a few palm-trees cast their shadows over the desolation, while the monumental tomb of some Moslem sheikh or saint, hallows and consecrates the whole. Thus beyond the walls of Cairo, towards the east, the ruined tombs of the Memlook Sultans stretch away into the desert, picturesque and graceful in their forms, and surrounded on every side by the unremembered dead, all gazing intently (as their living brethren say) toward the birthplace of the Prophet, and all so placed that they may rise on their knees when the Angel of the Presence shall sound his last trumpet-peal, in their long deafened ears.

The most elaborate pretension to a

cemetery that I saw in the East, was at the town of Siout, the capital of Middle Egypt; where some of the wealthier among the Arab chiefs and Turkish governors had prepared, near to the memorial mosque of a celebrated saint, tombs and vaults which they had adorned with rude paintings of boats, houses, and palm-trees, interspersed with passages from the Koran. Among them fall the shadows of living palm beauty, and the smile of gay flowers cheers the scene. But the wildest, most impressive burial-place that I have ever seen, is the great Arab graveyard at Assouan, the Syene of Scripture. It is just on the boundary-line between Egypt and Nubia, within sound of the roar of the Cataracts of the Nile, and stretching away to the immense granite quarries, where the monolithical obelisks and sphynxes were fashioned, and whence they were transported to the temples which they afterwards adorned. A most desolate "City of the Dead" is this necropolis of Syene. Seventy thousand Moslem saints are said to be buried here, and some of them were of great notoriety. The heights of the hills are crowned with monumental mosques, and the vast undulating plain is dotted over with tombs built of brick or molded clay. Still the majority of the dead sleep beneath no other shelter than the golden sands of the Nubian desert, under the shadow of the purple rocks, and loud at night is the howl of the hyænas, as they gather to their obscene repast. How have human heart-strings snapped, and human eyes failed for weeping, in this grand ghastly burial-place! How long has been the conflict! How silent is the rest! The men who hewed the obelisks of Luxor from their home in the virgin rock lie buried here. The crowds who watched the gilded barges of the great Rameses as they lay moored below the Cataracts, while he made a royal progress to the rock temples of Nubia; the companies of Greek musicians or Roman soldiers, of Persian priests and devotees of the Sun, of the Crocodile, or the buried Osiris, who once elbowed each other on the gay esplanade of the island of Elephantina; Ptolemaic princes, exiled Romans, early Christians, Saracenic chiefs, and wild Arabs of the desert—have here found their last long resting-place.

Of these burial-places of the undistinguished dead there is another, which pro-

duced an ineffaceable impression on my mind. I allude to the mummy-pits of the common people, on the summits of the mountain-gorge that is riddled by the vast necropolis of Thebes. It was on a lovely morning that I set out, with two or three traveling companions, to explore these grim sepulchers. Having climbed the hills to a considerable height, we reached a point in the Sheigh-el-Gournon whence we could overlook the nearer elevations, and could see a large portion of the plain on which the city of Thebes must once have appeared spread out at the spectator's feet. We observed a dark aperture in the side of the hill, and into this, we must penetrate. We crawled in on our knees and elbows, holding lighted candles in our hands. Our old guide looked horror-stricken, and declared that he would rather not accompany us; but as he assured us that there was no danger, we pushed on, and in a few moments found ourselves in one of a series of low vaulted chambers, in which it was impossible to stand upright, and where at every step we were treading on masses of half-mummied, but uncoffined dead. Thousands of our fellow-men had been laid there when Thebes was in the glory of her pride and power, and their arms, legs, grinning faces and half-swathed bodies, crackled beneath our feet as we moved. These chambers opening one into the other extended on every side, all choked with ghastly occupants. Probably the identical hands that piled the Remeseum, or painted the Halls of Medeenet-Haboo, are gathered there. It can hardly be said that their work still outlives them, for nothing certain can be determined with respect to the actual dates of their interment; but there they lie, mute vouchers of the past; and after we had gazed upon them, and had crawled out into the dazzling sunshine, and surveyed again the ruins of those works of theirs, achieved by them in the days when Rome was still the haunt of the wolf, when the Acropolis of Athens was a mere shapeless rock, and when naked savages hunted the otter between London Bridge and Chelsea, the truth that "all live unto God" flashed itself upon the inward eye, and the evidences of these long cycles of life and death tended to confirm, rather than to weaken the faith of our spirits that we belong to an immortal race.

But I must pass on to a few brief notices

of the memorial sepulchers, which convey to our minds hints of past times and peoples, and help us, by familiarity with the individuals, or with the period in which they flourished, to reproduce those olden times and live over again the days that have forever passed away.

I will not pause over the memorial tombs and cenotaphs that constitute the glory of some of our great national mausoleums; but who that has wandered through the aisles of Westminster Abbey, and while meditating on the memorials of our heroes, legislators, and poets, has found there that genius has conquered all class exclusion — that Shakespeare and Milton, Johnson and Watts, Wilberforce and Howard, have thus received equal homage from their countrymen — but has felt more elate with the conviction of the deep roots and wide basis of England's greatness!

It were impossible to discuss the effigy tombs of our old cathedrals and churches which are so full of varied interest; from which we learn much of the costume and manners of medieval times, on which we often read some fulsome epitaph on seeming greatness, and whence now and then gleam some bright rays of virtue, self-sacrifice, and holy life.

My readers are reminded of Stratford-upon-Avon too, that shrine of the Anglo-Saxon race, where the quaint epitaph of our greatest poet still guards his dust; of Winchester, where the Saxon and Plantagenet kings lie entombed; of the Necropolis of Glasgow, where conspicuous amid other noble monuments stands the colossal figure of John Knox, the champion of reformed worship and an open Bible; and also of the sequestered cloister of Dryburgh Abbey, where beneath an ivy-covered arch sleeps all that was mortal of Walter Scott.

Let us turn for a moment to the celebrated cemetery of *Père la Chaise* in Paris. Perhaps there is nothing more fascinating than a walk amid those streets of tombs, where by every possible device the names and memories and noble deeds of illustrious Frenchmen are signalized. All French art is sentimental in the eyes of an Englishman, and the excessive emotion which is there chiseled in enduring marble may sometimes provoke a smile. At one moment, the pilgrim to that city of the dead halts before the broken column of some dashing warrior,

some knight "sans peur et sans reproche," and then he is at liberty to study the silent effigy of the great Revolutionnaires of '89 and '91, to trace the pencillings of thought over the countenances of Cuvier or Laplace; or to linger beside the superb though moldering tomb in which Abélard and Eloise now sleep together. This necropolis presents to us a petrification of the modern history of France. The heroes of the Constituent Assembly and the Convention; the soldiers who carried out the daring schemes of the great Napoleon; hosts of rebellious abbés, ultramontanist priests, socialist agitators, victims of despotism and revolution; the supporters of opposing dynasties; and daring speculators in every range of thought — Puritans and Jesuits, the Abbé Lamennais, Auguste Comte, and Adolphe Monod, have met together; the clangor is hushed, the mutual disdain is over, the fitful passion sleeps. There is no rivalry except in remembrance — no man grudges it to his brother. But we must press back and up the stream of time, and pause over a few of the most notorious of these mementos of the past, many of which are remarkable for the elaboration with which they were executed rather than for the worth or virtues of those whom they enshrine; while others merely signalize the superstition which first supposed the presence of the sacred relics of the past, and then thought that no cost nor sacrifice could be too great wherewith to honor them. There is the gorgeous tomb of the Medici family, at Florence, where the genius of Michael Angelo was taxed to apotheosize the departed; and there are the varied structures inclosed in the Campo Santo of Pisa, which is far more distinguished by the unique frescoes of Giotto and his pupils that adorn the arcade which surrounds it, than by the cargo of sacred soil that was brought thither from Palestine, or by the ashes of the dead who are interred in it.

Neither must I omit to enumerate in this group the costly tombs which, in the fourteenth century, the lords of Verona prepared for themselves, and where, in massive sarcophagi, beneath Gothic canopies of elaborate fretwork, and surmounted by graceful pinnacles, they lie entombed. On the sides of the sarcophagi the bas-reliefs represent Scripture scenes, and exhibit these men as mystically surrounded with virtues that they never practiced, and



as brought into mysteriously close conjunction with our Saviour's passion and glory. One of them in particular, the most profligate of the three, must have garnished his tomb before his death, and yet with complacent mockery he placed around it the conspicuous figures of Patience, Purity, Truth, Mercy, Fortitude, and Charity. We only see here the miserable and exaggerated specimen of what is perhaps to be found in every church-yard where surviving relatives have chosen charitably to lie about their deceased friends, and presumptuously assume that death has in some way turned their shameless vices into cardinal virtues, and their life-long infidelity into angelic faith — where forgiving women have transmuted base tyrants into matchless husbands, and where the dreariest commonplace of our common humanity, viewed through the tears of mourners, has been transfigured into sublime and saintly virtue. This allies itself closely with the dangerous charity which compromises every evangelic principle, and confers upon Death the pagan power of sanctifying the name, and condoning the vices of our fellow-man.

In the vicinity of Rome I more than once descended into a deep quadrangular pit, which was surrounded on all sides with small niches resembling pigeon-cotes, in which were placed the urns that contained the ashes of departed Romans. The inscriptions on some of these were deeply interesting. Perhaps a mother's on her child; a son's deep grief over a brave father; or the tribute of some kind old Roman to the nurse who had watched over his infancy. Little infants, one a girl of seven months and three days; another a boy two years and eleven months, whom his mother styled her "sweetest son," have thus for seventeen hundred years been waiting for at least a recognition in the pages of the archaeologist, who was hunting for minute varieties in the shape of a tablet, or the phraseology of an epitaph.

That mysterious network of catacombs, which underlies the city of Rome and stretches far into the Campagna, has recently received much attention from the authorities of the Pontifical government. Many elaborate works have been written on the subject; and I refer to it here because, when in the course of their excavations for this purpose, the Christians

came on one of the deep vaults, or Columbaria which had been prepared for the reception of the heathen urns, they suddenly stopped in their work, and walled up the access that would thus have been afforded to their heathen persecutors. It is a mystery when, or how, these interminable excavations were effected, or what could have been done with the loads of earth which must have been removed from beneath the surface. It is calculated by some of the Catholic antiquarians that there are nearly nine hundred miles of these tortuous windings threading the foundations of the seven-hilled city, and no fewer than seven millions of Christian graves, hollowing the rocks, on which are now reared vast and splendid Basilicas. It is difficult accurately to refer these to their proper date, and thus to draw any reliable conclusions as to the ecclesiastical forms, or theological dogmas, which were held by the persecuted Church of the Catacombs; but we know that here, in the heart of the earth, holy men and women must have often been sheltered from the cruel massacres which took place. More than one bishop was hunted to this last retreat, and, while celebrating the Holy Eucharist, inhumanly beheaded. The inscriptions over these buried Christians contrast grandly with the pompous yet desolate sentiments often inscribed over the Roman urns. Peace—Peace—Peace—was written ever and anon over these graves of the noble army of martyrs, and light and joy still gleam out of these hidden sanctuaries of holy feeling and exalted hope.

In the present Lateran Museum there is a great collection of these inscriptions and of memorial tablets, which have been brought from the Catacombs, with the rude sculptured bas-reliefs in which these fathers and founders of the Christian Church in Europe expressed their faith and fear. As I walked through the Lateran Museum I copied several of these inscriptions. Thus, "*Felicitas lived thirty-two years—she died in peace.*" On the one side there was a dove, and on the other a heart transfixed by a spear. I observed one which seemed to me very beautiful—a little dove, with an olive branch in its mouth, and beside it the words, "*Basileia—in peace, who lived eight years, two days.*" Glorious memorials these of the faith, the zeal and fortitude of those holy men, whose spiritual

life, in its vigorous and noble growth, rent the foundations of Paganism, and spread its healing and beauty over the desolate ruins. Strange to say—no, it is not strange to say, but it is a grave difficulty for the Romanist to explain, that the representations on the sides of these sarcophagi portray many scenes from Scripture history, but the majority of these are representations of the Fall; the Flood; the dove bearing an olive branch; the story of Jonah, or the raising of Lazarus; and whereas in one of them Saint Peter is represented, receiving the keys, in at least *twenty*, he is either *denying his Master*, or is signalized by the presence of the warning cock. Moses often appears smiting the rock; the Good Shepherd watching over his sheep; the Magdalen anointing the feet of Jesus, or bathing them with her tears; but I saw no similitude of the Virgin Mary, no nimbus of glory traced around the heads of the Apostles, and scarcely a symbol or a hint which could justify the innovations and man-worship of the Papal Church.

It seems that between the fourth and the eighth centuries, these Catacombs were the resort of innumerable visitors, who have added their memorials to those of the martyrs; but in the ninth century, from fear of the Lombards, the popes encouraged the removal of these relics to more costly shrines, and the tombs were ransacked, and their occupants distributed as consecrating elements among the various churches of Italy. A passion for tomb-worship swept over the whole Roman Church; gilded shrines were erected wherever this superstition was likely to increase the sanctity of particular spots. Holy places and holy things have, there is reason to fear, often been substituted for holy lives and eternal truths.

The Church of St. Peter itself professes to be a tomb erected over the supposed remains of the most distinguished of the apostles. The mighty dome, blazing with gold and precious marbles, appears suspended over the crypt in which, surrounded by one hundred and twenty ever-burning golden lamps, the apostle-martyr is said to sleep; and the sentence, "Thou art Peter; on this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it," wrought in blue mosaic on a golden ground in letters each six feet in length, forms the apparent basement of the dome. From every part of the church

some portion of that sentence can be read.

Almost all the principal churches in Rome derive their subordinate sanctity from the presence of some consecrated relic, the moldering fragment of some precious bone. A curious discourse might be delivered on these relics of the past, many of them deriving their interest, not from their genuineness or authenticity, but from their age-long history. Thus, though no possible reliance can be placed in the story of the Invention of the Cross, there is no doubt that a considerable portion of that piece of decayed wood which, in the days of Constantine was believed to be the true cross, is treasured in the Basilica of St. Peter; that the iron crown of Mouza is constructed out of one of the nails, or rather contains one of the nails that was extracted from that venerable relic. So the shrine of the three kings at Cologne; the tomb of St. Mark, at Venice; of St. John, at Ephesus; of St. Irenæus, at Lyons; of Aaron, on Mount Hor; that the shrine of the tooth of Buddha, in the temple of Candy—have each a long and interesting history of their own, altogether distinct from the question of their authenticity, or identity with that which they profess to be.

Before I quit the subject of the memorial tombs of individuals, I can not refrain from making brief allusions to two other specimens of interment, each having its own peculiarities, both of which I happen to have visited. One is the grave of St. Carlo Borromeo, beneath the marble temple of Milan. This venerated and popular archbishop of the sixteenth century, to whom Milan owes, among other things, the completion of its Duomo,\* was virtually mummified; he was then clothed with sumptuous archiepiscopal attire; the miter was placed on his skinny scalp; the crozier in his withered gripe; a splendid ring upon his shriveled fingers; and the whole was inclosed in a coffin of transparent crystal. Whosoever will now pay a few francs for the sight, may have an opportunity of inspecting at leisure this disgusting lesson on the vanity of human greatness. In

\* This Duomo cathedral has been called the eighth wonder of the world, completed by Napoleon I. We have seen and examined this magnificent Mausoleum of Borromeo, radiant and sparkling with gems and precious stones of marvellous value, more than a princely fortune, glittering like a constellation of celestial diamonds.—Ed. Eclectic.

contrast to this I may mention the curious practice of the Capuchin friars, who boil their dead in some strong anti-septic, bake them in an oven, then clothe them in their long serge gown, confined with a girdle of rope, and having hung their well-thumbed rosary on the withered fingers, arrange them in the open niches of a subterranean chapel. In one of the Capuchin monasteries in Malta there is a fine collection of these semi-cooked individuals. After a year or two they become unable to stand as they were at first placed; then, for a time, they are suspended, and finally, in ghastly submission, they are doubled together and laid in their rags to molder into dust. Their brethren and successors perambulate these ghastly avenues, show the visitor the niches which they expect to fill, and ask one another, how father So-and-so is going on, as though this prolonged and visible corruption were a species of life and work. This practice is strangely characteristic of a faith which has clung with such morbid tenacity to dead men's bones, and deserted living men's souls, which often makes more of the ceremonies under which a man dies than of the faith and holiness in which he has lived.

The tombs of Egypt though they fail to give us much definite information with reference to the individuals who were deposited within them, are replete with memorials of the age in which they were excavated and adorned. Along the whole course of the Nile, from the quarries of Massarah, to the rock temple of Aboosimbel, dark spots are seen at intervals in the sides of the precipitous cliffs, or shelving rocks, which rise in greater or less proximity to the river's side. As a general rule, those which are the most conspicuous from the river contain nothing of great interest, and many of the most richly decorated caves present in the distance no token of their treasures. The celebrated tombs of Beni-Hassan are of the latter class; they consist of eighteen excavations on the ledge of rock. Some of them were never completed, but they all exhibit more finish and ornament than the generality of tombs in their neighborhood. The roofs of several are supported by fluted columns of considerable beauty, and the entrance divided by others of a different form. They are of very great age, being constructed in the time of the twelfth dynasty of Theban kings. Their

interior walls are covered with beautiful little pictures ranged in parallel lines, and descriptive of the manners and customs of their builders and occupants. We see here how they sowed and reaped, and gathered into barns; what kind of houses they occupied; the number of their children, servants, and cattle; the food they ate; the battles they fought; the game they killed; the music, the dancing, and other diversions which beguiled their leisure; and we feel as if we knew all about them, and we realize that they were our brethren. From their entrance we can look down on the grand old river, and see the acres gleaming in their emerald green, still unchanged perhaps from what they were when the first occupants of these tombs lived and labored and died upon them. Many of the Egyptian tombs consist of a series of chambers opening one into another, and it often happens that the name of the king, in whose reign their first occupier was conveyed with solemn pomp to these secret abodes, has been fortunately preserved. In others we find the record of some event of national, or great local interest, which must have been enacted at the time. Thus they do something towards revealing the history of the nation, as well as the life of the individuals whose remains they inclosed.

Prodigious care was taken by the Egyptians to preserve the corpses of their friends from dissolution, their notion being that so long as the body retained its apparent individuality, the spirit was also kept distinct from all other spirits. Should the conservation outlast the cycle of changes and transmigrations, the once-favored relics would receive again the same informing spirit and a blessed immortality. Into the mouths, and under the arm-pits, and in every practicable space of the resinous limbs they inserted images of the gods, charms, or representations of the dead man in the form of a divinity. Pots of wheat, barley, dhourra, and other grain, have also been found in the tombs, as well as papyri full of information concerning the ritual for the dead, or some fulsome enumeration of the virtues of the deceased. It is strange that these elaborate attempts to fight against death and to keep profane hands from even touching their sacred clay, have created the fascination which has induced the explorers of later ages to rifle and to scatter them.

I have left myself little space to dilate upon the *third* class of tombs to which reference was made — those which I have ventured to call the battle-ground, where superstition has fought with our last foe. These are not so much memorials of the race, or age, or individuals, to which they refer, as deliberate and defiant contests with death; the vain but resolute attempt to bind death and destruction over to do the behests of the spirit.

All the Egyptian tombs, or at least every Egyptian mummy, was a declaration of the faith that the soul had become absorbed into the Deity, and that the corpse was even the special residence of the great god Osiris, and worthy of the honor due to himself. Thus homage was perpetually paid to the manes, and at the grave of departed ancestors, who are often reckoned among the gods. The mode and place of burial were among the most carefully defined and deeply significant portions of their religious creed. Every great man must have been busy all his life in the excavation and garniture of his tomb. He thought well not only to carve and paint with elaborate finish the record of his life, and the social and industrial condition of the age in which he lived, on the walls of these vast sepulchers, but to take the most elaborate means to conceal the sarcophagus from discovery.

The number of hands that must have been employed in strictly funereal work, from the grave-digger to the Royal Academician of Pharaoh must have been inconceivably great. Still it is very curious, as far as I was able to observe, that, with the exception of the tombs of the kings, there were no records of any mystic or funeral rites, of any deep religious faith, on the walls of their tombs. There were the houses and gardens, the pleasures and professions, the diseases and fortunes, of these old Egyptian gentlemen, but no hint of the feeling in which they drew near to the house appointed for all living. Our main information is derived from the papyri, the various accompaniments of the mummied corpse itself, and from the tombs of the kings.

But Oriental minds were afflicted, for ages, with the crushing superstition that a special manifestation of the deity was granted to them in the person of their kings. The divine right of kings was a tremendous fact in the kingdoms of Babylon, and Persia, and Egypt. During their

lifetimes, the sovereigns of these countries received idolatrous homage. Every word that fell from their lips was supposed to be a divine utterance, and worthy of most scrupulous attention. Forty secretaries waited round the person of the Persian monarch to catch his lightest word, and record it on tablets of brass or of marble. His wishes were irrevocable edicts. His service was considered to be a religious worship. And when he died, he was laid in gorgeous pomp amid the solemn streets of Persepolis, and was supposed thence to rule over the whole Persian people. And what Persepolis became for ages to the Persians, the tombs of the Theban kings and the Pyramids of the fourth dynasty, must have been to the Egyptian people.

It is utterly impossible to convey to one who has had little experience in such things, any conception of those tombs of the kings in the valley of Sheikh el Gononou.

Oh! the awful silence, the solemn grandeur, of this strange necropolis. It never could have appeared very different from what it does now, not even when the great kings themselves came hither to view the progress of their tombs. I thought the guide must have been cheating me the first time I ascended this gorge, when I saw him suddenly rein up his horse, and declare that we had reached the tomb of Rameses VII. There was a narrow opening in the rocks, which we now proceeded to enter with lighted candles. The first thing that struck us was a portrait of the king, possessing considerable individuality in its mode of representation. The tomb was surrounded by none of the signs of royal pleasure or diversion, but by groups of gods with many inexplicable symbols of worship or reverence. The descent was rapid into successive chambers all hollowed out of the solid rock, and every square inch of the face of the walls covered with symbolical hieroglyphical signs. There was a long procession represented in rich coloring, of sacred boats or arks, carrying different symbols. In one of them I saw a *crocodile* with a human head cropping out of his back. There were boats which terminated both at bow and stern in serpents' heads. In the chamber where the sarcophagus of this prince was laid, there is a representation of Harporates sitting on a winged globe, in a position in which it was implied that the



spirit of the departed king having become a little child, the child of the god was now triumphing over death. And most thrilling it was to find here in the heart of the earth, amid many grotesque conceits and dire superstitions, such proofs of the belief of man in immortality—of the faith of men some thirty centuries ago in Life out of and Life after death.

Diodorus Siculus declares that there were forty-seven of these royal tombs known in his day to the Egyptian priests, only seventeen of which were discoverable in the reign of Ptolemy Lagus. Of these ten or twelve only are now known.

The most celebrated is that which goes by the name of Belzoni's tomb, and is the resting-place of Setei-Men-cphthah—the father of Rameses. The staircase, which appears at the very mouth of the cavern, is quite as uninviting as travelers describe, but we did not hesitate, and it seemed like going down into some veritable Hades. All the Pantheon of Egypt gleams ghastly in our tapers' light on the sides of the pit. The first large chamber at which we arrive is desolate, and has an unfinished appearance, and in some smaller rooms or subterranean chapelries which open out of it, and which give the appearance of being the continuation of the line of the tomb,—there are some curious unfinished paintings, being many heads left as mere disks to be filled in on a subsequent occasion. It would seem that the draughtsman must have been followed by pupils, or conventional colorists, who filled in these disks, because in one face, if not in more, it seems probable that the head draughts-

man had come a second time and corrected the work of the subordinate. The whole tomb is three hundred and nine feet in length, and contains fourteen different chambers.

There is much fearful conflict with the spirit of evil, and all the drear mysteries of this strange complicated theology revealing itself. We came to chamber after chamber where all the abominable things of Egyptian worship were represented—all the stumbling-blocks of iniquity. What the interminable processions, the endless coils of writhing serpents, the innumerable conjunctions of animal or human form could mean,—what trees growing in boats, serpents with human heads, and head-pieces hobbling on their ends which were elongated into tiny feet, could possibly mean—we are at great loss to conjecture. We know the names and general attributes of these divisions of their Pantheistic worship, a little of the law by which these deities appear under different names and symbolism, but we soon pause in our interpretation.

Here, and in the heart of the Pyramids of Lower Egypt, the reverend Egyptians laid the deified corpses of their kings, and strove vainly to contend with the curse and shame and misery of death.

There was, perhaps, in this transformation of the tomb into the throne and palace of a god, some vague hint and unconscious prophecy of the work of the true King of Men, of the life that has sprung out of his death, and of the fact that the cross is the seat of his glory, and the grand symbol of his power.

It was a long and arduous journey, and the tomb was situated in a remote and inaccessible place. The entrance was a narrow passage, and the interior was a series of chambers and corridors. The walls were covered with hieroglyphs and paintings, and the ceiling was decorated with stars and constellations. The tomb was found by Belzoni in 1817, and it was one of the most important discoveries of his time. The tomb was found in a state of great decay, and the interior was filled with debris and rubbish. The walls were crumbling, and the paintings were faded and worn. The hieroglyphs were also in a state of great decay, and many of them were illegible. The tomb was found in a state of great decay, and the interior was filled with debris and rubbish. The walls were crumbling, and the paintings were faded and worn. The hieroglyphs were also in a state of great decay, and many of them were illegible.

Our main information is derived from the papyrus, the various appointments of the deceased, and the numerous coffins, and from the tombs of the kings. The tomb was found in a state of great decay, and the interior was filled with debris and rubbish. The walls were crumbling, and the paintings were faded and worn. The hieroglyphs were also in a state of great decay, and many of them were illegible.

That Oriental minds were afflicted for ages with the troubling superstition that a special manifestation of the deity was deemed to them in the person of their king. The divine right of kings was a prominent fact in the kingdoms of Babylon and Persia, and Egypt. During their

From the Dublin University Magazine.

## AN HOUR AGO, OR TIME IN DREAMLAND.\*

THE schools of poetry so scornfully characterized by Carlyle as the Lake school, the Border-thief school, the Cockney, and the Satanic, which ruled over the heart of this generation during its childhood, have already vanished from the earth; their influence has passed away; their heroes have died out and become extinct. The heads and leaders, indeed, the authors of *Marmion* and *The Giaour*, still wear, and will forever wear their crowns in the Valhalla† of the ages; but their imitators and disciples are no more. A new race of poets has arisen, and the commencement of a new epoch has been marked by the simultaneous tendency of all writers, whether of prose or verse, towards the elaboration of truth, as the aim and reward of all their mental toil; the deep eternal truth which lies at the base of all human life. Our leaders of literature now seek their inspiration in the mysteries of passion and suffering as they exist in all social grades—in the highest as in the commonest daily life. And if they lay bare the evils of ignorance and sin, and paint with awful fidelity the coarseness and degradation of a fallen life, it is to arouse in us that noble sympathy which can almost regenerate the heart in which it is born, and that on which it falls.

Of these teachers of our age, with their world-wide sympathies, human tenderness, profound love for the good and beautiful, and scorn of the untrue, who

proudly stand on the ruins of the false, feeble, unbelieving eighteenth century, and preach earnestness, faith, truth, and self-reverence in all life's work, reverence, too, for the inalienable rights and dignity of man, Carlyle may be named the leader in philosophy, and Mr. Ruskin in art; whilst fiction has its crowd of witnesses, and poetry its universal priesthood, all devoted to the same high mission; pre-eminent in the latter walk stands Elizabeth Browning, the greatest poetess of this age.

All these poets and writers—poets all of them, whether in prose or verse—aim at representing in their works the philosophic, the æsthetic, and the social tendencies of the time towards truth, light, and freedom.

In the *Sartor Resartus* of Carlyle is depicted, with that quaint humor and pathetic eloquence in which he has no rival or equal, the progress of a human soul from Doubt to Faith. In Bailey's *Festus* we have the history of every human soul, symbolized by the history of one in its progress from sin to suffering, and through suffering to purification and redemption: while in *Aurora Leigh* we stand before our unveiled social life, and see the eternal war between deep true human feeling and false shallow conventionalism: and the grand superiority of nature's nobility over the mere aristocracy of caste and circles is asserted and proved.

Mr. Corkran's poem of *Time in Dreamland* belongs also to this modern philosophical school, and is distinguished by the same high aims and teaching. The subject is the history, not as in *Festus*, of a single soul working out its own purification through suffering, but of the great soul of humanity itself considered in its unity—its moral evolution and growth through the progressive intellectual development of the race.

Humanity is a thought of God, and human history its manifestation; this is the idea of the poem.

\**An Hour Ago, or Time in Dreamland—A Mystery.* By J. F. CORKRAN. London: Longman, Brown & Co. 1858.

†The Valhalla or Walhalla was the mystic heaven of the Scandinavians. The modern Walhalla is a magnificent marble temple on the north bank of the Danube, five miles below Ratisbon, three hundred feet above the water, and almost overhanging it; adorned and filled with the most beautiful statuary that we have ever seen, of the purest Italian marble, with life likenesses of renowned men of Germany and Europe for the past thousand years—worth a journey from New-York to see.—EDITOR OF ECLECTIC.

The world-plan unfolds itself to the author as a gradual revelation or incarnation of this divine thought. But he proceeds by no mere historical sequence; he rejects details, and selects his illustrations only from those philosophical epochs distinguished by their essential nature, as influencing the development of the soul; periods which some grand and sudden apocalypse of intellect made splendid, fruitful, and elevating, and the effects of which were permanent upon the moral condition of the human race.

These remarkable periods, when the soul seems to receive a fresh impetus, and rushes onward to the light, are always found illuminated by the name of some *one* great man; for all history shows that individuals alter the world, not the masses. Of these are the men to whom power is given to pierce the depths of human sympathy and touch the springs of human thought. Their object is always mental freedom; for thought must precede action as light preceded creation. The mental view of things must be cleared before the brain will stir the muscles of the arm to dare and do. And it is strange, though a sure proof of the innate grandeur of the soul of man, that no great flame of enthusiasm ever yet was kindled in the world for any thing that concerned merely the physical bettering of human condition.

Man has the permanency of an animal in his mere animal habits—the eating, drinking, clothing, sheltering modes of life; there it is always hard to move the masses; there they are always suspicious or careless of change. But when the spark touches the mental nature, when the soul comes in contact with an idea, a mere abstraction that seems in no way connected with man's daily life, then enthusiasm burns fiercely and irresistibly, and overbears all opposition. Liberty—truth—patriotism—these are but words; yet for such words only are men found willing to die. For there is no true life but in the soul, and it is only in those high moments, when the heart is lifted above the transitory into the eternal, and all that holds of the Godlike within us is aroused, that we have the sublime consciousness of living, being, and of our privileges as a race “only a little lower than the angels.”

The prophets and teachers whose aim in life was to lift human souls to this elevation are the heroes of Mr. Corkran's

poem. The men who, in their age advanced the landmarks of knowledge and planted their banners on the reclaimed space, inscribed for all time with their name; who fought the battle of life bravely for the sake of an idea, but ideas that could free the soul and regenerate humanity. Cosmocrators—world-leaders—the old Platonists would call them. Carlyle names them heroes; Emerson, representative men; but all alike have the one object, the spiritual and intellectual elevation of mankind. And the period of time selected, wherein such men best acted out their destiny as regenerators, is that wondrous era of mental development dating from the fall of the Byzantine Empire to the close of the sixteenth century; a period which included the grandest discoveries—the greatest men—the sublimest manifestations of art, and the most important events that ever influenced the mental progress of our race; events whose pulsations still vibrate in the great heart of the world. A new continent was discovered, and the ocean path to India opened—the kingdoms of Europe were consolidated—national languages organized and perfected—literature was freed from its monastic bondage and diffused to the millions by the invention of printing—philosophers weighed the stars, while navigators were revealing the earth, and science rose from the knowledge of facts to laws. Civil freedom was established on the ruins of feudalism, and religious freedom won by Luther from a tyrannical and demoralized priesthood.

Whatever is most beautiful in Christian architecture, sculpture, and painting falls within this period. All the great artists were living then; and while Michael Angelo raised a firmament of marble to heaven, Raphael filled the Vatican with forms of ideal beauty. Centuries have passed by, but still this century remains unsurpassed. In art, science, and literature, religion and government, the soul was liberated in light, freedom, and beauty; and the old world rose regenerated from a baptism of intellectual glory.

The events and the men of such an era form a magnificent programme for a poem; while the requirements are indeed great that could do them justice; a philosophic intellect, the comprehensive learning of the student, the lyric power of the poet, and much of the sad wisdom of life;

yet the author is never beneath either his subject or his purpose. In every line there is the inspiration of a calm, noble, reflective mind; and with a generous enthusiasm the temple doors have been opened wide to all great souls, no matter what their sect or calling. All who have gained or given rights to humanity find welcome to the brotherhood of the Heroes of the World.

Historic truth, meanwhile, has been carefully preserved, and the historic characters are so faithfully drawn, that the poem comes to us like a voice that has traversed the ages, and spoken with the men of all time, in their own language, and in sympathy with their own thoughts.

The fall of Byzantium was the fall of an epoch of the world; the close of a cycle which began when ancient Rome "perished like a mammoth in a drift of northern snows;" and ended when the last of the Eastern Cæsars fell beneath the sword of Mohammed.

A thousand years separated these two events; seven hundred of which are stigmatized in history as "The Dark Ages"—dark through ignorance, and barbarous through poverty, during which period, says Hallam, "but two really great men appeared in literature, John, surnamed Scotus, of Ireland, and Pope Silvester II."

From the twelfth century light began to dawn, and the elemental strivings of human intellect towards development can be detected. Dante and Giotto were "The Witnesses" in the fourteenth century; and ever stronger and brighter grew the light till it culminated in the splendor of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

But, truly, when Byzantium fell, in the middle of the fifteenth century; when the Eastern empire lay waste and desolate; its Christian altars overthrown, its children fugitives, and the triumph of barbarism seemed complete over the luxurious civilization of a thousand years, no one could have foreseen that from these very smouldering ashes of a ruined empire, Western Europe was to gain all its light. Yet such was the hidden plan of Providence. The cultivated Greeks, who fled from their fallen capital, carried with them their science, arts, language, literature, and refinements of civilization; and thus the Greek mind, with its high culture, was flung upon half-barbarous Western Europe, and gave that immense irrepres-

sible stimulus to thought, which produced all that has made modern Europe what it is.

Florence and the Medici were foremost to offer the fugitives a sanctuary, and in return they gave Florence and the Medici their glory. From Duke Cosmo, who welcomed them, down to the pontificate of his grandson, Leo X., all that was eminent throughout Italy in learning, philosophy, and the fine arts, owed its origin to Greek teaching, and Italy radiated the light that kindled souls throughout the world.

The great epochs of development which followed this event are brilliantly illustrated in Mr. Corkran's poem. It is a synthesis of human progress, thrown into the poetic form—sometimes narrative, sometimes dramatic. With all the light concentrated upon the Representative man of each epoch; for, in every deliverance from bondage there is a Moses; for every great idea given to the world, there is some one living man its exponent to the age in which it is revealed. Thus, it is the vital life of history is reflected, not its details; the life within the life; and it is the privilege of the poet thus to grasp and illustrate results; details are for the statist and politician, but the poet stands in the center where all radii meet, and follows out each line of human life to where it blends with the Infinite and Eternal.

To the author of *Time in Dreamland*, the significance of each historical event is measured only by its influence on the eternal element within man's nature. His epic is the liberation of the soul, with its manifestations and triumphs; and the only heroes he recognizes are the men who, in whatsoever mode they teach or preach, by art, science, moral nobleness, or heroic action, show to the world that every onward step in human perfectness is a true manifestation of the divinity in humanity.

As it is the soul's history, the soul alone perceives it. A vision falls upon the poet, in which, unfettered by the laws of duration or space, he beholds the whole great era of human progress revolve before him through its zodiac of living lights. It is *An Hour in Dreamland*, but that hour is a century. The poem opens with some fine lines, telling how the simple beauty of a mother's life first gave a spiritual impulse to his thoughts, strength for the present, and hope for the future.



She is thus described:

"Book-learned she was not, yet I ne'er knew one  
Could read like her the sorrow of a face  
At first sight of, and, with a mistress' hand,  
Bring from the torn disheveled instrument  
Such moving histories——"

"Well, she is now with God; thank God she is.  
Why doth her spirit not bear message down—  
Well, if it might, what other lesson teach  
Than that already taught by her own life:  
When looks the world most hopeless, *how*  
*much good*  
*Can be accomplished by a single will!*"

This thought suggests the poem. A pretty prologue follows, in which the poet and his wife discuss the ideas of the age:

"Tremendous social questions, waiting for  
The purifying powers of thought and time.  
'The Rights of Woman'—woman hath great  
rights,  
And well she uses them. Hers is the right  
To form the infant mind, to sow the seeds  
Of knowledge and of virtue, and to strike  
Deep through the unsteady soul the piles on  
which

*God's Temple, character, must firm be built."*

—"*Hath she no wrongs?  
Hath heaven no wrongs? What do we not  
profane*

*Save her at least from equal rights of sin."*

From the present age the philosopher is led back to consider the origin of all the great ideas which now influence mankind, with the epochs that produced them, and finds that

"Enterprises influencing deep  
The destinies of states and mankind's fate  
Are ever wrought by one inspired man;  
Men who gave their lives  
For the world, and whom the world hated."

—"*Great forward leaps  
Followed by fainting falls have marked Time's  
course,*

*Each revelation to mankind vouchsafed  
Hath come encompassed by mighty storms.  
Each gift from Heaven  
Hath claimed its price in combat, for without  
Battle unto the death is naught obtained."*

Then, as in a vision, he beholds a great crowd standing in the sunlight—a lustrous crowd with calm majestic eyes. And a voice tells him who he is looking upon:

"By psalmists, prophets, stand the wise of  
Greece,  
Plato, Pythagoras, and Socrates!  
And Rome's majestic Pagan heroes give  
To mightier Fathers of the Church the hand."

They are gathered together to look upon the fall of Byzantium, while Michael the

Archangel stands by the soul of the dead Constantine and unfolds before him the new phase of human history which is to rise from the ruins of his empire. He shows him the Spirit of Truth going forth from Heaven to preach a new evangel to man; and the Spirit of Falsehood swift following from Hell to turn all virtues into vices. Thus, by her influence, reverence for authority becomes abject slavery; religion becomes fanaticism, and human freedom changes to the wildest license and infidelity. But still the angel shows how

"Truth rises fresh

From the eternal combat with the false.

The conquest of the worst lasts but a day,

The ever-living word immortal burns."

Then he leads Constantine to his place amid a pyramid of thrones, whereon are seated the crowned kings who are of the just: David, "whose soul dissolved upon his harp in psalms," Alfred, the saintly Louis, and mighty Charlemagne.

—"*But many thrones*

*Did empty look, save on their steps there sat  
Faces of disrowned sorrow, round whose brows  
Was girt a burning mark."*

Then a long trail of light settles down "by a ship's helm, in a breeze-freshened sea," and in the ship he beholds

"A group of calm grave men,  
With reason on their brow. And women sweet  
With soul o'er all the face. Before their eyes  
Were spread strange manuscripts. Alas! they  
were  
Lovers of learning from the city fled."

The vision changes, and the poet sees

"Those Grecians wise  
Whose features Raphael to us revealed  
When Athens' school arose before his eyes."

Their eyes are bent upon fair Florence, where the fugitive Greeks of fallen Byzantium have found repose—

"And pay

The merchant Cosmo back with deathless fame."

Already out of evil has sprang forth good and the first sparks of intellectual power in Europe rise from the ashes of the empire which the Turk had trampled beneath his feet. A description follows of the court of the wise Lorenzo "the Magnificent," with his learned friends Mirandola the poet, and the quaint Ficinus the Platonist, and how in their warm philosophic enthusiasm

"They wept o'er Socrates as 'twere to-day.  
He drank the hemlock and spoke words divine.  
Discours'd of Plato—How he taught  
That love of the Creator leads to love  
Of all which doth show forth our Maker's laws."

But the vision changes again suddenly from these refined and spiritual Platonists to the tragedy of the Pazzi—a conspiracy instigated by Pope Sixtus IV. against the Medici, whose towns he coveted and whose glory he envied. Falsehood has now her hours of triumph, masked in the garb of religion; Griellano, brother to the great Lorenzo, is stabbed by a priest as he kneels to receive the Host at the altar, and Lorenzo himself is wounded, but not slain. He lives for vengeance; and, by his orders Salviati, Archbishop of Pisa, head of the conspiracy, and two priests beside, are hung in the streets of Florence, while the crowd shout—"Unto the Pazzi death!"

The death of Salviati is one of the best passages in the poem, but too long for quotation.

Savonarola now appears upon the scene—the inspired, doomed Dominican; with his fierce denunciations against sin, whether beneath the cowl or the tiara; his fiery wrath against all that taints and corrupts the soul; and his burning words of love, tenderness, and pity, for all human weakness; the divine-souled yet human-hearted man who wrote these words—"I entered the cloister to learn how to suffer; and when sufferings visited me, I made a study of them; and they taught me to love always, and to forgive always."\* The vision passes on and shows us Savonarola in prison with the patriot Machiavelli, and Saint Augustine is seen weeping in heaven with his mother Monica, while they gaze on Florence—

"Behold, she said, yon martyrs who redeem  
The wickedness of men with agonies."

And they bend to listen as Machiavelli speaks:

"Thou hast done well, my Jerome, right well done,  
To brave those impious Borgias in their might.  
Never did one of old immortal Rome  
Perform a work more noble or more wise.  
A patriot saint thou art, a tribune priest,  
A man of God! a veritable man!"

"Jerome, go on;

March bravely, brothers, to the martyr's crown,  
Though burning fire make red the heavens, like  
face

Of demon impotently glaring—On!"

Savonarola answers:

"I will, God helping me. I will reprove  
Vice in high places, tiara'd, scepter'd, crowned,  
And raise God's law above all human thrones.

Men thirst for life;

The keen, sweet sense of living—life in the  
breach—

Before the dice—the cup—or on the lip.

Oh! catch them up into the higher life,

As live they must and will; and that's his  
task—

The teacher's."

MACHIAVELLI.

"Alas! then I'm no teacher."

SAVONAROLA.

"Yes, but thou art a teacher thine own way.

Grandly thou sittest on the throne of time,

And the past, present, and the future, like—

The river's source, the river, and the sea—

Cause, course, and consequence—behold at  
once!

My work is done. Thine only is begun.

My voice shall like a player's pass away."

MACHIAVELLI.

"Not so. *Examples never die.* The tale

Of noble deed which gives the poets' song

Nurtures the spirit of the growing man.

A whole life's volume bursts in act and word,

A grand immortal blessedness of blossom."

The vision changes, and the poet sees an altar—but the altar is of fagots piled for a funeral pyre, and the victim is Savonarola

"Bound in the talons of a fiery woe."

But

"Where in the market-place the people see

A felon burning—angel eyes discerned

A sacrifice."

Again, a prison.

"There a wan, old man; a dungeon deep;

And men with faces clammy as cold walls,

And hearts unfeeling as the flag they tread,

Stand pen in hand—and no confession comes,

Nature can bear no more—he swoons, he

swoons!

Nicholas Machiavelli swoons in sleep

As the deep grave profound. His towering

mind

Boundless as space and time, thick thronged

with stars,

Is trampled out as by the foot of beast."

Falsehood has had her revenge in martyrdom; but the torch of truth that fell from the hand of the dead Savonarola is grasped by the young Luther, and the

\* Quoted from Dr. Madden's *Life of Savonarola*.

miner's son kindles a blaze in Germany that speedily lights the world.

Truth flies from Papal Italy; and we behold her next standing by the side of the aged Guttenberg, at the moment of success, when intellectual freedom has been achieved by his discovery. Faust, and his daughter, Faustine, appear upon the scene to share his joy, with Schoeffer, Guttenberg's assistant, who is the lover of the young Faustine. But their marriage had been opposed by her father for want of means. Guttenberg the lone, old man, who has no passion but science, no joys but in contemplating its grand results, and to whom both fame and fortune would now come too late—generously imparts the secret to his assistant, which enables him to win bride, and fame, and fortune, all together, and thus the triumph of intellect becomes the sacrament of love, for—

"Upon the marriage-altar of this pair,  
See the first printed Holy Bible laid;  
Thronged down the angels; they that temple  
filled,

And from the temple, up to space and space,  
A broadening beam of angels, to the Throne!  
Truth held the Bible in her own fair hands,  
While Falsehood, scathed and wounded, fled  
the light.

Yet, breathed she still, in consciousness that  
yet

The struggle was not o'er for many an age."

Again the vision changes. The human mind has already sprung to adolescence, and over all the broad Continent of Europe can be traced the strong efforts of the soul to liberate itself in all modes of human life, social, political, and moral.

Luther smites down corruption as with an archangel's sword, and the Reformation is achieved.

Feudalism sinks beneath the keen edged wit of Erasmus; and the civil and sacerdotal tyrannies, which for a thousand years had "ground down men's bones to a pale unanimity," tremble and fall before the strong words of a few earnest, heroic men.

Science, too, at the same moment, by maritime discovery, opened the ocean highways to commercial freedom, and a universal brotherhood of nations. The men of the epoch pass before us as in a vision, grand and calm in the consciousness of all they have achieved. Let us arrest some of these majestic shadows as they pass.

Two men are standing by a vessel's stern, one, Martin Behem, who gave the Brazils to Portugal; the other a despised Jew, but the inventor of the astrolabe, by whose aid navigators dared to track the wild wide ocean—yet here, as upon all blessings given to man, falsehood contrives to set her curse. The ship that brings the tidings to King John, of Portugal, of his new possession, brings also a cargo of humanity, the first offering these rich lands lay at his feet.

Then Columbus passes along the scene—

"A sweet, composed, and gentle man,  
Eyes deep and full, as if they drank in heaven."

First we see him a wanderer at the courts of unbelieving monarchs, with no proof to offer for the world he promised save his own intense faith—"Faith, the soul's sense, that to the Infinite soars."

The cold, crafty Ferdinand of Spain, however, is too intent on expelling the Moors, that he may plunder their fair cities, to heed him, save

"With scornful eye, and cold deceptive smile,  
But, whilst he is surrounded by his knights;  
A goodly sight in sun-flamed coats of mail,  
His saintly and heroic Isabel,

Attracted by the glorious light of Truth  
Over his countenance suffused, gives ear  
Unto Columbus looking grandly poor."

"Upon Columbus, Isabel her eyes  
Turned their full-orbed weightiness of strength,  
And his bleached not. There was a breadth  
of calm.

A purity and gentleness, diffused  
Over the visage of that marvelous man;  
And in his darkly glowing eyes, a depth  
Of patient power which the Queen subdued  
To equalizing sympathy. She asked,  
With sweet serenity of smile, the road  
Which to those unknown kingdom rightly  
led!"

"Thereupon to her he told the tale  
Of agitated hopes that round his mind  
Shook like a bannered army."

"She paused in silent prayer: what passed  
within

The infinite world of her soul, there were  
Around me hosts of spirits who could tell,  
But on mine own the mortal vail still hung.  
I could but watch and listen, and I heard  
As Isabel bent down her head, these words:  
I'll pledge my jewels for this enterprise!  
That whispered word gave to Castile a world!"

This description is beautiful; and also the account of his approach to that new world, hitherto seen only in his dreams, believed in only by faith. Winged mes-

sengers come to him "over the waters to his Ark," prophetic of success.

But falsehood follows quick to mar the good and blight the blessing. By her promptings, Christian men, under the plea of religion, murder from lust of gold; while in Spain, the Inquisition, under the banner of the cross, tortures and kills for the sake of God, and shrieks of agony from the victims of both hemispheres, rise together before the throne of the Highest.

A ghastly crowd of victims make a wall between heaven and the terrible Torquemada, who sinks back to utter darkness, and retribution falls on Spain; from that hour her gold and her glory began to depart from her.

Another scene of the drama, and Erasmus is before us, his delicate feeble frame contrasting with his giant mind. He is in colloquy with a monk and a feudal baron, who prove, wisely and truly, that feudalism and monasticism had their mission once for human good, like all other phases of human condition.

Luther appears now before the poet's vision; the last great hero of the century; the man who, above all others, influenced Europe; who rent the human mind from its old moorings, and gave that impetus to religion, and civil and intellectual freedom, which still vibrates throughout the world. See him first, the young monk of Erfurth, struggling in such mental agonies with the dawning truth that his frame wasted, and he often fell down insensible, till the monks restored him by soft low music. Then, warring against the visible devil at Wartburg—warring against and conquering that false fiend—

"Who never in his proudest hours of might  
Dared meet a man whose soul rose fixed on  
God!"

Again see him, the apostle of spiritual freedom, commissioned by the Almighty, standing in the might and power of that divine diploma undaunted before the Council at Augsburg, before his subtle enemy the Cardinal Legate, and the chief amongst Italian and German nobility; see there this solitary, humble, low-born, spirit-worn monk, prostrating his body three times in the abject humility of old servitude before the proud Cardinal; but again, the next moment, with bold inspired force and eloquence, behold him smite down one after another the hollow

shadows they opposed to the truth, till the legate's face grew white with wrath, and his heart quailed, and he dismissed the assembly with a faint sarcasm on the man he could not confute. The monk had conquered. The weary worn ascetic that day lit a torch, whose light still burns after three hundred years.

Some striking lines may be found in the scene where the tempter tries to dissuade Luther from his work of Reformation by fear of the results. He tells him—

"The rude peasants  
Tumultuously meet in arms. They say  
The light that thou hast let into their hearts  
Shows their condition to be brutes, not  
men."

Luther answers:

"Combat's the test of Truth. Good men and  
brave  
Baptize their faith in blood."  
"The world is all a battle-ground—each man  
At battle to himself, by battle tried.  
The way to Heaven, fiend, lies through  
victory;  
We thither bring the crowns we do receive  
Transfigure back."

Again the tempter pleads by the beauty and the blessedness of "Peace." Luther answers:

"That is to say, corruption—Peace, O Peace!  
When it doth mean submission unto ill;  
When it doth mean surrender of the man—  
His heart, his soul, his thoughts to priestly  
powers;  
The abdication of his royal rights;  
Peace doth stagnating rottenness become."

The great results of Luther's teaching are then sketched boldly and vividly. The peasants gather round their watch-fires at night with low mutterings of bright hopes and stern resolve to claim or take their rights. They demand freedom from the oppression of the nobles; from the greed and tyranny of the Church; and trial by jury of their brothers; and the last words rang on the listener's ears "like hymn of holiest justice."

"Chivalrous Barons in brave council sit,  
Passing bright Rhenish round, and lo! a  
spy  
Reports the immethodical rude strength,  
In which enthusiasm breathes living soul."

A sound word from a sound heart has rushed like a storm upon the old social systems of Europe, and shivered them to dust. Men begin to think, to reason, to



compare the dogmas of the Church and the codes of kings with the original hand-writing of God upon the tables of the heart; and steel-girded chiefs "shake in their armor when a true voice speaks."

"The Peasants' War" flames up throughout all Germany, and heroes are with them to lead them or to die for them:

"The patriots Hütten, Sickingen, and Goetz—  
Great hearts which stormy sunset's flame  
sublime  
Do swathe with soft rich beauty."

The sympathizing Alps flash signals back; the watch-fires of freedom flush every mountain-peak like sunset, and Zwinglius associates his name forever with his country as the apostle and the martyr of Switzerland.

"Heaven hath lighted up with sacred fire  
The Alps' stupendous altar. Victory  
Shines from the mountain to reflecting lake,  
And looks into the watcher's tears with  
light."

Thus every where from the liberated earth to heaven rises up the triumphant Miriam song of thanksgiving for the passage from darkness to light, from bondage to freedom. Meanwhile Falsehood has raised up an agent to mar the good work; for, according to the idea of the poem, Falsehood follows Truth perpetually as her shadow—a powerful agent gifted with zeal, courage, energy, and strong will, equal to Luther's own; a man of heroic endurance, infinite self-devotion and abnegation; yet whose aim, while he fancies he is doing God's work, is only to bind the fetters again upon the freed mind of man:

Ignatius Loyola, who recoiling from Luther's doctrines in direst antagonism, stabbed to death every vital energy, every human feeling, every independent mental effort in his disciples, and left only one principle remaining—a mute, blind, passive, unquestioning obedience.

Contrasting strongly with Loyola is a sketch of Calvin. The founder of Republicanism in Christianity—Calvin, with his cold, pure intellect—resolute will, and terrible zeal—the type after which fashioned themselves the republicans of Cromwell and the stern old heroes of "The Covenant."

The vision passes on now to the tragic scenes of "Saint Bartholomew;" and the spirit of fierce hatred and bigotry that

produced that darkest chapter in religious history is attributed and traced by the author to the teaching of Loyola's disciples the Jesuits.

It is the night of the massacre: Catherine, the Queen Mother, has just given her daughter Marguerite in marriage to Henry of Navarre, whom she destines to be the first of her victims:

"The Huguenots are in the snare at last,  
For Catherine hath with her own fair child  
The scene obscuring incantation crowned."

Then a moan, like human sorrow, is heard among the spirits in heaven, and a voice tells:

"They are Medici,  
Who felt the Pazzi's dagger at the mass;  
And mourn in Heaven, to see that one of  
theirs,  
A woman, too, of their own house and kin,  
Hath gone beyond the Pazzi's crime profane."

While the bell tolls for the massacre, Falsehood and the Evil One, triumphant and exultant, chant the death-song of the victims, and the progress of the assassins, as they watch the events of the night, seated on the belfry:

"Ring, bell, ring, but not for mass;  
Ring, bell, ring, but not for prayers;  
Red torches are lighted,  
Keen daggers are drawn;  
Beware, ye benighted,  
Ye shall not see dawn.

A curse on psalm-singers, a curse on the mass;  
Hist! hist! something wicked is coming to  
pass."

The next scene shows us retribution following closely on crime, in the death of the miserable weak-minded Charles IX.:

"One night he broke from tortured sleep, and  
stood  
Before his mother, in a ruin of blood,  
Wrenched by remorse from his mad heart,  
Through every pore, as if a drop were  
claimed,  
With its life particle, for every life  
Taken in the massacre. So died King  
Charles."

Meanwhile, the spirit of Loyola is working in Spain also, producing the dark cruelties and crimes of the bigot, the stern-hearted Philip; while the spirit of Luther—the spirit of truth and freedom—rushes up in light from the swamps of Holland, making the name of the Netherlands synonymous in history with heroism and glory, and Falsehood trembles before

"These children of no soil;  
These dwellers on the land where dwells the  
sea."

A grand scene follows: the defense of Leyden, made memorable by that splendid act of William of Orange, who, finding no other way to dislodge the enemy, ordered the dykes to be broken, and thus, submerged his country to save his country. Falsehood sees with dread that

"Midst these unfavored shoals, where man  
hath naught  
Save his own right unconquerable soul,  
A true, strong man hath risen."

This true, strong man must be got rid of; this man who stands right in the way of bigotry and oppression. And the Jesuit Balthazar, the disciple of Loyola, is found a ready instrument for the dark deed.

William of Orange, the lion-hearted defender of his country's rights, is assassinated by the secret orders of Philip of Spain, who vainly thinks that truth and freedom will fall by the same blow. But, as he falls, England grasps the flag of freedom from the dying hero and nurtures it evermore upon English soil.

Henceforth Spain and England represent the two antagonistic forces of Truth and Falsehood. One comes with the might of the Armada, haughty in power, certain of triumph, dares—and *fails*. The other, strong in right, humble in spirit, dares—and *conquers*. Then comes the award of divine justice. Philip of Spain, the gloomy, relentless bigot, dies a loathsome mass of corruption,\* haunted by the image of his own murdered son; while the murdered William of Orange beholds from heaven his grandson mount the throne of England; the representative to the world of those eternal human rights for which he had fought and fallen. And the poem ends with a chant of glory to England and her mighty Shakspeare, whom the poet considers as the result and crowning of the great century whose storms had produced him.

"A genius cradled in the Armada storm,  
And in his magnitude of deathless song  
Will mankind grow familiar with an age,

\* We saw and sat in the chair in the Escorial in which Philip died. He sat in the chair most of the time for two years writhing in agony. He could not lie on his bed. His flesh was alive with worms and vermin which crawled in and out of his flesh.—EDITOR OF ECLECTIC.

The greatest in the world, because it  
brought,  
Through its capacity, this genius forth,  
Its glories full incarnated in him.  
As wild seas lost in caverns leave their  
shrieks  
Amidst the rocks without. So passions  
strong  
Rolled off their frenzy as they thronged his  
breast,  
And moaned into a music that made weep  
Soul-purifying tears."

We have now traced the design of this remarkable poem, have guided the reader through this Valhalla of "The Lords of Life," and paused before every great historic name. We feel conscious, however, that our necessarily brief extracts can convey but an inadequate notion of the massive grandeur of a drama where each character is one of the world's great heroes. Yet, even our fragmentary quotations will prove the wealth and beauty of the poem, which abounds in passages that are vigorous in thought, epigrammatic in terseness, and resonant with harmony of expression.

Nor does the poem fail to touch by sympathy while it elevates by admiration. The characters are not abstractions merely. A human heart vibrates in each of them, and some natural touch of affection shows the human tenderness with the divine power. We are not dazzled by the glory, for we see it through tears.

"All heroes," says Fichte, "offer up their lives for the race. Every thing great and good on which our age rests has been bought by the sacrifices made by the heroes of the past for ideas;" and he defines the hero—"Heroes are men who sacrifice life and its enjoyments for the sake of the idea. They enter into a new life-element of spiritual clearness and purity, whereby life in any other form becomes absolutely distasteful to them."

But what have we that is not bought with suffering? by lives that toil on in darkness and gloom to hew out for others the elements of heat and light. World-saviours and light-bringers—all are doomed, like the workers at the Gobelin tapestry, to work a life-long ever, ever at the bright threads, but, at the *back* of the picture—never seeing the result, never hearing the praise. Yet, one day the work is done, and then, face upward to the light of heaven, it meets the admiration of the world, but—the worker is in his grave.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

## THE LAST VICTIM OF THE SCOTTISH MAIDEN.

A SCOTTISH maiden! What a pleasant vision do not these words call up. Who that has ever kept his twelfth of August on the northern moors could fail to be reminded by them of some bright-eyed Highland lassie whom he has met at early dawn of day crossing the mountain stream barefoot, with her plaid thrown over her fair hair, and her clear voice singing out an old sweet ballad of her native land; or haply, if he has had an *entrée* to the homes of the Scottish aristocracy, they will bring before him some yet fairer picture of a pure pale face, where eyes of a blue, tender as the morning sky, spoke of a noble and truthful soul within; and he has learnt to love the race that once had such deadly feuds with his Saxon ancestry, because of the "glamour" cast around him by the golden-haired daughters of the land.

But very different is the real picture of that Scottish maiden of whom we are about to speak; nor was she any vision of the fancy, but a terrible reality, whom all men knew and feared throughout broad Scotland, two hundred years ago. A dark and stern lady was she truly, and one who brooked no rivals—for they whom she had once embraced were never clasped to mortal heart again; and the lovers whom she pillowed on her bosom, slept a sleep that knew no waking. Few there were, even of the bravest, who did not shudder somewhat as they saw her keeping her unchanging watch through storm and sunshine, beneath the shadow of old St. Giles, the principal church of the Northern capital; and oftentimes, when they saw how the ground beneath her feet was stained with blood, they muttered curses on the "loathly maiden," that had done to death so many a gallant Scot. Yet to some this ghastly lady (which was none other than the public guillotine) appeared to have attractions, such as many a bright-eyed damsel would have envied; for it is recorded of the noble Marquis of Argyle, the last who had died in her embrace, when our story commences, that he ran eagerly up the steps, and exclaimed as he laid his head on the block: "This is the sweetest maiden I have ever kissed." This saying of his was often

cited, and the world wondered what hidden pang had so darkened life for the gallant noble, whose homage was courted by the fairest ladies, that he should die with words of such bitter meaning on his lips; but when, some few years later, the maiden pressed with her cold hand the throat of him who proved to be her latest victim, the strange and tragic circumstance of his death obliterated all recollections of the Marquis and his dying words.

It happened singularly enough, however, that these two, the Lord of Argyle, and Kenelm Hamilton who succeeded him on the block, had been in life the deadliest enemies; and by a peculiar chain of circumstances, which we shall now proceed to detail, the death of the one caused that of the other.

It was about a month after the execution of the Marquis that Hamilton, whose race, so closely allied to the kings of Scotland, was even prouder than Argyle's, found himself, compelled by political business, to pass a night in the little town of Inverary, close to which stood the magnificent castle of the same name, which had been the heritage of his dead rival.

Never, perhaps, did any one approach that beautiful spot with greater ill-will than Kenelm Hamilton; he was a young man of a peculiarly fiery and impetuous disposition, of whom it was often said that his love and his hatred were alike to be dreaded, so ardent and passionate was he in either; he was the second son of that noble family of Hamiltons, between whom and the Argyles there had been a deadly feud for many generations past. Never, however, had it burnt more fiercely than in the time of which we write, when the families had been represented by the Marquis who had just been compelled to lay his lofty head at the maiden's feet, and Kenelm, with his wild and angry temper; for his elder brother was an idiot, who bore the family title, but lacked the wit to defend their honor when assailed. Deep had been the hate between Argyle and Hamilton, which even the new-shed blood of the former had not availed to quench; for, in addition to the old clan feud, there was a private quarrel between

them which had fearfully embittered their traditional hatred. The Marquis of Argyle had been betrothed almost from boyhood to his cousin, the Lady Ellen Graham, and although their engagement had been a matter of family arrangement, he loved her well and truly: not so the lady, however. She had not been consulted when she was bound, while yet a child, to the Marquis, and with the true feminine spirit of contradiction, she resolved to choose for herself, and accepted the addresses of Kenelm Hamilton, who, by some unlucky chance, had fallen in love with his rival's bride. Their wedding was even now fixed to take place in a few months; and this circumstance, no doubt, explained the last words of Argyle, which were destined to be the means of one day bringing his enemy to the arms of this same cruel maiden, whom he himself had embraced with so much fervor. And now the recollection of that last bloody scene was, doubtless, heavy on the heart of Hamilton as he rode down the mountain path which led to Inverary Castle and the little village that lay at its foot. It was a cold and gloomy winter night: the darkness was intense, and the wild north wind went shrieking and howling through the pass as if it bore upon its wings the souls of those who had expired in some great agony, while the dark Scotch firs stood up like specters among the bleak gray rocks. Truly it was an evening on which the stoutest heart might gladly seek a shelter, and Hamilton was fain, though sorely against his will, to rest for the night in the domain of his enemies. This had been no part of his intention when he set out on his journey; he had then been accompanied by two of his retainers, and he designed to have passed at a little distance from Inverary early in the day, and to have lodged for the night in a castle at some distance, and belonging to a kinsman of his own; but, unhappily that morning one of his guides had been thrown from his horse and injured so severely that his life was despaired of. Some hours were spent in conveying the wounded man to a resting-place; and Hamilton, whose mission admitted of no delay, was obliged to leave him in charge of his comrade and push on his road, although the short December day was already closing in when he started again.

He rode on as rapidly as he could, but the darkness soon became so impenetrable

that he repeatedly lost his way; and when, at last, the lights of Inverary gleamed through the driving mist and rain, he felt that it had become a matter of necessity that he should rest there for the night, as his jaded horse was stumbling at every step from sheer fatigue.

In these turbulent times, when every man's hand was against his fellow, there would have been considerable risk in a Hamilton venturing into Inverary, and especially this particular Hamilton, had he been known; but Kenelm trusted that the darkness of the night would prevent his being seen by any but the landlord of the inn where he meant to sleep, to whom he was personally unknown, and who would not be likely to suspect that a solitary horseman, unattended by a single retainer, could bear so proud a name.

In this supposition he was proved to have judged rightly. Kenelm rode unmolested and unobserved through the little town, the streets of which were, in fact, almost deserted; as the tempestuous weather had driven all the inhabitants into their houses, and he saw, to his great satisfaction, that even the door of the inn was shut—a sufficient proof that no guests were expected at the “Argyle Arms” that night. The landlord, a Campbell, of course, and as sturdy a Scot as one could wish to see, himself came to the door to welcome the stranger, and after sending his tired horse to the stable, he ushered him into the huge stone kitchen, briefly remarking that he must be content with such cheer as the family provisions could afford, for that he little expected any visitors on a night so “uncanny.”

Hamilton assured him he was not disposed to be fastidious, and having thrown off his dripping mantle and disencumbered himself of his heavy riding-boots, he sat down on the oaken settle opposite the huge fireplace; while Campbell went out to see that the horse was attended to.

Left to himself, Kenelm began to look around him, and he was much struck by the scene which presented itself within the room. The huge fireplace, which was filled up with wood, sent a bright and ruddy glow over the whole room, and lighted up with a brilliant glare the figure of a young woman, who sat at one corner of the ample hearth, and who was the only other occupant of the apartment besides himself. There was something very peculiar in the appearance of this girl, which



riveted. Hamilton's gaze in spite of himself. She sat perfectly motionless, excepting for the rapid movement of her fingers, which she was employing in knitting; her plaid thrown back from her head left her pale face exposed to view, which was marked by a singularly frigid and yet by no means vacant expression. This was caused, in part, no doubt, by the fixed stare of her large light blue eyes, which never moved in their sockets nor brightened with a sparkle of life; it was evident that she was stone blind, while there lurked certain lines round the thin compressed lips which seemed to indicate that she had all the acuteness, amounting almost to cunning, which often characterizes persons thus afflicted.

The countenance was far from beautiful — scarcely even pleasing — yet it impressed Hamilton with a sense of power such as we often feel and yet can not define in the presence of persons unknown to us. She gave no sign of being conscious of his presence, but he felt she was aware that he was in the room; and as he continued to watch her sitting there in her strong impassiveness, an indefinable feeling of shrinking and dread took possession of him, for which he could not account. He had been thinking of his rival's bloody death, and it struck him that the implacable "maiden" who had taken Argyle's young life might have been fitly represented by this weird damsel who sat there so like a blind inexorable fate weaving a web of inevitable doom.

The gallant knights of those times who feared neither death nor danger, were greatly prone to superstition; and Hamilton, hot-blooded and impetuous as he was, proved no exception to the rule. He was, therefore, heartily glad when the innkeeper returned and broke the ominous silence which had so oppressed him.

"Here, Elspeth," said Campbell, addressing the figure in the broad Scotch of those days which we will not attempt to reproduce, "Here's a gentleman, cold and hungry, come and see what you can find for his supper."

Hamilton listened anxiously for the sound of her voice, feeling as if it would be a relief to hear her speak, but she never opened her lips; she rose up, however, at once, and began to move about in a strange mechanical manner, her blindness becoming more apparent as she guided herself by the touch, while the staring glassy eyes

seemed to him absolutely ghastly as she passed near him. She placed some oatmeal cakes and dried fish on the table, along with a jug of whisky, and then returned to her place by the fire, where she sat immovable as before.

"Is that your daughter?" said Hamilton to the innkeeper, as he invited him to draw near and eat.

"My only child; and blind from her birth," was the reply, uttered almost with sternness, as if the subject were painful. "Elspeth's not like other folk, and you had better take no heed of her."

Hamilton took the hint and said no more, while he applied himself to the rude fare set before him with a keen-set appetite. Nor did he spare the whisky, which was wonderfully cheering after his wet ride; and when he had finished his repast, he felt, as he said, like a new man altogether. Filling his glass again, he invited Campbell to join him, and the two began to converse together on the events of the day. Kenelm sat with his back to the blind girl, and, as she never moved or spoke, he soon forgot her presence altogether, and had well-nigh forgotten also the necessity of concealing his name and lineage from these retainers of his foes, when he was startled into a sudden remembrance of his position. Alluding to some political event, he mentioned that he had been at Holyrood the day before.

"Ye come from Edinboro', then," said the innkeeper, kindling with a sudden fierceness, and, clenching his fist, he struck it on the table with a violent blow, exclaiming: "Curses on the bloody city! — the city of murderers! and may the fire from heaven come down upon it and consume it!"

"Amen," said a deep, stern voice, almost at Kenelm's ear, and he started involuntarily as he saw that it had come from the blind woman's lips. Something, too, in the sudden passion of the Campbell had stirred the angry blood within himself, and whilst an involuntary instinct told him what train of thought had thus fired the retainer of Argyle, he had much ado to hide his own antagonistic feelings.

"You speak sharply, Master Campbell," he said, at last. "The capital of Scotland is beholden to you in truth."

"Ay," said the Highlander, his brow growing red with suppressed rage; "but why should I curse the senseless stones, though they were stained with the blood

of the noble Lord Argyle. Rather let me curse his enemies, who drove him to the death — his bitter foes, who made his life so dark to him that he was fain to break some petty law that he might die. Curses, then, I say, upon the traitor Hamilton, who stole his bride."

"Amen," the deep voice answered, but this time Kenelm heard it not; his fiery passions were aroused beyond control; he forgot all but that he had been called a traitor, and, starting to his feet, he advanced on the Campbell, saying:

"Man, know you to whom you are speaking?"

"I neither know nor care," said the innkeeper, rising also. "But I say yet more: not only curses upon him, the traitor, but upon her, his lady light-o'-love, who would have brought a stain upon Argyle's time-honored house had she become his bride!"

This was too much. In another moment Hamilton's dirk was gleaming in his hand. "Villain, unsay that word," he thundered out; "she is as pure as driven snow."

"His lady light-o'-love," repeated the Campbell, with a mocking smile, at the same time preparing to defend himself; but the furious Hamilton had closed with him ere the words had well passed his lips — one fierce struggle followed, then the Highlander fell heavily to the ground as his assailant plunged the dagger into his breast up to the very hilt, exclaiming: "Die, then, with the foul lie in your throat." One deep groan — one strong convulsion of the stalwart limbs, and Campbell was a corpse.

Hamilton stood transfixed, while his boiling blood gradually subsided, and his passion cooled in the presence of death. The whole thing had taken place so suddenly, that he could hardly believe the living, breathing man he had been talking to so amicably but a few moments before, was lying there murdered by his own hand. But suddenly as he gazed, he felt his flesh creep with a strange horror, as he saw the soulless eyes of the blind maiden upturned towards him as she knelt on the ground by her dead father, towards whom she had crept with a step so stealthy that he had not heard her. Hamilton drew back, shuddering, from the fixed stare, so dreadful seemed the expression of hate on her white, ghastly face; but as he receded she crept towards him on her knees and laid her hand, which she had

steeped in her father's blood, on his till it bore the same red stain, and said in a low stifled voice: "You have murdered him, and you shall die for it. None saw the murder, for my blind eyes saw it not; but think not to escape: the vengeance of Heaven will track you out one day." Then flinging up her arms to heaven, she exclaimed — "My father, O my father!" and fell upon the corpse with a shriek so wild and piercing, that Hamilton felt as if it must have rung upon the ears of every person in the town, and reached even through the massive walls of Inverary Castle.

That cry recalled him to himself; he must escape right speedily, or another moment would see him surrounded by those whom it must rouse; the instinct of self-preservation at once took the place of every other feeling, and with one bound he darted to the outer door, opened it, rushed to the stable, mounted his horse without saddle or bridle, and the clattering of his horse's feet, as he galloped away, was all that the inhabitants heard of him as they rushed to the inn, whence the blind girl's shrieks were still heard echoing.

Hamilton never slackened his pace till he had laid ten miles between him and Inverary. In those days the course of justice was as stern as it was summary; and he felt well-assured that the present Marquis of Argyle, the younger brother of his rival, would never rest till he had found out the murderer of his retainer, especially when he heard from Elspeth the circumstances of his death; and if he succeeded in his search, the services of the "maiden" would right speedily be called into action for Kenelm himself.

When at last he ventured, under cover of a dark fir wood, to stop his furious course, he began to consider the best means of avoiding discovery, with no small anxiety as to the issue. His best hope was in the fact, that none had been present during the murder but the blind girl, who could not identify him; and that not a single inhabitant of Inverary had seen him, except her dead father himself. He was now not very far from the house of his kinsman, where he originally intended to have passed the night. The time he had spent so fatally in the inn at Inverary had not extended beyond an hour, and the rapid pace at which he had traversed the last ten miles had fully brought him to the

time when he would, according to his ordinary style of traveling, have reached his destination. He therefore resolved to proceed thither at once, as if he were only arriving from the village where he had left his servants, and to trust that no one would ever suspect him of having made his unfortunate detour into the domain of his enemy. This plan succeeded perfectly; he was expected by his cousin; and next morning his servant joined him, having left his comrade doing well; so that no doubt was for a moment entertained that he had ever deviated from the road he had been expected to take, and he had once more started for Edinburgh before the news of the murder had spread beyond Inverary. Nevertheless, when the fact did become known, it created a great sensation, chiefly owing to the peculiar circumstances of the case—a murder committed by an unknown assassin in presence of one sole witness, and that one deprived of the power of seeing the murderer, was, even in those days of bloodshed, a striking event, and the mysterious escape of the criminal seemed altogether unaccountable.

The Marquis of Argyle, who was at his castle on the fatal night, left no stone unturned in his efforts to discover the perpetrator of the deed; being stimulated to unusual activity in the search, by the strong suspicion he entertained that the assassin was in some way connected with the family of his foes, the Hamiltons. This he gathered from the conversation between the murderer and his victim; which Elspeth detailed word for word, but it afforded no clue whatever to the actual individual, and Kenelm himself was never suspected.

After a few weeks of useless investigation the search was given up; but the details of the murder were carefully recorded by the court of justice, and the Lord of Argyle declared that if ever in his lifetime the assassin were discovered, he would bring him to the scaffold, be the interval ever so long. Elspeth found a home in the Marquis's household; after the good old fashion of these times, which recognized a claim on the part of all the helpless and afflicted of the clan to find a refuge with the family of their chief, and Kenelm had, to all appearance, escaped with perfect impunity.

Yet he, gay and reckless as he seemed, was secretly haunted by one dark fore-

boding, which never left him night or day. Campbell was not the first man he had slain in the course of his stormy career; but he was the first he had murdered; the first whose life he had taken otherwise than in honorable warfare; and already the unfailing retribution of actual crime had commenced in the deep secret of his heart. Wherever he went, alone or in crowds, from the hour when the low solemn warning of the blind girl came to him as he stood with his feet dabbling in the blood of her father. He heard that voice ringing in his ear, and telling him that vengeance would surely find him yet, and the sleepless justice of the Invisible track him out when least he looked for it. Not even the joy-bells, on his wedding morning, could drown that ominous whisper in his soul, nor the sweet tones of the gentle Lady Ellen, while she murmured her bridal vows. Still was it sounding there, when the feeble cry of his first-born spoke of new ties to make life sweet; and, later still, he heard it through the firing of the salutes that greeted him as ambassador on a foreign shore. Years passed on, most of which were spent at one of the continental courts; and when, at last, he returned, with his wife and family to Edinburgh, the murder of the innkeeper had not been thought of by any one for a long time past.

One day, about a month after his arrival in the Scottish capital, Hamilton was walking along the most fashionable part of the old town, where the houses of the nobility were chiefly to be found, when his attention was attracted by a fray, which was going on in the streets between two young men. Such a sight was by no means uncommon in those days; but the fury of the lads was so great that it was evident some serious mischief would ensue if they were not separated. Hamilton, whose rank in the city entitled him to interfere, at once rushed in between them, calling to them in a loud voice to desist immediately from further quarreling, and with a firm grasp of his strong hands on the shoulder of each he sent them reeling to the opposite sides of the street.

The affair had collected a considerable crowd, and Hamilton's rank and position were well known amongst them, so that they all made way for him as he turned to resume his walk. One moment he stood there in all his proud prosperity, receiving the homage of the people as his right, and

scarcely bending his lofty head in acknowledgment of it—the sunshine of a bright summer sky streaming down upon his noble and commanding form seemed but to typify the brilliancy of his worldly prospects. One moment he stood thus, and the next, the vengeance that had so long tracked his steps unseen laid hold upon him with a deadly grasp, and the sun of Hamilton's career sunk down to set in blood. A shriek, so thrilling and intense that it seemed to pierce his very heart, suddenly rung through the air, and all eyes, as well as his own, were turned to the spot from whence it appeared to have arisen—and there a sight presented itself which caused the stately Hamilton to grow pale and tremble like a child. On the highest step of the stone stair which led to the door of the Marquis of Argyle's town residence, a tall haggard-looking woman was standing—her arms were outstretched towards Hamilton, and her eyes, whose glassy vacaney showed that they were sightless, seemed to glare upon him with a horrible triumph as she shrieked out in tones that were heard far and near: "Seize him! seize that man whoever he may be—he is the murderer of my father, I know him by his voice." Many of Argyle's retainers were amongst the crowd, and the Marquis himself had been drawn to the window by the noise of the quarrel. All knew Elspeth Campbell, the blind woman, and remembered her father's mysterious murder—all could testify to the acuteness of her sense of hearing, and to the repeated expression of her longing desire that she might hear the voice of the assassin so long sought in vain, for she remembered the full rich tones that had called on her father to unsay his words one instant ere he fell a corpse, and she felt certain she should know them again if she could but once hear the murderer speak; and now, after the lapse of all these years, the well-known voice had struck her ear, and again and again she screamed out: "Seize him! seize him! I know he is my father's murderer." In another moment Argyle was confronting Hamilton, too thankful to have such a charge established against his ancient enemy. The people crowded round, and if any had been disposed to doubt the blind woman's recognition, Hamilton's own awe-struck conscience set a seal upon its truth, for he attempted no defense, but kept his appalled look still fixed upon the blind woman's

ghastly face; he let his hands fall at his side and exclaimed: "It is the hand of God, and I am lost."

He spoke truly; he was lost indeed. Argyle speedily brought him to justice. The blind woman's evidence was unquestionable, nor did he attempt to controvert it; it was as if the very blood of the murdered man had risen up to cry for vengeance; and all men deemed it a righteous sentence which doomed him to the scaffold.

Not many days after that bright morning when he stood, as it seemed, on the pinnacle of fortune with admiring crowds around him, he found himself again the center of a large assemblage, the object of interest to all. The deadly maiden had been prepared to receive another victim, and at her feet the noble Lady Ellen Hamilton sat weeping bitterest tears, as she saw the lover of her youth, the husband of her riper years, led up to die.

They let him pause one instant to take leave of her. "My Ellen, do not weep," he said, "this is but the work of God's unsleeping justice. I ever knew that I must die for that rash deed. The blind woman's voice has haunted me through all these years, as it seems mine has haunted her. She told me vengeance would overtake me, and it is come—merciful it is that it meets me on the scaffold and not in the fires of hell." He kissed her pale lips and passed on.

Still nearer to the fatal maiden stood the blind woman, who had murdered him as surely as he killed her father. He laid his hand on hers: "Elspeth, you are avenged," he said; "I am about to die. Now, let your hatred pass away, and pray for me."

"I will," she answered, and tears fell from her sightless eyes as he passed on to suffer.

In another instant the maiden had done her work, and the last of her victims lay slaughtered in her terrible embrace.

The instrument of death thus strangely named was never used again. It was superseded by the more modern fashion of executing criminals, and it may now be seen in the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries in Edinburgh, with the dark stains yet corroding on the fatal knife, which were left there by the blood of him who in very deed and truth was brought to justice by the signal retribution we have recorded.



From Colburn's New Monthly.

## THE GRAVESTONE IN THE CLOISTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ASHLEY."

I.

THE Reverend Mr. Wilberforce sat at the head of his dinner-table, eating his own dinner and carving for his pupils. His face looked hot and angry, and his spectacles were pushed to the top of his brow, for if there was one thing more than another that excited the ire of the master, it was that of any boys being unpunctual at meals, and Cookesley had this day chosen to be absent. The second serving of boiled beef was going round when he made his appearance.

"What sort of behavior do you call this, sir?" was the master's salutation.

"Do you expect to get any dinner?"

"I am very sorry to be so late, sir," replied Cookesley, eyeing the boiled beef wishfully, but not daring to take his seat.

"I went to see Arkell, and—"

"And who is Arkell, pray, or you neither, that you must upset the regulations of my house?" retorted the master.

"You should choose your visiting-times better, Mr. Cookesley."

"Yes, sir. I heard he was worse; that's the reason I went; and when I got there the Dean was with him. I waited, but I had to come away without seeing Arkell, after all."

"The Dean with Arkell!" echoed Mr. Wilberforce.

"He is there still, sir. Arkell is a great deal worse. They say he will never come to school or college again."

"Who says so, pray?"

"Every body's saying it now," returned Cookesley. "There's something wrong with his head, sir; some internal injury caused by the fall; but they don't know whether it's an abscess, or what it is. It may kill him they say."

The master's wrath had faded: truth to say, his anger was generally more fierce in show than in reality. "You may take your seat for this once, Cookesley, but if you ever transgress again—Holloa!"

broke off the master, as he cast his eyes

on another of his pupils, "what's the matter with you, Lewis, junior? Are you choking, sir?"

Lewis, junior, was choking, or gasping, or something of the sort, for his face was distorted, and his eyes were round with seeming fright. "What is it?" angrily repeated the master.

"It was the piece of meat, sir," gasped Lewis. A ready excuse.

"No, it wasn't," put in Vaughan the bright, who sat next to Lewis, junior.

"Here's the piece of meat you were going to eat: it dropped off the fork on to your plate again: it couldn't be the meat. He's choking at nothing, sir."

"Then, if you must choke, you had better go and choke outside, and come back when it's over," said the master to Lewis. And away Lewis went: none guessing at the fear and horror which had taken possession of him.

The assize week had passed, and this was the week following it, and still Henry Arkell did not make his appearance in the cathedral or the school. Was it likely that the effects of a fall, which broke no bones, bruised no limbs, only told somewhat heavily upon his head, should last all this while, and incapacitate him from his duties? Had it been any other of the king's scholars, no matter which of the whole thirty-nine, Mr. Wilberforce would have said that he was skulking, and have sent a sharp mandate for him to appear in his place; but he knew better things of Henry Arkell. He did not much like what Cookesley said—that Arkell might never come out again, though he affected to receive the information with disbelief.

The dull, heavy pain in the head, complained of by Henry Arkell soon after the fall in the cathedral, (a somewhat mysterious fall, as it was looked upon, since nobody could imagine what caused it,) had increased by imperceptible degrees, until it grew to intensity. Then his friends called in the family doctor, who

said he saw no cause for apprehension, and thought he only required rest. But when two or three days more went on, and the pain grew no better, but worse, and the boy more heavy, it dawned into the surgeon's mind that he possibly did not understand the case, and it might be as well to have the advice of a physician. The most clever the city afforded was summoned; and he did not appear to understand it, either. That there was some internal injury to the head, both agreed; but, what it might be, was not so easy to state. So a few days more went on, and the doctors paid their regular visits, and the pain still grew worse; and then the half-shadowed doubt grew into one which had little shadow about it, but stern substance — that the injury was rapidly running on to a fatal issue.

He had not then taken to his bed: he would sit at his chamber-window in an easy-chair, his poor aching head leaning on a pillow. "You would be better in bed," every body said to him. No, he thought he was best up, he answered: it was more change: when he was tired of the chair and the pillow, he could lie down outside the bed. "It is unaccountable his liking to be at the window so much," Mrs. Arkell remarked to Mr. St. John. To them it might be: for how could they know that the sight of *one*, who might pass, and cast a glance up to him, made his day's happiness?

One afternoon, just about the time that the physician was first sent for, Mr. St. John called to see him. Henry was at his usual post, the window, but standing up, his head resting against the frame, and his eyes strained after some distant object outside. So absorbed was he, that Mr. St. John had to touch his arm to draw his attention, and Henry drew back with a start.

"How are you to-day, Harry? better?"  
 "No, thank you. This curious pain in my head gets worse."

"Why do you call it curious?"  
 "It is not like an ordinary pain. And I can not tell exactly where it is. I can not put my hand on any part of my head and say it is here or it is there. It seems to be in the center of the inside — as if it could not be got at."

"What were you watching so eagerly?"  
 "I was looking outside," was Henry's evasive reply. "They had Dr. Ware to me this morning: did you know it?"

"I am glad of that!" exclaimed Mr. St. John. "What does he say?"

"I did not hear him say much. He asked me where my head was struck when I fell, but I could not tell him — I did not know at the time, you remember. He and Mr. —"

Henry's voice faltered. A sudden, almost imperceptible, movement of the head nearer the window, and a wild accession of color to his feverish cheek, betrayed to Mr. St. John that something was passing, which bore for him a deep interest. He raised his own head and caught a sufficient glimpse: *Georgina Beauclerc*.

It told Mr. St. John all: though he had not been without his suspicions. He recalled certain words Miss Beauclerc had spoken to him the night previous to Assize Sunday, when he had gone to the deanery for an hour, after meeting the judges at dinner at the bishop's palace. Mysterious words they had sounded to Mr. St. John then, but now their meaning was cleared to him. So! the boy's heart had been thus early awakened — and crushed.

"The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers  
 Is always the first to be touched by the thorns,"

whistled Mr. St. John to himself.

Ay, crushing is as sure to follow that early awaking, as that thorns grow on certain rose-trees.

The first, beyond the immediate family, to hear the news that there was no further hope, was Mr. St. John. He never missed a day without going to see Henry, and upon going one morning as usual, he found him in bed.

"Like a sensible man as you are," quoth Mr. St. John, by way of salutation. "Now don't rise from it again until you are better."

Henry looked at him, an expression in his eyes that Mr. St. John did not like, and did not understand. "Did they tell you any thing down stairs, Mr. St. John?" he inquired.

"I did not see any one but the servant. I came straight up."

"Mamma is lying down, I dare say: she has been sitting with me part of the night. Then I will tell it you. I shall not be here many days," he whispered, putting his hand within Mr. St. John's.

Mr. St. John did not take the meaning:

that the case would have a fatal termination had not yet crossed his mind. "Where shall you be?" cried he, gayly, "up in the moon?"

Henry sighed. "Up somewhere. I am going to die."

"Going to what?" was the angry response.

"I am dying, Mr. St. John."

Mr. St. John's pulses stood still. "Who has been putting that rubbish in your head?" cried he, when he recovered them to speak.

"The doctors told my father yesterday evening, that as I went on, like this, from bad to worse, without their being able to discover the true nature of the case, they began to fear it might terminate fatally. Afterwards mamma came and broke it to me."

"Why did she do so?" involuntarily uttered Mr. St. John, in an accent of reproach. "Though their opinion may be unfavorable — which I don't believe, mind — they had no right to frighten you with it."

"It does not frighten me. Just at first I shrank from the news, but I am quite reconciled to it now. A faint idea that this might be the ending, has been running through my own mind for some days past, though I would not dwell on it sufficiently to give it a form."

"I am astonished that Mrs. Arkell should have imparted it to you!" emphatically repeated Mr. St. John. "What could she have been thinking of?"

"O Mr. St. John! mamma has striven to bring us up not to fear death. What would have been the use of her lessons, had she thought I should run in terror from it when it came?"

"She ought not to have told you — she ought not to have told you?" was the continued burden of Mr. St. John's song. "You may get well yet."

"Then there is no harm done. But with death near, would you have had me, the only one it concerns, left in ignorance to meet it, not knowing it was there? Mamma has not waited herself for death — as she has done, you know, for years — without learning a better creed than that."

Mr. St. John made no reply, and Henry went on: "I have had such a pleasant night with mamma. She read to me parts of the Revelations; and in talking of the glories which I may soon see, will you be-

lieve that I almost forgot my pain? She says how thankful she is now, that she has been enabled to train me up more carefully than many boys are trained — to think more of God."

"You are a strange boy," interrupted Mr. St. John.

"In what way am I strange?"

"To anticipate death in that tone of cool ease. Have you no regrets to leave behind you?"

"Many regrets: but they seemed to fade into insignificance last night, while mamma was talking with me. It is best that they should."

"Harry, it strikes me that you have had your griefs and troubles, inexperienced as you are," resumed Mr. St. John.

"Oh! yes, I have," he answered, betrayed into an earnestness, incompatible with cautious reserve. "Some of the college boys have not suffered me to lead a pleasant life with them," he continued, more calmly: and then there has been my father's gradually straitening income."

"I think there must have been some other grief than these," was Mr. St. John's remark.

"What other grief could there have been?"

"I know but of one. And you are over-young for that."

"Of course I am; too young," was the eager answer.

"That is enough," quietly returned Mr. St. John; "I did not tell you to betray yourself. Nay, Henry, don't shrink from me; let me hear it: it will be better and happier for you that I should."

"There is nothing — I don't know what you mean — what are you talking of, Mr. St. John?" was the incoherent answer.

"Harry, my poor boy, I know almost as much as you," he whispered. "I know what it is, and who it is. Georgie Beauclerc. There: you can not tell me much, you see."

Henry Arkell laid his hand across his hot face and aching eyes: his chest was heaving with emotion. Mr. St. John leaned over him, not less tenderly than a mother.

"You should not have wasted your love upon her: she is a heartless girl. I expect she drew you on, and then turned round and said she did not mean it."

"Oh! yes, she did draw me on," he replied, in a tone full of anguish; "other-

wise, I never—— But it was my fault also. I ought to have remembered the many barriers that divided us; the——”

“You ought to have remembered that she is an incorrigible flirt, that is what you ought to have remembered,” interrupted Mr. St. John.

“Well, well,” sighed Henry, “I can not speak of these things to you; less to you than to any one.”

“Is that an enigma? I should think you could best speak of them to me, because I have guessed your secret, and the ice is broken.”

Again Henry Arkell sighed. “Speaking of them at all will do no good; and I would now rather think of the future than of the past. My future lies there,” he added, pointing to the blue sky, which, as seen from his window, formed a canopy over the cathedral tower. “She has, in all probability, many years before her here; Mr. St. John, if you spend those years together, will you sometimes talk of me: I should not like to be quite forgotten by you—or by her.”

“Spend them together!” he echoed. “Another enigma. What should bring me spending my years with Georgina Beauclere?”

Henry withdrew his hand from his eyes, and turned them on Mr. St. John. “Are you not engaged to her? Is she not to be your wife?”

“She! Georgina Beauclere? No, thank you.”

Henry Arkell’s face wore an expression of puzzled wonder. “But—I do not understand! It must be so. It was for your sake she treated me so ill. She loves you, Mr. St. John.”

“She is a little simpleton, then. I would not marry Georgie Beauclere if there were not another English girl extant. And as to loving her—Harry, I only wish, if we are to lose you, that I loved you but one tenth part as little.”

“Sorrow in store for her! sorrow in store for her!” he murmured, as he turned his face to the pillow. “I must send her a message before I die: you will deliver it for me.”

“I won’t have you talk about dying,” retorted Mr. St. John. “You may get well yet, I tell you.”

Henry opened his eyes again to reply, and the calm peace had returned to them. “It is better to talk of death than to shrink from it, Mr. St. John.” And

Mr. St. John grumbled an ungracious acquiescence.

“And there is another thing I wish you would do for me: get Lewis, junior, here to-day. If I send to him, I know he will not come; but I must see him. Tell him, please, that it is only to shake hands and make friends; that I will not say a word to grieve him. He will understand.”

“It is more than I do,” said Mr. St. John. “He shall come.”

“I should like to see Aultane—but I don’t think my head will stand it all. Tell him from me, not to be harsh with the choristers, now he is senior——”

“He is not senior yet,” interposed Mr. St. John, in a husky tone.

“It will not be long first. Give him my love, and tell him, when I sent it, I meant it fully: and that I have no angry feeling towards him.”

“Your love?”

“Yes. It is not an ordinary message from one college boy to another,” panted the lad, “but I am dying.”

After Mr. St. John left the house, he encountered the Dean. “Dr. Beauclere, Henry Arkell is dying.”

The Dean stared at Mr. St. John. “Dying! Henry Arkell!”

“The inward injury to the head is now pronounced by the doctors to be a fatal one. They told the family last night there was little, if any, more hope. The boy knows it, and seems quite reconciled.”

The Dean, without another word or question, turned immediately off to Mr. Arkell’s, and Riverton as immediately turned its aristocratic nose up. “The idea of his condescending to enter the house of those poor Arkells! had it been the other branch of the Arkell family, it would not have been quite so lowering. But Dr. Beauclere never did display the dignity properly pertaining to a dean.”

Dr. Beauclere, forgetful as usual of a dean’s dignity, was shown into Mr. Arkell’s parlor, and from thence into Henry Arkell’s chamber. The boy’s ever-lovely face flushed crimson, from its white pillow, when he saw the Dean. “O sir! you to come here! how kind!”

“I am sorry for this, my poor lad,” said the Dean, as he sat down. “I hear you are not so well: I have just met Mr. St. John.”

“I shall never be well again, sir. But do not be sorry. I shall be better off: far, far happier than I could be here.”



"Do you feel this, genuinely, heartily?" questioned the Dean.

"Oh! yes, how can I do otherwise than feel it? If it is God's will to take me, I know it must be for my good."

"Say that again," said the Dean. "I do not know that I fully caught your meaning."

"I am in God's hands; and if he takes me to him earlier than I thought to have gone, I know it must be for the best."

"How long have you reposed so firm a trust in God?"

"All my life," answered Henry, with simplicity; "mamma taught me that with my letters. She taught me to take God for my guide; to strive to please him; implicitly to trust in him."

"And you have done this!"

"I have tried to do it, sir. Though when I think how imperfect it has been, I should shrink, but that I know there is One to intercede for me."

"Have you sure and certain trust in Christ?" returned the Dean, after a pause.

"I have sure and certain trust in him," was the boy's reply, spoken fervently; "if I had not, I should not dare to die. It troubles me so much to think I have not been confirmed."

"But why?"

"Because then I should have received the sacrament."

"Confirmation is not an absolute essential to that," cried the Dean, in his quick manner. "I do believe you are more fitted for it than are some who take it. Would it be a comfort to you?"

"It would indeed, sir."

"Then I will come and administer it. At seven to-night: will that hour suit your friends?"

"O sir! you are too good," he uttered, in his surprise; "mamma thought of asking Mr. Prattleton. I am but a poor college boy, and you are the Dean of Riverton."

"Just so. But when the great King of Terrors approaches, as he is now approaching you, it makes us remember that in Christ's kingdom the poor college boy may stand higher than the Dean of Riverton. Henry, I have watched your conduct more than you are aware of, and I believe you to have been as truly good a boy as it is in human nature to be; I believe that you have continuously striven to please God, in little things as in great."

"Not half as much as I ought," was the whispered reply.

The Dean's interview was a long one, to the discomfort of Cookesley, who was waiting down-stairs with impatience, and, as the reader has seen, nearly lost his dinner. As soon as they rose from table, the boys, full of consternation, trooped down to Arkell's, picking up several more of the king's scholars on their way, who were not boarders at the house of Mr. Wilberforce. The Dean had gone then, but Mr. St. John was at the door, having called again to inquire whether there was any change. He cast his eyes on the noisy boys, as they approached the gate, and discerned amongst them Lewis, junior. Mr. St. John stepped outside, and pounced upon him, with a view to marshal him in. But Lewis resisted violently; ay, and shook and trembled like a girl.

"I will not go into Arkell's, sir," he panted. "You have no right to force me. I won't! I won't!"

He struggled on to his knees, and clasped a deep-seated stone in the Arkell's garden for support. Mr. St. John, not releasing his collar, looked at him with amazement, and the troop of boys watched the scene over the palings.

"Lewis, what is the meaning of this?" cried Mr. St. John. "You are panting like a coward; and a guilty one. What are you afraid of?"

"I'm afraid of nothing, but I won't go into Arkell's. I don't want to see him. Let me go, sir. Though you are Mr. St. John, that's no reason why you should set up for master over the college boys."

"I am master over you just now," was the significant answer. "Listen: I have promised Arkell to take you to him, and I will do it: you may have heard, possibly, that the St. Johns never break their word. But Arkell has sent for you in kindness: he appeared to expect this opposition, and bade me tell it you; he wants to clasp your hand in friendship before he dies. Walk on, Lewis."

"You are not master over us boys," shrieked Lewis again, whose opposition had increased to sobs.

But Mr. St. John proved his master-ship; for, partly by coaxing, partly by authoritative force, he conducted Mr. Lewis to the door of Henry's chamber. There, Lewis seized his arm in abject terror; he had turned ghastly white, and his teeth chattered.

"I can not fathom this," uttered Mr. St. John, wondering much. "Have I not told you there is nothing to fear? What is it that you do fear?"

"No; but does he look very frightful?" chattered Lewis.

"What should make him look frightful? He looks as he has always looked. Be off in; and I'll keep the door, if you want to talk secrets."

Mr. St. John pushed him in, and closed the door upon them. Henry held out his hand, and spoke a few hearty words of love and forgiveness; and Lewis put his face down on the counterpane and began to howl.

"Lewis, take comfort. It was done, I know, in the impulse of the moment, and you never thought it would hurt me seriously. I freely forgive you."

"Are you sure to die?" sobbed Lewis.

"I think I am. The doctors say so."

"O-o-o-o-o-h!" howled Lewis, "then I know you'll come back and haunt me with being your murderer: Prattleton, senior, says you will. He saw it done, so he knows about it. I shall never be able to sleep at night, for fear."

"Now, Lewis, don't be foolish. I shall be too happy where I am to come back to earth. No one knows how it happened: you say Prattleton does, but he is your friend, and it is safe with him. Take comfort."

"Some of us have been so wicked and malicious to you," blubbered Lewis. "I, and my brother, and Aultane, and Prattleton, senior."

"It is all over now," sighed Henry, closing his heavy eyes. "You would not, had you foreseen that I should leave you so soon."

"Oh! what a horrid wretch I have been!" sobbed Lewis, rubbing his smeared face on the white bedclothes, in an agony: "and, if it's found out, they might try me, next assizes and hang me. And it is such a dreadful thing for you to die!"

"It is a *happy* thing, Lewis; I feel it is, and I have told the Dean I feel it. Say good-by to the fellows for me, Lewis: I am too ill to see them: tell them how sorry I am to leave them; but we shall meet again in heaven."

Lewis grasped his offered hand, and, with a hasty, sheepish movement, leaned forward and kissed him on the cheek: then turned and burst out of the room, nearly

upsetting Mr. St. John, and tore down the stairs. Mr. St. John entered the chamber.

"Well, is the conference satisfactorily over?"

Again Henry reopened his heavy eyes.

"Is that you, Mr. St. John?"

"Yes, I am here."

"The Dean is coming this evening at seven," he whispered: "for the sacrament. He said my not having been confirmed was no matter in a case like this. Will you come?"

"Henry, no," was the grave answer.

"I am not good enough."

"O Mr. St. John!" The ready tears filled his eyes. "I wish you could!" he beseechingly whispered.

"I wish so too. Are you distressed for me, Henry? Do not look upon me as a monster of iniquity: I did not mean to imply it. But I do not yet think sufficiently of serious things, to be justified in partaking of that ordinance without preparation."

"It would have seemed like a bond of union between us: a promise that you will some time join me where I am going," pleaded the dying boy.

"I hope I shall: I trust I shall: I will not forget that you are there."

As Mr. St. John left the house, he made his way to the Grounds, in a reflective mood: the cathedral bell was then ringing for afternoon service, and, somewhat to his surprise, he saw the Dean hurrying from the college, not to it.

"I'm on my way back to Arkell's! I'm on my way back to Arkell's!" he exclaimed, in an impetuous manner; and forthwith he began recounting a history to Mr. St. John; a history of wrong, which filled him, the Dean, with indignation.

"I suspected something of the sort," was Mr. St. John's quiet answer; and the Dean strode on his way, and Mr. St. John stood looking after him, in painful thought. When the Dean came out of Mr. Arkell's again, he was too late for service that afternoon. Although he was in residence!

Just in the unprepared and sudden manner which the news that Henry Arkell was about to die, may have overtaken the reader, so did it overtake the town of Riverton. People could not believe it: his friends could not believe it: the doctors scarcely believed it. The day wore on; and whether there may have lingered any

hope in the morning, the evening closed it, for it brought additional agony to his injured head, and the most sanguine saw that he was dying.

All things were prepared for the service, about to take place, and Henry lay flushed, feverish, and restless, lest he should become delirious ere the hour should arrive: he had become so rapidly worse since the forepart of the day. Precisely as the cathedral clock struck seven, the house-door was thrown open, and the Dean placed his foot on the threshold:

"PEACE BE UNTO THIS HOUSE, AND TO ALL THAT DWELL WITHIN IT!"

The Dean was attended to the chamber, and there he commenced the Office for the Visitation of the Sick, omitting part of the exhortation, but reading the prayer for a soul on the point of departure. Then he proceeded with the Communion.

When the service was over, all, save Mrs. Arkell and the Dean, quitted the room. Henry's mind was tranquil now.

"I will not forget your request," whispered the Dean.

"Near to the college-door, as we enter," was Henry's response.

"It shall be done as you wish, my dear."

"And, sir, you have *promised* to forgive them."

"For your sake. You are suffering much just now," added the Dean, as he watched his countenance.

"It gets more intense with every hour. I can not bear it much longer. Oh! I hope I shall not suffer beyond my strength!" he panted; "I hope I shall be able to bear the agony!"

"You know where to look for help," whispered the Dean; "you can not look in vain. Henry, my dear boy, I leave you in peace, do I not?"

"Oh! yes, sir, in perfect peace. Thank you greatly for all."

## II.

It was the brightest day, though March was not yet out, the first warm, lovely day of spring. Men passed each other in the streets, with a congratulation that the winter weather had gone, and the college boys, penned up in their large school-room, gazed aloft through the high windows at the blue sky and the sunshine, and thought what a shame it was that they should be

held prisoners on such a day, instead of galloping over the country at "Hare and Hounds."

"Third Latin class walk up," cried Mr. Wilberforce.

The third Latin class walked up, and ranged itself in front of the master's desk.

"Who's top of this class?" asked he.

"Me, sir," replied the gentleman who owned that distinction.

"Who's 'me,' sir?"

"Me, sir."

"Who is 'me,' sir?" angrily repeated the master, his spectacles bearing full on his wondering pupil.

"Charles Van Brummel, sir," returned that renowned scholar.

"Then go down to the bottom for saying 'me.'"

Mr. Van Brummel went down, considerably chapfallen, and the master was proceeding to work, when the cathedral bell tolled out heavily, for a soul recently departed.

"What's that?" abruptly ejaculated the master.

"It's the college death-bell, sir," called out the up-class, simultaneously, Van Brummel excepted, who had not yet recovered his equanimity.

"I hear what it is as well as you," were all the thanks they got. "But what can it be tolling for? No body was ill."

"Nobody," echoed the boys.

"Mr. Roberts," continued the master, raising his voice that it might reach the lower school, "have you heard whether any one of the prebendaries was ill?"

The Reverend Mr. Roberts had not. He observed that the bishop looked pale on Sunday, and he had not seen him leave the palace since.

"Oh! the bishop's all right," returned the master. "Can it be a member of the Royal Family? If not, it must be one of the canons."

"Of course it must," acquiesced the under-master.

And of course it must: for the college bell never condescended to toll for any of the profane vulgar. The Royal Family, the bishop, dean, and prebendaries, were the only defunct lights, honored by the notice of the passing-bell of Riverton Cathedral.

"Lewis, junior," said the master, "go into college, and ask the bedesmen who is dead."

Lewis, junior, clattered out. "When he

came back he walked very softly, and looked as white as a sheet.

"It's tolling for Henry Arkell, sir."

"Henry Arkell!" uttered the master, "is he really dead? Are you ill, Lewis, junior? What's the matter?"

"Nothing, sir."

"But it is an entirely unprecedented proceeding for the cathedral bell to toll for a college boy," repeated Mr. Wilberforce, revolving the news.

"Completely so," echoed the under-master. "The bedesmen can not have received orders; they must be doing it on their own account. Half of them are deaf, and the other half are stupid."

"I shall send to inquire," cried Mr. Wilberforce; "we must have no irregularity about these things. Lewis, junior."

"Yes, sir."

"Lewis, junior, you are ill, sir," repeated the master sharply. "Don't say you are not. Sit down, sir."

Lewis, junior, humbly sat down. He appeared to have the ague.

"Van Brummel, you'll do," continued Mr. Wilberforce. "Go and inquire of the bedesmen whether they have received orders; and, if so, from whom: and whether it is really Arkell that the bell is tolling for."

Van Brummel opened the door and clattered down the stairs, as Lewis, junior, had done; and he clattered back again.

"The men say, sir, that the Dean sent them the orders by his servant. And they think Arkell is to be buried in the cathedral."

"In—deed!" was the master's comment, in a tone of doubt. "Poor fellow, though," he added, after a pause, "his has been a sudden and melancholy ending. Boys, if you want to do well, you should imitate Henry Arkell. I can tell you that the best boy who ever trod these boards, as a foundation scholar, has now gone from among us."

"Please, sir, I'm senior of the choir now," interposed Aultane, as if fearing the master might not sufficiently remember that important fact.

"And a fine senior you'll make, in comparison with him whom you replace," scornfully retorted Mr. Wilberforce.

It was Mr. St. John who had taken the news of his death to the Dean, and the latter immediately sent to order the bell tolled. St. John left the deanery, and

was passing through the cloisters on his way to Hall street, when he met Mrs. and Miss Beauclerc, just as the cathedral bell rang out. Mrs. Beauclerc was startled, like the head-master had been: her fears flew towards her aristocratic clergy friends. She tried the college door, and, finding it open, entered to inquire of the bedesmen who was dead. Georgina stopped to chatter to Mr. St. John.

"Fancy, if it should be old Ferraday gone off!" cried she: "won't the boys crow? He has got the influenza, and was sitting by his study-fire yesterday, in a flannel nightcap."

"It is the death-bell for Henry Arkell, Georgina."

A vivid emotion dyed her face. She was vexed that it should be apparent to Mr. St. John, and would have carried it off under an assumption of levity, but that his eyes were so sternly bent upon her.

"When did he die? Did he suffer much?"

"He died at a quarter-past eleven: about twenty minutes ago. And he did not suffer so much at the last as was anticipated."

"Well, poor fellow, I hope he is happy."

"That he is," warmly responded Mr. St. John. "He died in perfect peace. May you and I be as peaceful, Georgina, when our time shall come."

"What a blow it must be to Mrs. Arkell!"

"I saw her as I came out of the house just now, and I could not help venturing on a word of entreaty, that she would not grieve his loss too deeply. She raised her beautiful eyes to me, and I can not describe to you the light, the faith, that shone in them. 'Not lost,' she gently whispered, 'only gone before.'"

Georgina had turned her face from the view of Mr. St. John, and was gazing through her glistening eyes at the graveyard, which was inclosed by the cloisters.

"What possesses the college bell to toll for him?" she exclaimed carelessly, to cover her emotion. "I thought," she added, with a spice of satire in her tone, "that there was an old curfew law, or something as stringent, against its troubling itself for anybody less exalted than a sleek old prebend."

Mr. St. John saw through the artifice: he approached her, and lowered his voice. "Georgina, he sent you his forgiveness



for any unkindness that may have passed. He sent you his love: and he hopes you will sometimes recall him to your remembrance, when you walk over his grave, as you go into college."

Surprise made her turn to Mr. St. John. "Over his grave! I do not understand."

"He is to be buried in the cloisters, near to this entrance-door, near to where we are now standing. There appears to be a vacant space here," cried Mr. St. John, looking down at his feet: "I dare say it will be in this very spot."

"By whose decision is he to be buried in the cloisters?" quickly asked Georgina.

"The Dean's. Henry craved it of him."

"I wonder papa did not tell me! What a singular fancy of Henry's!"

"I do not think so. It was natural that he should wish his last resting-place to be amidst old associations, amidst his old companions; and near to *you*, Georgina."

"There! I knew what you were driving at," returned Georgina, in a pouting, willful tone. "You are going to accuse me of breaking his heart and killing him, or some such obsolete nonsense: I assure you I never——"

"Stay, Georgina; do not constitute me your father-confessor. I have delivered his message to you, and there let it end."

"You are as stupid and fanciful as he was," retorted Miss Beauclerc.

"Not quite so stupid in one respect, for he was blind to your faults; I am not. And never shall be," he added, in a tone of significance, which caused the life-blood at Georgina's heart to stand still.

At that moment Lewis, junior, passed them, and swung in at the cathedral-door, on the master's errand, meeting Mrs. Beauclerc, who was coming out.

"Arkell is dead, Mr. St. John," she observed; "the bell is tolling for him. I wonder the Dean ordered the bell to toll for *him*: it will cause quite a commotion in the city, to hear the college death-bell."

"He is to be buried here, in the cloisters, Mrs. Beauclerc."

"Really! Will the Dean allow it?"

"The Dean has decided it."

"Oh! indeed. I never understand half the Dean does."

"So your companion is gone, Lewis, junior," observed Mr. St. John, as the boy came stealing out of the college with his information. But Lewis never answered: and though he touched his forehead (he had no cap on) to the Dean's wife and

daughter, he never raised his eyes; but sneaked on, with his ghastly face, and his head bent down.

### III

It was the burial-day of Henry Arkell. The Dean had commanded a holiday, and that the king's scholars should attend the funeral. Just before the hour appointed for it, some of them took up their station in the cloisters, in silent order, waiting to join the procession when it should come, a bow of black crape being attached to the left shoulder of their surplices. Sixteen of the king's scholars had gone down to the house, as they were appointed to do. Mrs. Beauclerc, her daughter, and the families of some of the prebendaries were already in the cathedral; with some other spectators, who had got in under the pretext of attending morning prayers, and who, when they were over, had refused to quit their seats again: of course the sextons could not decently turn them out. Half-a-dozen ladies took up their station in the organ-loft, to the inward wrath of the organist, who, however, had to submit to the invasion with suavity, for one of them was the Dean's daughter. It was the best viewing place, commanding full sight of the cathedral body and the nave on one side, and of the choir on the other. The bell tolled at intervals, sending its deep, gloomy boom over the town, and patiently waited the spectators. At length the first slow and solemn note of the organ was sounded, and Georgina Beauclerc shrank into a corner, contriving to see, and yet not be seen.

From the small door, never used but upon the rare occasion of a funeral, at the extremity of the long body of the cathedral, the procession advanced at last. It was headed by the choristers, two and two, then the lay clerks, and the masters of the college school. The Dean and one of the canons walked at the foot of the coffin, which born by eight of the king's scholars, and the pall by eight more. Four mourners followed the coffin, three of them Henry Arkell's relations, the other was Mr. St. John; and the long line was brought up by the remainder of the king's scholars. So slow was their advance, as to be almost imperceptible to the spectators, the choir singing:

"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me,

though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another."

The last time those words were sung in that cathedral, not yet three weeks past, it was by him over whom they were now being sung; the thought flashed upon many a mind. At length the choir was reached, and the coffin placed on the trestles; Georgina Beaulere's eyes—she had now come round to the front of the organ—being blinded with tears as she looked down upon it. Mr. St. John glanced up, from his place by the coffin, and saw her. Both the psalms were sung, and the Dean chose to read the lesson himself; and then they went back to the cloisters to the grave, Mr. Wilberforce now officiating. The spectators followed in the wake. As the coffin was lowered to its final resting-place—earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust—the boys bowed their heads upon their clasped hands and some of them sobbed audibly: they felt all the worth of Henry Arkell now that he was gone. The grave was made close to the cloister entrance to the cathedral, in the spot where had stood Mr. St. John and Georgina Beaulere.

A few minutes, and it was over: the Dean turned into the chapter-house, the mourners moved away, and the old bedesmen in their black gowns, began to shovel in the earth upon the coffin. Mr. Wilberforce, before moving, put up his finger to Aultane, and the latter advanced.

"You choristers are not to go back to the vestry now, but to come into the hall in your surplices."

Aultane wondered at the order, but communicated it to those under him. When they entered the school-room, or hall, as it was sometimes called, they found the king's scholars ranged in a semi-circle, and they fell in with them, according to their respective places in the school. The boys' white surplices and the bows of erape presenting a curious contrast.

"What are we stuck out like this for?" whispered one to the other. "For show? What does Wilberforce want? He's sitting still, as if he waited for some body."

They'd all be blest if they knew: unless it was to wind up with a funeral lecture.

However, they soon did know. The Dean entered the hall, wearing his surplice, and carrying his official four-cornered cap: Mr. Wilberforce rose to bow the Dean into his own seat, but the Dean preferred to stand. He looked steadily at the circle before he spoke; sternly, some of them thought; and they did not feel altogether at ease.

"Boys," began the Dean. And there he stopped, and the boys lifted their heads to listen to what might be coming.

"Boys, our doings in this world are generally good or evil, and they bring their consequences with them; well-doing brings contentment and inward satisfaction; but ill-doing as certainly brings its day of retribution. The present day must be one of retribution to some of you, unless you are so hardened in wickedness as to be callous to conscience. How have——"

The Dean was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. St. John; one of the other mourners was with him. They took off their hats, their streaming hatbands sweeping the ground, as they advanced and stood by the Dean.

"Boys," he resumed, "how have you treated Henry Arkell? I do not speak to all; I speak to some. Lewis, senior, does your conscience prick you for having fastened him in St. James' Church in the dark and lonely night? Aultane, does yours sting you for your insubordination to him on Assize Sunday, for your malicious accusation of him to Miss Beaulere, followed by your complaint to me? Prattleton, have you, as senior of the school, led on the cabal against him?"

The three boys hung their heads and their red ears: to judge by their looks, their consciences were pricking them very sharply.

"Lewis, junior," resumed the Dean, in a sudden manner, "of what does your conscience accuse you?"

Lewis, junior, turned sick, and his hair stood on end. He could not have replied, had it been to save him from hanging.

"Do you know that you are the cause of Henry Arkell's death?" continued the Dean, in a low but distinct accent, which penetrated the room. "And that you might, in justice, be taken up as a murderer?"

Lewis, junior, burst into a dismal howl and fell down on his knees and face, burying the latter on the ground, and sticking

up his surplised back; something after the manner of an ostrich.

"It was the fall in the choir on Assize Sunday that killed Henry Arkell," said the Dean, looking round the hall; "that is, he has died from the effects of the fall. You are aware of it, I believe?"

"Certainly they are, Mr. Dean," said the head-master, wondering on his own account, and answering the Dean because the scholars did not.

"He was thrown down," resumed the Dean; "willfully thrown down. And that is the gentleman who did it," pointing with his finger at Lewis, junior.

Two or three of the boys had been cognizant of the fact, as might be seen from their scarlet faces: the rest wore a look of timid curiosity; while Mr. Wilberforce's amazed spectacles wandered from the Dean's finger to the prostrate and howling Lewis.

"Yes," said the Dean, answering the various looks, "the author of Henry Arkell's death is Lewis, junior. You had better get up, sir."

Lewis, junior, remained where he was, shaking his back as if it had been a feather-bed, and emitting the most extraordinary groans.

"Get up," cried the Dean sternly.

There was no disobeying the tone, and Lewis raised himself. A pretty object he looked, for the dye from his new black gloves had been washed on to his face.

"He told me he forgave me the day before he died; he said he had never told any one, and never would," howled Lewis. "I didn't mean to hurt him."

"He never did tell," replied the Dean: "he bore his injuries, bore them without retaliation. Is there another boy in the school who would do that?"

"No, that there was not," put in Mr. Wilberforce.

"When you locked him in the church, Lewis, senior, did he inform against you? When you came to me with your cruel accusation, Aultane, did he revenge himself by telling me of a far worse misdemeanor, which you had been guilty of? Did he ever inform against any, who injured him? No; insults, annoyances, he bore all in silence, because he would not bring trouble and punishment upon you. He was a noble boy," warmly continued the Dean: "and, what's more, he was a Christian one."

"He said he would not tell of me,"

choked Lewis, junior, "and now he has gone and done it. O-o-o-o-o-h!"

"He never told," quietly repeated the Dean. "During the last afternoon of his life, it came to my knowledge, subsequent to an interview I had had with him, that Lewis, junior, had willfully thrown him down, and I went back to Arkell and taxed him with its being the fact. He could not deny it, but the whole burden of his admission was: 'O sir! forgive him! do not punish him! I am dying, and I pray you to forgive him for my sake! Forgive them all!' Do you think you deserved such clemency?" asked the Dean, in an altered tone.

Lewis only howled the louder.

"On his part, I offer you all his full and free forgiveness: Lewis, junior, do your hear? his full and free forgiveness. And I believe you have also that of his parents." The Dean looked at the gentleman who had come in with Mr. St. John, and waited for him to speak.

"A few hours only before Henry died, it came to Mr. Arkell's knowledge——"

"I informed him," interrupted the Dean.

"Yes," resumed the speaker. "The Dean informed Mr. Arkell that Henry's fall had not been accidental. But—as he had prayed the Dean, so he prayed his father to forgive the culprit. Lewis, junior, I am here on the part of Mr. Arkell to offer his forgiveness to you."

"I wish I could as easily accord mine," said the Dean. "No punishment will be inflicted on you, Lewis, junior: not because no punishment, that I or Mr. Wilberforce could command, is adequate to the crime, but that his dying request, for your pardon, shall be complied with. If you have any conscience at all, his fate will be an oppression upon it for the remainder of your life, and you will bear your punishment within you."

Lewis bent down his head on the shoulder nearest to him, and his howls changed into sobs.

"One word more, boys," said the Dean. "I have observed that not one in the whole school—at least, such is my belief—would be capable of acting as Henry Arkell did, in returning good for evil. The ruling principle of his life, and he strove to carry it out in little things as in great, was to do as he would be done by. Now what could have made him so different from you?"





From the Eclectic Review.

## POPULAR ASTRONOMY.\*

ASTRONOMY, we are told, is the science which teaches the rule or law of the stars. The business of the astronomer is to measure their diameters, and distances, to determine their relative places, to calculate their motions, and by a comparison of observations under the guidance of mathematical principles, to investigate the nature of the forces by which they are controlled, and the laws under which those forces act. The practical astronomer lays the foundation of the science, and is in fact the surveyor of the heavens. The principles which guide him in his work are those, to speak generally, by which a more humble laborer measures the place and magnitude of inaccessible objects on the earth, and he maps stars as a geographer maps districts or states. But while in geodesical measurements the observer has to do with fixed lines and immovable objects, and may suspend his labor for months or years and recommence it from the same stations and landmarks, the practical astronomer is at every instant observing from a new point in space; and while some of the objects are apparently fixed, others have a proper motion independent of that resulting from diurnal rotation. He is constantly traversing, if we may so speak, a base-line many million miles in length; but so distant is the nearest of the fixed stars, that in passing from one terminal station to the other he can detect little or no angular motion or parallax. His observations on the bodies which are nearer, and have an independent motion, are necessarily affected by this change of place; and it is his business to separate the proper motion of the earth from that of the planet, and in all cases to distinguish the real from the apparent.

Observations, however, do not consti-

tute science. They are to it what the skeleton is to the body, what the foundation is to the building. Observations lead to, and are necessary for, the acquisition of scientific knowledge, but they must be compared, classified, or to use an expressive and comprehensive word, discussed, before valuable scientific truths can be extracted from them. The Chaldean shepherds who night after night watched the motion of the moon in a cloudless sky, in a climate peculiarly fit for star-gazing, probably knew quite as much about the path of our satellite in the heavens as a modern astronomer; but of the form of her orbit, her retrograde motion, and her relations to the earth, the sun, and planets, they were more ignorant than many a pale-faced artisan of London or Manchester, who never saw the cold orb or fading disk for an hour on any one evening through a transparent atmosphere. If the Chaldean astronomers, of whom we hear such fabulous accounts, knew any thing more than their pastoral countrymen, they gained their knowledge by the discussion of observations made with instruments; and as they did know how to calculate eclipses and the motions of the planets, as is proved by their practice of astrology, there is no reason to doubt that they possessed a valuable series of astronomical observations. With a knowledge of the periodical recurrences of celestial phenomena, they could scarcely avoid speculating upon the relations of the moving bodies and the causes of their motion, or fail to reduce their imperfect knowledge into some astronomical system that would satisfy the conditions imposed by the facts they had discovered.

It was thus that astronomical systems came into existence. Of all of them the old Greek hypothesis, strange to say, was the most material, uncouth, and cumbersome. We can scarcely understand why Aristotle, a philosopher so speculative, so distinguished for abstraction of thought, in spite of his love for practical research and

\* *Popular Astronomy.* By FRANÇOIS ARAGO. Translated from the Original and Edited by Admiral W. H. SMYTH, D.C.L., and ROBERT GRANT, Esq., M.A. Vol. II. London: Longman, Brown, Green & Co. 1858.

strong evidence, authorized a belief in the existence of a series of solid spheres inclosing the planets, and revolving round the earth as a center within that star-studded concave, the *primum mobile*. Explain it as we may, this monstrous conception was the favored hypothesis of the schools upon the authority of the Stagyræ; and until the close of the sixteenth century every fact was explained by it as the proper key of the universe. The epicyclical theory of Hipparchus was the only opposing speculation worthy of notice, and that was rather intended to illustrate the motion of the planetary bodies than to assign a cause for the observed phenomena. It was, however, incomparably the loftiest effort of the scientific mind of the age, and opened a train of thought which led to those great discoveries commenced by Copernicus; it had likewise no important though indirect influence upon the mind of Kepler, when he was searching hopefully for those prime laws of planetary motion upon which all the profound calculations of modern astronomy are founded. In the history of ancient astronomy, Hipparchus stands out as conspicuously among the Alexandrian philosophers, as Newton among the scientific men of modern Europe, for it was he who first taught how to study astronomy as a science of calculation founded on observation. By comparing his observations on the return of the sun to the equinox with those of Timocharis, a philosopher who lived nearly two centuries before him, he discovered the precession of the equinoxes; and to facilitate the researches of those who might succeed to his labors he catalogued the stars. He determined the length of the tropical year within six minutes of the true time, by correcting the estimate made by Aristarchus—he discovered the eccentricity of the solar orbit, pointed out some anomalies in the motion of the moon, and left numerous observations on the planets. We do not know that Hipparchus made more observations than other astronomers of his age; but he did more for science than all of them combined, by analysis, comparison, and discussion, using facts for the exercise of thought, and by the formation of hypothetical explanations which future observers might confirm or disprove.

The great necessity of the astronomical systems of the Greek and middle-age

philosophers, was an acknowledgment of the existence and pervading influence of a unity of design and operation. The study of nature in the constitution and motion of celestial bodies, does not so much satisfy the intellect when it discovers the cause of special phenomena, as when it traces the relationship of one cause to another, and by exhibiting a unity of force and action removes the vague apprehensions of danger, which result from a belief in the existence of struggling antagonisms, and from a mystical association of spiritual agencies with the mechanical, chemical and vital forces which are the sources of all physical phenomena. Antagonism as a principle of activity does not exist in nature, and no error is so great as that of believing in counteracting agencies and preventive forces, as though the order of nature depended on the accidental or conditional ascendancy of one or the other. Centripetal and centrifugal forces, for example, ought rather to be considered as concurrent than as antagonistic in their effects upon planetary bodies, for their influence is to combine not to separate, and their united action produces that orbital motion upon which the invariable relations, and therefore the existence, of systems of bodies depend. Neither should polarity be studied as a disuniting force, for its essential action is to collect and communicate—to separate for recombination. And when we advance from a consideration of such prime motive powers in their first consequences to the phenomena in which their action is masked, or modified by new conditions, we still fail to detect the operation of excessive contending powers endangering the permanence of established order; but every where find unity in the diversity of phenomena, and the evidence of forces acting in combination to produce effects insuring stability by the most simple means.

Thoughtful men have always had confidence in the invariability of physical laws, and the ignorant have hoped for the best so long as the normal conditions of nature were undisturbed. It was this recognition of the persistent operation of causes, in spite of many apparent changes in the direction and velocity of planetary motion, that encouraged ancient astronomers to continue their observations for the information and use of posterity. They perceived less clearly the universal

ity of law in terrestrial phenomena: but it was detected in the succession of the seasons; in the vibrations of ocean, producing the rise and fall of tides; in the growth of plants, and the development and decay of living structures. When they felt the awakening freshness of the morning air and the invigorating influence of the evening breeze, they were reminded of the dependence of the atmosphere itself upon an invariable law. The rains fell at appointed seasons, the temperature of the atmosphere never rose above a known limit, or varied injuriously from season to season; and, amid all the varieties in other phenomena, there was sufficient regularity to prove the invariability of the laws by which their causes were governed. Even with their limited means of research and their imperfect knowledge they could scarcely fail to observe a certain range of effects within established limits; and this deduction, in connection with the invariability of the agency, was perhaps the most remarkable discovery of the pioneers of natural science. The heavens above and the earth beneath testified to the same fact, and led the thoughtful mind onward, collecting observations and suggesting explanations, with a strong conviction that the day would come when the true system of the world would be known.

When the attempts of the early philosophers to interpret astronomical phenomena had given birth to theoretical explanations of the constitution of the visible universe, each succeeding school sought to distinguish itself by more correct and extensive observations; and to give to these a real value, they connected them with a hypothetical conclusion. By this mode of investigation, continued from age to age, our modern astronomy has been produced. It was long before the sequence of the planets was discovered, and when that was proved the connection between them and the sun remained unexplained. When Copernicus made his observations with rudely-constructed instruments in his dilapidated loft on the banks of the Vistula, and demonstrated to the world, in defiance of the authority of Aristotle and the Pope, the motion of the planets round the sun, he announced a fact; but he was as ignorant of the laws of planetary motion as of its cause. Then came Kepler, a man of exalted enthusiasm, refined fancy, profound intellect, keen perception, and

untiring perseverance. Rejecting the old-world hypotheses, he began the great work of his life in earnest; but it was with the free indulgence of his ardent and somewhat extravagant imagination. He rioted in the speculations of his genius; but his intellect, like a drudge, kept pace with his imagination, sifting its brilliant hypotheses, proving truth and rejecting error. In boldness and originality of conception he has had no rival among the men of science: in acuteness of perception Galileo was perhaps equally distinguished: in profound thought and persistent inquiry he may be classed with Newton—that giant among giants. In the theory of Copernicus, the sun was correctly placed in the center of the planetary system—a mighty globe round which smaller ones revolved; but it exercised no force, and was there without an assigned purpose. Kepler seized a key to the mystery of its being when, at the commencement of his research, he proved that the planes of the orbits of the planets and the lines joining their apsides passed through it: but then came that profound and long-continued search for the laws of motion, and the discovery of the three that bear his name. In two-and-twenty years his work was done; and, in defiance of the manifold sufferings of poverty, he rejoiced, as all may rejoice who have, like him, done something for mankind to last through all time. "Nothing holds me," he exclaimed, at the conclusion of his labor; "I will indulge my sacred fury; I will triumph over mankind by the honest confession that I have stolen the golden vases of the Egyptians to build up a tabernacle for my God far away from the confines of Egypt. If you forgive me, I rejoice; if you are angry, I can bear it: the die is cast, the book is written—to be read now or by posterity; I care not which. It may well wait a century for a reader, as God has waited six thousand years for an interpreter of his works." Kepler died despised and neglected by the men of his age, because he was enthusiastic and poor; and then, a little while after, Newton followed him as the interpreter of God's work in the creation and ordination of worlds. Patiently guiding his mighty intellect, calmly investigating effects, inventing processes of analysis, and using observations for the discovery of causes, this man drew a chart and wrote a commentary on the forces of nature; and upon

that book all succeeding investigators have been writing notes and making emendations: and now, what is the teaching of astronomy in this nineteenth century?

In any attempt to gauge the visible heavens, or to obtain a view of the order, constitution, and extent of the Kosmos, we can not, like the ancient Greek, begin our survey from the earth as the center of the universe, or imagine ourselves to be on a world about which all others in their several spheres are revolving. Man's conception of the cosmical importance of his world has been depreciated just in proportion as he has acquired a more correct knowledge of its position and relative magnitude. Instead of its being an enormous globe, necessary to the existence of all others, it is only 8000 miles in diameter, about the same size as Venus and Mars, and very much smaller than Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune; and compared with the sun, which measures 882,000 miles in diameter, its volume is only as 1 to 1,384,472. Instead of being immovable in the center of the universe, it is a small member of a large system of bodies, and revolves round the sun with a velocity of 68,040 miles an hour, in an orbit the radius of which is about 95,000,000 miles; so that the platform from which man takes his observations of the heavens is bounded by two extreme and opposite points of this orbit, which is a base-line barely sufficient for the measurement of the nearest fixed stars.

Still confining our attention to the system of bodies under the immediate control of the sun, (a system we are accustomed to consider, whether correctly or not, as the type of order for all stellar combinations,) we perceive a number of opaque globes varying in size, density, and perhaps in nearly all their physical conditions, rotating upon their axes, and moving in orbits almost circular round the sun. The mean distance of the nearest is about thirty-six million miles; that of the furthest more than two thousand eight hundred million miles. Some of these planets, however, are central bodies to other worlds, for they are attended by satellites which also revolve in orbits nearly circular. Central forces, then, seem to be the conservative powers of nature, sustaining a motion they could not create, and preserving an order of universal necessity. We say forces, although there is no material connection.

They act, we know, under the control of laws; but they act at a distance in a manner we can as little illustrate by comparison as explain by words. If we say that the force exerted by the sun upon the planets, or by a planet on its satellites, is like that of a magnet upon a needle, we rather invite a new difficulty than remove the one that perplexes us. Eye speaks to eye—the spirit is cheered by a sunshine that does not fall on it, and is made sad by a cloud that does not cast its shadow over it—the soul is every where spoken to by material objects without a material communication, and it answers to the distant call; but we can not compare the force which at a distance attracts world to world, and retains motion in given orbits, with the action of external nature, memory, and thought, upon personal consciousness.

The discovery of the existence of an attractive force in nature, common and necessary to all masses of matter, and acting under unchangeable laws, suggests an explanation of that invariability of astronomical phenomena to which we have referred. If this force were confined to the sun as the central body of the system, every problem in celestial mechanics would be much simplified; but as the planets have an attractive power, some perturbations must result from their change of place and consequent variation of power. Long-continued research has proved that from these forces irregularities, which the most careful unscientific observer can not detect, have been produced, and that some of these derangements are so slowly but certainly increasing as to suggest the possibility, notwithstanding the apparent invariability in the motion of the planets, of such an increase of disturbance as to endanger the stability of the solar system. The eccentricity of the earth, for example, is decreasing; the moon is at every succeeding revolution moving faster and faster; and the obliquity of the ecliptic is two thirds of a degree less than it was in the time of Aristotle. Astronomy teaches the origin of these changes, and to it we look for answers to the questions they suggest. Will these irregularities continue to increase? and do they endanger the stability of the system? The problem to be solved is, as may be readily imagined, one of extreme difficulty, for it is nothing less than to determine the place, at some



future given time, of a large number of moving bodies, of different sizes, each attracting the others, while it is itself in turn attracted by them. But the science is competent to make a distinct and satisfactory reply. "I have succeeded," says La Place, "in demonstrating that, whatever be the masses of the planets, in consequence of the fact that they all move in the same direction, in orbits of small eccentricity and slightly inclined to each other, their secular inequalities are periodical and included within narrow limits; so that the planetary system will only oscillate about a mean state, and will never deviate from it except by a very small quantity. The ellipses of the planets have been, and always will be, nearly circular. The ecliptic will never coincide with the equator, and the entire extent of the variation in its inclination can not exceed three degrees."

Although the magnitudes and distances which describe the solar system and its members are expressed in figures which convey no adequate perception to the mind, they are but units when compared with the distances to which astronomy in its further research directs us. Of the four or five thousand stars visible without the aid of a telescope, only six are planets shining by reflected light, and revolving round the sun. All the others are self-luminous, emitting rays or exciting undulations in a diffused light-ether. They appear nothing more than very bright luminous dots; and the most powerful telescope instead of presenting them with a well-defined disk exhibits only a concentration of bright rays. This is the first intimation we receive of their enormous distance, and the probability of their great magnitude. But science demands evidence far more precise. Inaccessible objects are measured by determining the apparent change of place when viewed from two distant stations, and it was reasonable to expect such an angular motion in any one of these stars when viewed from two opposite points of the earth's orbit. The base-line thus obtained is not, however, sufficiently long to determine the distance of more than a few of them; but the parallax of  $\alpha$  Centauri, which according to present knowledge is the nearest fixed star, has taught us that the space between it and the sun is more than two hundred thousand times the radius of the earth, which as we have

already said is ninety-two million miles. It is impossible to realize such a distance by any expansion or artifice of the mind; but it is equally impossible to obtain a conception of the unit of measurement; ninety-five million miles is a quantity as far beyond apprehension as two hundred thousand times ninety-five million. This point in space, however, is the astronomer's first step beyond the solar system, and for aught he knows there is nothing but unoccupied space between the orbit of Neptune, which has a mean distances from the sun of something less than three thousand million miles, and the nearest fixed star. Once embarked on this adventurous flight, he sees before him distances as incomprehensible as infinity itself, and to give any expression to his incompetent estimates of the visible creation, he is compelled to abandon, as an insufficient standard of measurement, first the orbit of the earth and then the extreme limit of the solar realm, and to compare the distance of the farther stars with the nearest, which having a parallax of less than one second must be at least twenty billion miles from our sun.

We might greatly extend this hasty survey of the labors of the modern astronomer. It would be interesting to review the arguments by which he has convinced himself that not only the stars visible to the naked eye, but the incalculable number exhibited by the telescope are suns, and that many if not all are centers of planetary systems, controlled by the same gravitating force and laws of motion as the system to which our earth belongs. We might direct attention to the existence of double stars, and the detection of a proper motion in some of them, consisting of the revolution of one star round the other in an elliptic orbit, or of both round a common center of gravity; an observation which at once destroys our preconceived notions of the undisturbed repose and profound rest of the firmaments. Still deeper in space are found patches of pale light resolved by powerful telescopes into groups of stars. To this class of sidereal phenomena the milky way, that "circling zone powdered with stars," belongs, and it teaches us, as the younger Herschel says, "that the stars of our firmament instead of being scattered in all directions indifferently through space, form a stratum of which the thickness is small in comparison with its length

and breadth, and in which the earth occupies a place somewhere about the middle of its thickness." And then we might turn to the lofty speculations which relate to the existence of a resisting medium in space, the distribution of cosmical matter, and the nebular theory, adopted by the elder Herschel simply as a scientific fact, but perverted by La Place to support the gross skepticism of his age and country. Such are the subjects which claim the attention of the modern astronomer; and we have now to consider how they have been communicated by men of research and practical knowledge—with a special reference to the author of the volume before us—to readers of sufficient intelligence to value their explanations, though wanting the capacity or the opportunity for personal investigation.

Under the influence of nature, and in her presence, we unconsciously adopt a form of speech which partakes of our enthusiasm and deep sense of enjoyment. We employ words suited to the occasion and scene, but they can not be reproduced in the study or printed in books. As there are mental struggles which can not be described in words, so there are profound impressions of the vastness, fitness, harmony, and unity of action in nature which language fails to communicate when the hearer and listener are withdrawn from the scenes awakening the intense feeling. Hence it is that in describing the sublime or beautiful in nature, authors too frequently, if they do not adopt the rigid style of philosophical explanation, assume either an inflated phraseology, or, still worse, affect an unbecoming, vulgar, and, we had almost said, an irreverent familiarity. The style of a book on such a science as astronomy, and especially when the author attempts to give some not very inadequate conception of the aspect of nature, is of essential importance in an estimate of its fitness and value. The foolish attempts now made to communicate the noblest truths in childish words to unthinking minds, just as if it were possible to give parrots wisdom by teaching them phrases, will some day be rightly judged; but if science, as an abstract study, is neither loved nor respected by the people who think themselves well informed—if the greatest efforts of the intellect, the most profound researches, the noblest generalizations, are treated with an indifference bordering on

contempt, it is not because science is now placed within the reach of all classes of society, but because men now devour taught facts and do not learn principles—the retentive powers of the mind are exercised, while the reasoning remain dormant. In short, there is little intellectual culture in the pretended scientific education of the people. We have, therefore, great reason to rejoice when any subject of investigation is taught by a man of competent knowledge, willing to accommodate himself to ignorance and laxness of thought, to write with simplicity, and to make the method of his communications an object of consideration, but who nevertheless will not yield to the seductions of an unmeaning popularity, by a mere recital of wonderful facts and startling paradoxes.

Of the numerous English authors who have attempted to popularize astronomy, Herschel and Whewell have come the nearest to our conception of what science for the people should be; and of French authors, Arago and La Place. They were all eminent for the accuracy and extent of their knowledge, large capacity, and command of abstract science; but, as the deepest waters are the clearest, and the most extensive vision is strongest when concentrated on a point, so a large grasp of mind can best select and illustrate truths for the ignorant, and raise the mind to higher and higher platforms of intelligence, with an increasing consciousness of dependence, while darkness is being dispelled, and light is breaking upon the awakened intellect. The four eminent authors to whom we have referred were equally competent to teach, but they had methods and styles of their own, and each seemed to address a different class of mind. We may compare Herschel's *Outline of Astronomy* with the volume before us in illustration of this remark.

No living author has written so completely under the influence of the philosophic spirit as Sir John Herschel. He is always correct, cautious, and careful; but he has large views of nature, and a judgment which holds a strong restraining influence over an active imagination, and perhaps too violently represses the speculative element in a well-balanced mind. There is, too, in his writings a consciousness of superiority which he scarcely attempts to hide; and if there be not also an effort to condescend, there is always a

greater tendency to rise above than to sink to the level of his readers. From the opening to the concluding chapter of his *Outlines*, we hear him in clear and in somewhat authoritative voice describing facts and demonstrating the action of causes without the slightest approach to familiarity, or even to the manner of a friend; and we listen to him as the most eminent living teacher of science, but with a consciousness that he is addressing himself to men of intelligence, and a fear that we may be reprov'd for inattention or stupidity. His influence over us is always exerted through the intellect: we know nothing of his internal life, and he makes no effort to influence our own. The teaching of Arago is not less careful: his views of nature are not less extensive and vivid; and his adherence to the simplicity and directness of proof, inculcated by mathematical demonstration, is not less evident: but he seeks to remove error as well as inculcate truth, and thus appeals more directly to the popular mind, and addresses a class of readers to whom Herschel never speaks. He is, in fact, true to his political creed, and introduces its principles into his scientific teaching; for he seeks to raise men intellectually as well as socially, by claiming equality with them—he is as democratic in his labor for scientific truth as Herschel is aristocratic. He seeks to raise the intellectual standard of his readers; to correct their errors; to dispel their prejudices; and to induce them to value scientific truth because it gives confidence in the unity and permanence of nature.

In the absence of knowledge, the imagination is usually permitted to do the work of the reasoning faculties; and mysticism, fanciful relations, and erroneous deductions, from imperfectly observed or misunderstood phenomena, take the place of a sound philosophy. It was so among the early observers of nature, and is so still among a certain class of educated persons. Science doubts assertions, and demands demonstrations; separates between the probable and the certain; looks beyond the results of one course of investigation, to the evidence of a circle of observations; and brands with empiricism every hypothesis that demands belief upon the authority of great names, finds evidence in popular prejudice, or founds a spurious metaphysical system upon the operation of mechanical principles in physical phe-

nomena. It is seldom that Herschel condescends to remove popular ignorance by discussing its evidences or disproving its conclusions. But Arago is never so much at his ease, or enters more heartily into his work, than when undermining the foundations of superstition, and exposing the dogmas of a false philosophy; those castles of ignorance in which societies as well as individuals shelter themselves, when breaking all the laws of prudence and self-control by which they are ordinarily governed. This explains why so many of the subjects discussed by the French astronomer, in the volume before us, are not so much as alluded to in Herschel's *Outlines*; why he seriously examines "the supposed influence of the moon on animated beings, especially in certain diseases; the influence of the moon's phases on the weather; prognostics;" and other kindred subjects.

It may be said, and with some truth, that the discursiveness of Arago's *Popular Astronomy* is an objection to its use by a teacher; but that which may make it unfit for the professor in his class will recommend it to the reader who must depend upon the book itself, without the assistance of a commentator. It was written for the people; and we do not know any exposition of the science that would equally attract or serve the student who must obtain his knowledge by reading. The book anticipates the difficulties of such a man. He desires to know upon what principles the astronomer comes to his conclusions, and how he makes his calculations, but he has no intention of closely investigating the one, or of repeating the other. This is just the character of the information Arago supplies, and always without obtruding the mathematical form of investigation, which to him would have been the easier mode of expressing his thoughts. He has thus produced a work eminently popular. Herschel will be selected as a teacher by those who, from previous education, desire a close and elegant consecutive investigation of the science; Arago will probably be preferred by those who admire a greater familiarity of style: but we doubt whether any reader will rise with much profit from the perusal of either of these eminent authors, if he does not do so with a resolution to take the first opportunity of reading the other.

## VICTOR EMMANUEL, KING OF SARDINIA.

BELIEVING that the readers of the ECLECTIC would be pleased and gratified to see a truthful and well-engraved portrait of Victor Emmanuel, who with noble heroism has drawn his sword and marshaled his army in defense of his own dominions, and in the cause of Italy, to avenge her wrongs and defend her rights against the outrageous despotism and oppressions of Austria, we have enlisted the skill of Mr. Sartain in preparing the very beautiful portrait likeness of the personage which adorns our present number. Our readers may believe that he appeared in this costume on the day he left his palace to begin the tremendous conflict which is now going on in his dominions. We subjoin a biographical sketch of him who is now acting a part so conspicuous on the great war-theater of Europe.

Victor Emmanuel II., King of Sardinia, which country bears almost the same relation to the present European war that Turkey did to the Crimean, is one of the prominent actors in the great drama now being enacted on the Eastern hemisphere. The house of Savoy, of which he is the head, descends from the old Counts of Sardinia. Although it is one of the most ancient and most illustrious in Europe, there are few reigning families in existence on the origin of which so many contradictory versions have been given. All authors agree in carrying back its genealogy to the ninth or tenth century, but while some of them with much appearance of probability derive it from the ancient Kings or Arles, the Princes of the house of Savoy themselves appear to accredit a statement according to which the famous Saxon Chief Witikind is the founder of the royal house of Sardinia. However this may be, Bertold and his son Humbert, the White-handed, were Counts of Savoy in the first half of the eleventh century, and one branch possessed the Principality of Piedmont. It became extinct in 1418, and that principality was reunited by Amédée VIII., chief of the second branch, whom the Emperor Sigismund created Duke of Savoy. In 1631 the house acquired the Duchy of Mont-

ferrat. Victor Amédée II., Duke of Savoy, was in 1718 made King of Sicily, and in 1720 he exchanged that kingdom for that of Sardinia. His son Charles Emmanuel III., acquired a considerable part of the Milanais. In 1815 the territory of the ancient republic of Genoa was united to the Sardinian monarchy, which is now composed as follows: The island of Sardinia, 430 geographical miles in extent; Duchy of Savoy, 176; Principality of Piedmont, 369; Duchy of Montferrat, 49; part of the Duchy of Milan, 147; and the Duchy of Genoa, 110; in all 1277 geographical miles, with a population amounting at the last census to 4,300,000 inhabitants. The house of Savoy has contracted several alliances with the old royal house of France. Louis XVIII. and Charles X. married the two daughters of Victor Amédée III., King of Sardinia, but both these princesses died before their husbands had ascended the throne of France.

King Victor Emmanuel is son of Charles Amédée Albert, of Savoy-Carignan, and the Princess Maria Theresa, daughter of Ferdinand Grand Duke of Tuscany. He was born on the fourteenth of March, 1820, and is at present in his thirty-sixth year.

At the time of his accession the flame of insurrection, never in a more righteous cause, had spread through Italy, and Lombardy had risen against Austria. The King of Sardinia and Piedmont well knew the strength of the power thus braved—too well for success. He delayed his military movements until he appeared to have been forced to adopt them; and this caution, justifiable on narrow views of policy, caused terrible reverses to his arms.

On the twenty-third of March, 1848, one month after the downfall of Louis Philippe, Carlo Alberto issued the proclamation by which he raised the Piedmontese flag as the "standard of Italian unity." His force consisted of two *corps d'armée* and a reserve, which last was under the command of the Duke of Savoy, the subject of our memoir; it numbered about 20,000 men. The artillery was commanded by the Duke of Genoa, the second son, since deceased. A series of strategic



maneuvers, which appear to be universally condemned, resulted in an engagement before the walls of Verona. The success was about equal on either side. The Sardinians had hoped for a rising within the city; they therefore retired without being beaten; while Radetzky considered that he had gained the day, inasmuch as the Piedmontese failed in their object. All accounts agree that the Duke of Savoy behaved with great gallantry, and fully sustained the military honor of his house. The King of Sardinia next took the fortress of Peschiera, and here, too, the Duke of Savoy distinguished himself; but his principal exploits were in the engagement at Goito, whence, after a whole day's fighting, he dislodged the Austrians and drove them along the right bank of the Mincio back on Mantua. Then came the long, tedious, and fruitless attack on Mantua, which furnished Radetzky with the time necessary to concentrate his forces. Then came a series of disasters to the Piedmontese arms. The lines of Carlo Alberto were forced in several places; but his army fought with a gallantry which promised victory, when, the Austrians suddenly receiving reinforcements to the number of 20,000 men, the flank of the Piedmontese army was turned, and Carlo Alberto was forced to recross the Mincio. The present King took part in these transactions, and displayed all the qualities of a gallant soldier. On the third of August, the Piedmontese, pursued by the Austrians, entered Milan, which, however, he soon quitted, as the citizens capitulated. This was followed by a truce, and finally led to the evacuation of Lombardy by the Piedmontese. It was during the progress of these events that the throne of Sicily was offered by the insurrectionary party to the

Duke of Genoa, the second son of Carlo Alberto, and, after some coy hesitation, refused.

The year 1849 was destined to witness new efforts on the part of Carlo Alberto, and still greater reverses. The King opened the Parliament on the first of February, with a speech wherein he spoke warmly of Italian unity, and called on the nation to aid in the sacrifices necessary to continue the war. In adopting this course, he was rather forced than otherwise by the miscalculating enthusiasm of his people.

Most of the history of Victor Emmanuel's government from this point is included in the sketches of his ministers given in this article. His action during the Crimean war, in joining the Sardinian forces to the allies against Russia, and securing for Sardinia a voice in the Congress of Paris, and to settle the questions in dispute, placed Sardinia ahead of all the other Italian States, and gave her the good reason which she now urges against disarmament and the ignoring of her importance.

The alliance of Prince Napoleon with Princess Clothilde of Sardinia has naturally combined with the critical aspect of Italian politics to render the house of Savoy an object of extraordinary interest in the eyes of Europe. In the popular cries of Lombardy the King of Sardinia is saluted as the future King of Italy, and the peace of the continent for the next generation appears now to depend on the policy of Piedmont.

Victor Emmanuel has harbored the Italian patriots, until now there is a division of the army of 20,000 men—the same which is commanded by Garibaldi—and which Austria imperiously demanded should be disbanded.

## GREAT SPEECH OF M. KOSSUTH.

A CROWDED public meeting was held May 20, at the London Tavern, to consider the attitude which it becomes the English nation to assume in relation to the war in Italy. The chair was taken by the Lord Mayor. The appearance of Monsieur Kossuth, the celebrated Governor of Hungary, was the signal for several rounds of hearty cheers.

The Lord Mayor, in opening the proceedings, said he was happy to be able to state that the first business which occupied the corporation of the City of London that day was the consideration of a resolution similar to the first resolution which would be proposed that evening. He had now the honor to introduce to the meeting the illustrious ruler of Hungary—[great cheering]—who as an exile in this land of freedom was waiting with longing expectation for the day when the nationality of his country would be recognized, and when in the midst of a triumphant and rejoicing people he would return to his native land to resume in peace the arts which made a nation great. [Cheers.]

## SPEECH OF KOSSUTH.

Mons. Kossuth, who was received most enthusiastically, then spoke as follows:

MY LORD MAYOR, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The cloud, called the "Italian Question," has at last begun to discharge the electric fluid with which it was overcharged for more than forty years. It is a momentous event likely to become epochal in the history of Europe. What is the position which England ought to take in this critical emergency? Your lordship, whose opinions carry with them a threefold authority, that of an independent English patriot, that of a tried and consistent friend of liberty, and that of the exalted representative of this great commercial metropolis of the world—your lordship has answered the question. The position which England ought to take, and from which she ought not to depart, is that of honest neutrality and strict non-intervention. I feel greatly honored in being permitted to take part in the proceed-

ings of this evening, though I know that in my individual capacity my humble opinions can pretend to no weight with this distinguished assembly. But, though by the stormy waves of national adversity, I was cast a homeless exile on the shores of this country—the happy home of the free and the sanctuary of the oppressed—still, the municipality of this great metropolis deigned to receive me as the representative of the down-trodden Hungarian nationality; upwards of one hundred cities, boroughs, and corporations followed in the wake, and the liberal instincts of the people of England and Scotland vouchsafed to make me the depository of their sympathy for my native land. Thus my Lord Mayor, it fell to my lot prominently to stand identified in public opinion with the cause of the oppressed nationalities and of European liberty. Such being the peculiarity of my individual position, I for one, can not help deriving corroborative persuasion from the coincidence that the conclusion at which your lordship has arrived from an English point of view is exactly the same at which I have arrived from a European point of view. As an exile, as a Hungarian, as a member of an oppressed nationality, as a man identified in all his aspirations with the cause of its emancipation, I repeat, as an ardent prayer, what your lordship advanced as the well-matured vote of an English patriot—that England should deliberately adhere to the policy of honest neutrality and of strict non-intervention. If, in consequence of this concurrence of opinions, I were to be asked whether I anticipate that the war which is just commencing may eventually result to the advantage of the cause with which every aspiration of my heart is identified, I should unhesitatingly declare that I do anticipate such an eventual result, provided England does not divert into a wrong channel the natural course of events by interfering with the war. This anticipation does not flow, my Lord Mayor, from the excitement which recent events must naturally have operated on my feelings. Adversity is a great teacher, my lord, and the icy fin-

ger of time is a mighty disenchanter. I have much suffered in the last ten years of my tempest-tossed life, but in compensation I have learned something—I have learnt not to clutch with eager impatience the fleeting forelock of illusory hopes. I have learnt with calm reflection to trace the law of concatenation between cause and effect which presides over the logic of history. Taking my stand on this law, I rest my anticipations on the incontrovertible axiom that the difficulties of the oppressor may become a chance of deliverance for the oppressed. I see Francis Joseph of Austria—the murderer of my nation—the blood-stained usurper of my country—engaged in a great war. I reflect on the relative position of the contending parties, and on the strategical necessities which must develop themselves in the course of the war, and I come to the conclusion that at no distant time emancipation will be within the reach of some of those nationalities the oppression of whom by the house of Austria is the great European nuisance, without the removal of which patchwork arrangements may be devised calculated to disguise for a little while longer the dry rot of the political structure of Europe, but both a permanent peace and a settled condition of the European community are utterly impossible.

Your lordship has appropriately alluded to the royal proclamation by which her Majesty's Government have entered into a public pledge to abstain from taking any part, directly or indirectly, in the war which has just commenced on the Continent, and to maintain a strict and impartial neutrality. This certainly is a right move in the right direction. Condign credit is owing to her Majesty's Government for the constitutional spirit which they have displayed in showing due regard for the demands of public opinion, manifested with more than ordinary emphasis, both from the hustings during the elections, and by numerous meetings held since. So far, so good. But I make bold to say that if it be desired that the proclaimed neutrality should assume the character of a settled rule, not subject to eventual modifications, it is even more than before, necessary that the expression of public opinion should not relax; nay, that it should be made even more explicit than hitherto, in order that no room may be left for any doubt as to the sense in which

the people of these realms desire the proclaimed principle of neutrality to be understood, and as to the consistency with which it ought to be acted upon. Neutrality is a general expression, yet it implies a special meaning, the bearing of which can not be fully fathomed unless we have it clearly understood with which of the contending parties her Majesty's Government would side if they were not to remain neutral. Now, my lord, I do not remember to have heard of one single official or semi-official declaration which has left the impression on my mind that if her Majesty's Government were not to remain neutral they would side with Sardinia and France against Austria. But I have heard of many declarations forcibly leading to the inference, that the alternative was either neutrality or else support of Austria. [Loud cries of "No, no."] It was always universally admitted, that in the beginning England was to remain neutral; but it was added, that she should watch what turn events would take, and should arm in the mean time, so as to be prepared to do—what? To repel any aggression of her territories, colonies and dependencies? Of course, that should be done, that would be done, and gloriously, too. "Come, the three corners of the world in arms"—you know the rest of the proud, bold strain. But this has nothing to do with neutrality or non-neutrality; this is a question of attack and defense, and the plainest common-sense reflection will suggest that England will not be attacked in this war, if she does not run into it herself. No, it was said that England should arm, in order to be prepared to protect her interests. Again, I should say, so far so good; only that "interest" is a very vague word; it may mean nothing or it may mean any thing to suit the fancy of the coming moment. [Hear, hear.] But we have been vouchsafed a foretaste of what it might mean. We have been told that if a French fleet should enter the Adriatic it might be the interest of England to oppose it; we have been told, and on high authority, too, that if Trieste were to be attacked it might be the interest of England to defend it; nay, the inspired ministerial candidate for the West Riding of Yorkshire even told the electors that it might be the interest of England to protect Venice. From what? Of course, from the great misfortune of getting emancipated from the detested yoke of

Austria. Thus, turn it as we may, the alternative is this—either England remains neutral, or else she will be brought to support Austria. If in this war England were to depart from the principle of strict and impartial neutrality, you would be in danger of seeing the colors of England nailed to the mast of Austria—you would have the fair name of Britannia coupled to that Babylon of abomination whose power rests on a tissue of conduct which, as Professor Newman remarks, in his work upon the Crimes of the House of Austria, even in the ancient heathen times caused the holders of power thus gained to be regarded as self-outlawed, hateful to gods, and deserving of no defense from men. This feature of the case, that departure from the principle of neutrality means support of Austria, should never, for a moment, be lost sight of. It will convince every true-hearted Englishman that, though the proclamation of neutrality is deserving of unreserved approbation, there is much left to be watched, to be cleared up, and to be controlled by public opinion. The important question is—What is the world to understand by the assurance that the English Government are firmly purposed and determined to abstain from taking any part in this war? Is this declaration made under the tacit proviso that England will remain neutral provided the war remains restricted to Italy? or is it meant to intimate that England will adhere to the principle of impartial neutrality and strict non-intervention, although, in the natural course of events, the area of the conflict may happen to be extended to other parts of the Austrian dominions, and the eventual issue of the complications happen to be correspondingly enlarged? I wish this assembly to come to a proper conclusion on this subject. I shall therefore, with your leave, my lord, enter on a brief inquiry as to certain preconceived ideas—I might well call them prejudices—which, if they are not emphatically repudiated by public opinion, will be likely to drift England into the war, in spite of the prospects held out by the proclamation of neutrality. These prejudices turn, in the first place, around a radically erroneous interpretation of what is called the Italian question; secondly, around the undue regards which we hear professed on the part of England for the treaties of 1815; thirdly, around what diplomatists call the localization of the

war; and lastly, around that greatest of all imaginable misconceptions, that the integrity of the Austrian empire is essential to the maintenance of the balance of power. May it please your lordship to allow me to make some remarks on each of these points.

First, as to the real merit of the Italian question. There are commotions which owe their origin to mal-administration and misgovernment. These may be put to rest by seasonable concessions, improvements, reforms. But, my lord, ill-governed as Italy is, with the exception of Piedmont, the Italian question is not of this character. The problem imperatively claiming its adequate solution in the Italian question is not such or another form of government, such or another abuse or grievance, demanding such or another improvement, concession, redress. No; the Italian question is a question of nationality, and because it is a question of nationality, the first and foremost point in its practical solution is, the total and definite expulsion of Austria from Italy, her expulsion in such a manner that she should not be able to go back. Many political questions may admit of a compromise; but this is one of those which can admit of no compromise. Either Austria must be definitely ejected from Italy or else, do what the Powers of Europe may, the Italian question will recur again and again. No administrative reforms, no readjustment of provincial frontiers, could conjure it, and no terrorism could stifle it. Nothing short of the utter extermination of the Italians could secure the rule of Austria in Italy; and a nation of twenty-six millions baffles even extermination. Well wrote Lord Napier to Viscount Palmerston in 1848: "The Italians may be crushed, but will not be extirpated. The enthusiasm of hope will kindle and the broken thread will knit again and again." It is from this nature of the Italian question that already, in 1846, when the Papal dominions were even worse governed than they are now—and to say this is to say very much indeed, the moderate liberal party—I say the moderate party—declared to the Papal Commissaries "that howsoever dreadful, howsoever insupportable were the particular sufferings of the Roman people, their questions with the government had for them but a secondary interest—the principal was Italy—that what revolted their



feelings more than any thing else was, that the Papal government had made itself the slave of Austria in Italy, and that whenever an opportunity for fighting the Austrians should offer itself the Romans would join in the fight with the energies of a wearied and indignant people, because the life of all Italy was elevated to the sentiment of nationality. It is likewise owing to this nature of the Italian question that when Venice and Lombardy had risen in 1848 the whole of Italy united in a crusade against Austria. The same nature of the Italian question explains the fact that when, in 1848, from fear lest the French might enter Italy, Austria offered to the provisional government of Milan the unconditional independence of Lombardy, with faculty to dispose of themselves as they might please, the Milanese rejected the offer with the declaration that they would never separate themselves from their Venetian brethren, and that they would fight not for Lombardy but for Italy. It is equally from this nature of the Italian question that we see, at this very moment, the people of Piedmont, though happy and contented with their own condition, cheerfully accept all the sufferings and sacrifices of war, waged in the most barbarous manner by the enemy, that King Victor Emmanuel having inscribed on his banner the independence of Italy, sees a great number of republicans rallying around him, just as the monarchists would have rallied round the banner of Italy if the republicans had unfurled it with a reasonable prospect of success. It is from the same cause that Tuscany threw itself into the arms of the King of Piedmont; that volunteers from all parts of Italy flock to the banner of the King; that the most extraordinary measures of rigor have to be resorted to in Naples to prevent the people from joining them; and last, not least, to the same cause is it due that we see the French received with joy and enthusiasm in Italy. Now, it does strike me that in all the transactions preceding the declaration of war by Austria there was this shortcoming in the policy of England, that the Italian question was not viewed as a question of nationality, but was viewed as one that might and should be solved on the basis of Austria retaining her Italian possessions if she would only consent not to interfere with the rest of Italy.

I shall not now enter on the task of

showing that it is the strangest of all strange misconceptions to believe that Austria may be left in the possession of Venice and Lombardy, and that she could be bound by any treaties, by any arrangements, not to exert the preponderating influence of her position on central and southern Italy in the direction of that principle of unmitigated despotism, in which the House of Austria lives, and moves, and has its being. To show this I should have to refer to diplomatic documents which ought not to have escaped the attention of cotemporary statesmen, but which would carry me to a greater length than I can afford on the present occasion. Therefore I will only remark, that unless it be explicitly understood throughout Europe that the maintenance of Austria in her ill-gotten Italian possessions does not enter into the intents and purposes of England, no proclamations of neutrality will preserve your country from, sooner or later, being drifted into the war in consequence of entangling alliances, for which it is manifest that mighty influences are at work.

It is a strange sight to see what is going on in Germany. That the German nation, which hardly ever was united in any single purpose, should appear ready to sink for once all dissensions in the determination to resist a supposed dash of the French at the Rhine—this, my lord, justly commands the approbation of every sensible man. There is, however, much of a false alarm at the bottom of that agitation, as it is perfectly absurd to suppose that the French government, having already one war on hand, could meditate an attack on the Rhine—an attack directed, not against Austria, but against Prussia and the confederated minor German States—an attack which would be sure to put a mighty European coalition in battle order against France. The fact is, that there are influences at work to turn the patriotic feelings of the German nation to the profit of the House of Austria, for maintaining their foot planted on the neck of other nationalities, which have as much right to assert, or to reassert, an independent national existence as Germany has to maintain hers. But believe me, gentlemen, in spite of the prevailing excitement, the noble instincts of the German nation could never be deluded into the disgraceful part of being made the *valet de bourreau* [hangman's assistant]

of the House of Austria, for enslaving other nationalities, unless it was supposed that England's government sympathized with Austria, that England's government thought her entitled to retain her Italian possessions, and was favorable to the idea that the integrity of her dominions should be maintained. Unfortunately, it has been proclaimed in Parliament, by the official organ of England's foreign policy, that Austria has strong claims on your sympathy because she is kindred in race to Anglo-Saxon England. Well, I am bound to remark, in all humility, that this pitiful appeal to your commiseration happens to be a very unfortunate display of proficiency in ethnographic studies. The unnatural compound of heterogeneous elements, formed by a long series of usurpations, which goes by the name of Austria, is so far from being German, that, though at the last census of 1851 the government of Austria employed both artifice and terrorism to establish for their dominions the character of German nationality, they found it impossible to raise the number of their German subjects higher than to about seven millions out of a population of thirty-seven millions. In fact, Austria is the only Power in Europe which has no national character; it is of no country, of no race—it is just a dynasty, and nothing more; it is simply the House of Hapsburg—no, not even that; every thing in that accursed house is usurpation, down to their very name; they are not Hapsburgs, they are Lorrain Vaudemonts, rebellious crown officers of France, as Napoleon I. used to style them—not they, but the Lords Denbigh, of the House of Fielding, are the only Hapsburgs on earth. However, since such declarations of sympathy coupled with recognitions of the pretended rights of Austria, went forth in an official manner from the English government, it is not to be wondered at that the impression prevails throughout Germany and throughout the Austrian dominions, that in spite of the declaration of neutrality, England will come round by and by, and in one way or another will find out some pretext for either directly supporting Austria or assisting Germany in supporting her. This impression exerts such a detrimental influence on the spirit of the oppressed nationalities as I am sure every liberal-minded Englishman will lament. On the other hand, it pushes Germany into a false

direction, which, if not checked in time, will, sooner or later, first entangle England into untoward combinations, and then drift her, under some eventual pretext, into the war. I think it, therefore, urgent that, while approving of the policy of impartial neutrality and strict non-intervention, the public opinion of the English nation should emphatically repudiate the idea of lending, under any circumstances, her support to Austria against the emancipation of the nationalities oppressed by her.

I now come to the pretended inviolability of the treaties of 1815. It is the more important to have the mist of prejudices cleared away in this regard, as it can admit of no doubt that should it so happen (which God forefend) that England were to depart from the principles of neutrality it would be done in favor of Austria, it would be done on the ground and under the pretext of the inviolability of the treaties of 1815. It is woeful to remember, my lord, that the sovereigns who, on pretense of asserting the liberties of Europe, enticed the nations to shed their blood in streams for nearly a quarter of a century, and to waste away the prosperity of generations for the preservation of dynasties, at last required the deluded nations, at the Congress of Vienna, by selling and bartering them like cattle, and by treating Europe like an allodial farm. Thus it is that Lombardy, thus it is that Venice, the Fairy City, robbed of its glorious independence of thirteen hundred years' standing, were tossed over like a cricket-ball into the grasp of the House of Austria. These last forty-four years of Italian life, with their groans, with their ever-growing hatred and discontent, with their ever-recurring commotions, conspiracies, revolts, revolutions, with their scaffolds soaked in the blood of patriots, with their horrors of Spielberg, and Mantua, and with the chafing anger with which the words, "Out with the Austrians," tremble on the lips of every Italian—these forty-four years are recorded in history as a standing protest against those impious treaties. The robbed protested loudly enough against the compact of the robbers. Yet forsooth, we are still told that the treaties of 1815 are inviolable! Why, I have heard it reported that England rang with a merry peal when the stern inward judge, Conscience, led the hand of Castlereagh to suicide; and shall

we in 1859 be offered the sight of England plunging into the incalculable calamities of a great war for no better purpose than to uphold the accursed work of the Castlereaghs, and from no better motive than to keep the accursed house of Austria safe? Inviolable treaties, indeed! Why, my lord, the forty-four years that have since passed have cribbled those treaties like a sieve. The Bourbons, whom they restored to the throne of France, have vanished, and the Bonapartes, whom they proscribed, are restored. Two changes—the transformation of Switzerland from a confederation of States into a confederated State, and the independence of Belgium, have been accomplished in spite of those treaties, to the profit of liberty; but for the rest, the distinctive feature of the cribbling process through which those treaties have passed is this, that every poor plant of freedom which they had spared has been uprooted by the unsparing hand of despotism. From the Republic of Cracow, poor remnant of Poland, swallowed by Austria, down to the freedom of the Press, guaranteed to Germany, but reduced to such a condition that in the native land of Gutenberg not one square yard of soil is left to set a free press upon, every thing that was not of evil in those inviolable treaties has been trampled down to the profit of despotism, of concordats, of Jesuits, and of benighted darkness. All these violations of the inviolable treaties were accomplished without England once shaking her mighty trident to forbid it; and shall it be recorded in history that when the object is to drive Austria from Italy, when the natural logic of this undertaking might present my own native land with a chance of that deliverance to which England bade God speed with a mighty outcry of sympathy, rolling like a thunder from John O'Groats to the Land's End—that deliverance for which prayers have ascended and are ascending still to the Father of mankind from millions of British hearts—shall it be recorded in history that at such a time, that under such circumstances, England plunged into the horrors and calamities of war—nay, that she took upon herself to make this war long and universal, for the mere purpose of upholding the inviolability of those rotten treaties, those highwaymen compacts, in favor of despotic, priest-ridden, bankrupt Austria, good for nothing on earth except to spread darkness and to

perpetuate servitude? There you have that Austria in Piedmont carrying on a war in a manner that recalls to memory the horrors of the bygone ages of barbarism, allowing her rigorously-disciplined soldiers to act the part of robbers let loose upon an unoffending population, to offer violence to helpless women, to outrage daughters in presence of their parents, and revel in such other savage crimes as the blood of civilized men curdles at hearing related, and the tongue falters in relating. Such she was always; these horrors but faintly reflect what Hungary had to suffer from her in our late war.

And shall it be said that England, the home of gentlemen, sent her brave sons to shed their blood, to stain their honor in fighting side by side with such a *Soldatesca*, for the maintenance of those highwayman-compacts of 1815 to the profit of that Austria? No, let the people of England raise loud their mighty voice—let them thunder forth the forbidden words, “No, this shall not be!” let them give to the government of the nation the pillar of the nation's clearly-expressed will to lean upon, remind them that they are the ministers of England and not of Austria, and fortify their natural position against the influence of foreign insidious whisperings. There is danger, I tell you, men of England, there is danger before your doors. Do not blindly confide in appearances. The wooden and iron bulwarks of England went forth to the Mediterranean with sealed secret orders. What if those silent papers should have had something to do with the ship *Orion*, moored athwart the port of Genoa so as to impede the disembarkation of French troops, and refusing to move an inch out of the way? It is rumored that the indignation of the Genoese was loud; that England's naval officers were obliged to stay all night ashore, as even the poorest gondolier refused to row them to their ship. What if you should hear of the recurrence of petty annoyances, may be chance, may be design, but at all events calculated to annoy the French and Italians, and to provoke some untoward collision, upon the ground of which you may then hear England's honor talked of in stirring variations, and, as you have been appropriately warned by the *Times*, you may go to bed one evening believing yourself at peace, and may wake on the

morrow finding yourself at war? And all for the glorious purpose of vindicating the inviolability of the precious treaties of 1815! Let the people's voice keep England out of war till Parliament meets. Parliament will keep her safe when it shall have met.

The third point which I have to elucidate is what diplomatists call the localization of the war. If this expression has any meaning at all, it is meant to say that the war shall be fought out on Italian territory. Well, my lord, I apprehend that those who say so talk absolute nonsense; they have not consulted the most elementary principles of strategy. If the war is to have any issue at all, the Austrians must not only be ejected from Italy, they must be ejected in such a manner that they shall not be able to go back again. Tactical victories, without a strategical result, never have finished a war, nor ever will. Now, in the rear of the fortified defensive position of the Austrians, between the Mincio and the Adige, and at a little distance beyond the Tagliamento, is the frontier line which separates Lombardy and Venice from the other dominions of Austria. Well, imagine that the Austrians, attacked in front in that famous position, despair of holding their ground, and retire behind the Tagliamento. Does England mean to say that France and Piedmont shall be forbidden to follow them? Does England mean to say that Austria, being at war, should enjoy all the advantages of neutrality in her seas, or on her own territory? that she has only to retire beyond a certain line, there stop, and mock her enemies, because these would be obliged, by the localization principle, not to overstep the Italian territory? Why, this is absolutely preposterous. We in our own war of independence ejected three armies in succession from our territory; they flew across the frontiers of neighboring Turkey, and we did not follow them from respect for the neutral rights of our neighbor. But Turkey did not disarm the ejected Austrians, as by the law of nations she ought to have done; and the result was, that they came back, and attacked us again. Now, in that case they retreated to a territory which was not their own, and, therefore, was under the rights and duties of neutrality. But in the present case it is pretended, upon the principle of localization, that Austria, though belli-

gerent, should enjoy all the privileges of neutrality in her own seas, and on her own territory. She does not confine her means of warfare to those resources which she might draw from Italy; they would be scanty resources, indeed. No, she uses every nook of her dominions, whether connected with the Germanic Confederation or not, for raising armies, and drawing every implement and supplement of warfare from every where. Yet it is pretended that the Powers with whom she is at war should hold her territory inviolable beyond Italy; it is pretended that she may be belligerent, but should be thought neutral, too. Again I say, that is absolute nonsense.

There is yet another consideration. The strategical position of Austria in the famous square between the Mincio and Adige, with its four fortresses on its four corners, one of them, Verona, not a mere fortress, but a fortified camp, capable of sheltering sixty thousand men—that position is not what it was in the famous campaign of 1796. It was like an embryo then, it is like a giant now. And diplomacy comes with its idea of localization, and claims from France and Piedmont that they should be content with a front attack—content, as it were, with running their heads against a wall; and that they should abstain from taking the power of Austria in flank and rear, either by sea or by land, on any other point of her dominions. Why, the pretension is absolutely monstrous! Then what is to be inferred from these considerations with regard to the policy of England? It would be utterly vain to speculate upon what England would have to do if France were to dash at the Rhine, and occupy Belgium, or attack Germany, because no man in his senses can think that the Emperor of the French can be extremely anxious to get Prussia and Germany to turn upon him while he has Austria upon his hands. If he be attacked by them, he will, of course, defend himself, and will not be without allies I imagine; but that he should intend to attack them is an idle dream.

Therefore, you ought to consider the war such as it is: Piedmont and France on the one hand, and the House of Austria on the other; and on this ground I should ask: Are you willing to guarantee with your blood and money to belligerent Austria the privileges of neutrality for her non-Italian possessions? Are you



willing to have your country plunged in war for the purpose of protecting Austria from such military operations as, consistently with the law of nations, her antagonists may think fit to direct against her without Italy? If you are not prepared to do this, (as I trust you are not,) well, then, do not rest satisfied with vague declarations, but go straight to the practical point, and let it be clearly understood by the government, that whether the battlefield be confined to the Po, or extend to any other portion of the Austrian dominions, you wish England to maintain a strict and impartial neutrality, and that you will as little vote one penny of subsidy, or sacrifice one drop of English blood for the safety of Austria in the Adriatic, on the Danube, or on the Theiss, as you would do it for her safety on the Po. I think it both urgent and important, my Lord Mayor, that public opinion should be explicit in its manifestations, because I can not forget that some distinguished members of her Majesty's government hinted at the possibility of England flying to the rescue of Austria if she were to be attacked in the Adriatic.

And I ask what is that Austria to you, that she should be hugged to the protecting bosom of Britannia, at the cost of your blood to be shed in streams, of your money to be spent by hundreds of millions, at the cost of bringing incalculable confusion into your commercial relations, inflicting deep wounds, it may be incurable wounds on your prosperity, checking your progress, and arresting the course of your peaceful reforms? What, I ask again, is the House of Austria to you? Is its existence advantageous to your commercial interests? Why, just consult the latest returns of the Board of Trade, and you will see that your commerce with small but free Belgium is nearly six times as extensive as your commerce with the big Austrian Empire. Uruguay nearly equals it, the Philippine Islands, poor Norway, and little Greece, rank each before Austria. But I know that when the heterogeneous compound of that European nuisance is once dissolved, your commercial intercourse with Hungary alone must be ten times as extensive as it is with the whole Austrian Empire now.

Or is it true, as some have told you, that Austria is your useful ally, both faithful and true? Useful, indeed! I know that Austria was the insatiable pensioner of

England; that she was the bottomless sack into which England poured millions from the life-sweat of her industrious people. I know that in the late French wars you gave her the little snug sum of seventeen millions of pounds; but what advantage you have got from her in return, that is not yet recorded in history. I know that you have saved Austria, but I do not know that you are indebted for your safety, for your rank amongst the nations, for your prosperity, or for your freedom to her. A dear ally she was to you, forsooth; only too dear. But how "useful?" That I have yet to learn. Austria your ally, faithful and true! Why, gentlemen, remember the Crimean war. Cast your eyes at the gloomy churchyard field before Sebastopol. It is faithful Austria, that pale phantom of death that sent your heroes to die in vain on that barren field, while she stood idle by without firing a shot, without raising a finger, in return for all your consideration for her. But if I can find no answer to the question, "What is Austria to England?" I could tell you a tale of horrors about what Austria is to the great birthright of mankind—liberty, what she is to freedom of conscience, what she is to culture and enlightenment, what she is to every thing that good men prize. No, England, can not, England will not, load herself with the reproach of oppressed millions by stepping between Austria and retribution, for which she appears to be marked by the finger of a long forbearing but just Providence, whose ways are often mysterious.

And why, I ask, why should England plunge into the calamities of war to keep that Austria safe? One answer is given to this question which brings me to the last chapter of my remarks. It is said that the integrity of the Austrian empire is necessary to the maintenance of the balance of power. Oh! this word, specter as it is, that can not stand the light of common-sense, this word is a terrible Moloch, to which right, justice, political morality, freedom, and the existence of nations have been immolated as so many holocausts. Let it not be said that England persisted in perpetuating the sacrifice. I shall not now enter on a theoretical elucidation of the fallacies of this cabalistic abracadabra of balance of power, which, unlike that of the olden Syrians, creates the diseases which it is

intended to cure. I shall restrict myself to one remark of a practical character. Artificial states, without either organic cohesion or harmonizing cement, are an incitement to war, instead of constituting a check upon it. Against what kind of preponderance is the Austrian empire meant to constitute a barrier? Evidently either against Russia or against France. Well, as to Russia. There are in the Austrian empire seventeen millions of people belonging to the Slavonic race; all of them discontented, because not only oppressed politically, but also deprived of national existence. Now, imagine Russia desiring to strike an ambitious blow any where. Will Austria be a barrier to her? Was she ever a barrier at any single moment of the past? Why, Russia need only to say, as the Czar Alexander instructed Admiral Tsitsakoff to say if he found Austria playing fast and loose, "Ye seventeen millions, rise against the oppressor of your nationality—here I am to help you;" and they will rise, and where will Austria be? This is the reason why Austria did not dare to draw her sword in the late Crimean war. Is that a barrier? Why, it is a high road inviting ambition to an easy march. Now reverse the picture. Let those seventeen millions be delivered from the Austrian yoke, and they would be what Slavonic Poland was till quartered with the concurrence of Austria.

Again, as to France. On the nineteenth of November last, I spoke at Glasgow the following words: "In any war in which France will stand on the one side and Austria on the other, France has but to advance to the frontiers of any of the nationalities oppressed by Austria, and say, 'Here I am to help you—rise and throw off the yoke of Austria,' and they will hail the invitation with enthusiasm." You are just on the eve of seeing this anticipation realized in Italy. As the French advance, you can see in them new Deucalions raising up an armed foe to Austria from every stone. And you may see the anticipation, by and by, realized in other quarters, too. If Austria held not Italy in her grasp, would an Italian question be possible? No, Austria is not a barrier; her very existence is the sword of Damocles suspended over the settled condition of Europe; it is the cavern from which the European volcano is fed. Let Austria vanish into

the gulf of eternal perdition which is yawning for her, and we may yet hear, perhaps, of local revolutions, but they will remain mere domestic affairs. European wars of ambition will become forever impossible, and you will not see any longer the life-sweat of Europe drained by the keeping up of large standing armies, because the independence of every nation will find a guarantee in the independence of all.

The truth is very plain, my lord. The nations agglomerated into the artificial compound called Austria certainly contain considerable elements of power; but it is a very great misconception to deduce from this fact the inference that the Austrian Empire is a powerful ingredient in what is called the system of the balance of power. The world has progressed, my lord. The sentiment of nationality which fifty years ago the dynasties aroused for the protection of their thrones, is strongly developed every where. If it be strong in the German nation, it is equally strong in the Italian, Hungarian, and Slavonic nationalities—nay, even stronger, because these are subject to foreign domination. Therefore the fact is, that the nations which are yoked together under the strictly military rule of Austria, detest that rule. Consequently, in any war waged against Austria, one or another of them—it may be all of them—will always be found ready to join any foreign power against Austria. Those nations, emancipated from the yoke of Austria, would certainly form powerful bulwarks of Europe's independence; but coupled together by force and violence in an unnatural compound which they detest, they are not a barrier, but the vulnerable point of Europe's peace and security.

I have thus endeavored, my Lord Mayor, to elucidate the four points which I beg the meeting well to consider, because it is on the view which the English nation shall take of these points, that the policy of England will eventually depend. There is one point more to which I desire to advert. It is said that if the Italians, if the other nationalities whom Austria holds in bondage, would act alone, England would not feel tempted to intervene, but the French intervention alters the case. It is said that the Emperor of the French can not be actuated by any other than ambitious views, that he means conquest; and this England should not allow; nor

should Italy, or the other oppressed nationalities, lend their hands for exchanging one task-master for another. These are grave considerations, indeed, and here is my brief, plain answer to them. It is easy to say that the oppressed nationalities should act alone. Unity of will and harmony of design are not every thing; action must be combined on a preconceived plan, and before that combination can be arrived at in countries where speech is stifled, and the press is gagged, the disciplined army crushes the unorganized popular masses, and the hangman and the scaffold do the rest. This is the key to the mystery that with a couple of hundred thousand soldiers millions of brave liberty-loving people may be held in bondage for ages. Rare are the instances recorded in history in which deliverance from oppression was achieved without foreign assistance. The United States of America had the assistance of despotic France in establishing their independence. Even England, heroic and brave as she is, had the aid of fifteen thousand Dutch grenadiers and a Dutch fleet of five hundred sail; it was with these that William of Orange came to the rescue of her liberties. We Hungarians achieved our independence without foreign assistance, but it was by foreign intervention that we were enslaved. What a curious change has come on a sudden over the minds of government and of aristocrats that they raise a hue and cry against what they call the intervention of the French in Italy? Why, my lord, for about forty years we have scarcely heard of any thing else than foreign intervention against liberty. There was intervention in Spain, at Naples, in Piedmont, in Sicily, at Rome, in Moldo-Wallachia, in Hungary, in Hassia, in Baden, in Schleswig-Holstein, every where there has been intervention against liberty, and I do not know that England has ever drawn her sword to forbid it. Sometimes a tame remonstrance may have been offered; but, in the case of my own dear native land, England's government had not one poor word of observation to offer. Well, here at last is a case in which a chance of emancipation from the yoke of Austria is presenting itself by an intervention, and a hue and cry is raised against it, and principles are invoked in favor of oppression which were never invoked in favor of the oppressed. It is a discreditable hypocrisy. Let Austria be

VOL. XLVII.—NO. III

replaced in the position into which the heroic arms of my nation had hurled her in 1849, before foreign intervention lifted her up from the dust, and be sure neither Italy nor we shall want any assistance; but, if England permitted Austria to be saved, and the rights of nationalities to be crushed by foreign intervention, let it not be recorded that, when such intervention might have turned to the advantage of the oppressed nationalities, then only was it opposed for the first time by that England which was so much indebted herself to foreign assistance for her deliverance from oppression. Besides, in this case there is not exactly intervention, there is war between established governments. That one or more nationalities may take advantage of the opportunity is, I should think, not exactly a proper reason for England to throw, Brennus-like, her sword into the scale in favor of Austria, a name synonymous with oppression, and with the murder of nationalities.

What may be the special motives which induced the present ruler of France to engage in this war, I do not pretend to know, but I know what can not be in his interest, and therefore can not be in his intentions. It can not be in his interest to enter on the career of a conqueror, because that would be positive ruin to him, as it was the ruin of Napoleon I. Nay, though that great captain was certainly an ambitious man, yet I feel perfectly certain that if he were to rise this day from his grave, with all his high-towering ambition, not even he could enter now on the career of a conqueror. At certain times, certain things are impossible; and this is one of them. Furthermore, I know that it can not be in his interest, nay that it is positively against his interest, to aim at the oppression of nationalities. It is the irreverent disregard of the sentiment of nationality which sent Napoleon I. to die a fettered eagle on the scorching rocks of St. Helena; it is the same irreverent disregard of the sentiment of nationality that will shatter to atoms the tottering throne of perfidious Austria. And, verily, it does strike me that Napoleon III. is not exactly the man to repeat the fault by which Napoleon I. fell. By doing good to the oppressed nationalities he may earn great moral advantage; by doing them harm he could not earn any thing but ruin for himself. In forming my opinions I take for a starting-point in-

terests, not men; and knowing that in matters where so much is at stake, men are not likely to disregard their interest, I dare trust to the soundness of my conclusions. And, after all, there is some guarantee in the force of circumstances, too. Suppose—I give it you as a supposition—suppose that the logical development of the present war should offer to my own nation, not an incitement to hazardous desultory riots—these I should sternly advise her to avoid—but should offer such a chance as would, with reasonable prospects, place her independence within the reach of her own determination, would you advise her to reject the chance because, under the mysterious dispensation of Providence, it would have come to her from a Bonaparte? Why, she would be a fool to reject it. Hungary can not be made a French department; she is both too strong and too distant for that; her distance alone places her out of that danger. And even as to Italy. Hated as Austria is by every Italian, the iron rod of Austria was strong enough to prevent Italy from organizing and arming the nation. Thanks to the assistance of France, they can do it now. Let them be wise enough to take advantage of the occasion, and, having had assistance in getting delivered from the foe, if they should not know how to secure their future independence from the friend, they would not deserve to be free. When the fate of nations is trembling in the scales, woe to the man loving himself more than his fatherland, would allow himself to be guided in his judgment by his personal sympathies and antipathies rather than by what he owes to his country. I love my fatherland more than myself—more than any thing on earth; and, inspired by this love, I ask one boon—only one boon—from England, and that is, that she should not support Austria. England has not interfered for liberty; let her not interfere for the worst of despotisms on earth—that of Austria.

The only boon I ask is strict neutrality; and this, too, I should not ask if I were not certain in my conscience that England's interference in the war would bring incalculable calamity on this your free and happy country, without any possible present profit or future compensation. I owe, and gladly profess to owe, eternal gratitude to England. I should feel it

much like a misfortune befalling my own native land should England inconsiderately rush into a calamitous course by coupling her own fate to that of the House of Austria. The English nation has mighty destinies in her hands. Please to bear well in mind this, that no war can be thought to have assumed European proportions, unless Germany and Russia become parties to it. Now, my lord, I am of opinion that, though the German nation be uncommonly excited, Germany will not fly into the war to the rescue of Austria, unless Prussia takes the lead—thus abjuring the policy of Frederick the Great, which raised her to the position of a first-rate power. And I, for one, considering the attitude which the Czar of Russia would be likely to take in such a case—I, for one, can not think that the Regent of Prussia will risk the dangerous hazard unless he shall be made sure of being supported by England. Thus it evidently depends on the resolution of England whether or not this war is to assume general European proportions; because if Prussia, from reliance upon England's support, plunges into the war on the side of Austria, it is more than reasonable to anticipate that France in that case will be supported by Russia. Let, therefore, her Majesty's Government well ponder over the consequences of a rash, inconsiderate step, and let them well weigh the immense responsibility of their position. The course which the national interests of England recommend is very clear. Keep yourselves out of harm; develop your own freedom; advance your prosperity; go on steadily on the road of progress, to your own advantage as well as to that of humanity and of civilization; and allow me to express a hope that if, under the merciful dispensation of Providence, a chance of national emancipation should arise from the present complications for any of the nationalities whom Austria holds in bondage, the good wishes and hearty prayers of this free, generous nation will not be with the oppressor, but with the oppressed; that England will not be backward in cheering the endeavor with her approbation, and in encouraging it by her sympathy. [Great and long-continued applause.]

The resolution offered by the Lord Mayor was then unanimously adopted, with a vote of thanks to M. Kossuth.



## LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

**DEATH OF THE KING OF NAPLES.**—This long-expected event has at last taken place. A telegraphic message from Rome, dated Sunday evening, says: "The King of Naples died at half-past one o'clock this afternoon."

The King of Naples, Ferdinand II., was born on the twenty-second of January, 1810, and was the son of Francis I. by his second wife, Isabella Maria, the Infanta of Spain. In the year 1830 he ascended the throne of the Two Sicilies, at a time when that country was in a most disorganized state. No actual rebellion, however took place till 1848, although from his accession to that time no single year had passed in real tranquillity. The troops, at first, made scarcely any show of resistance. On the night of the thirteenth, shells and round shot were fired on the city from the foot of Castelmare, but at the intercession of several consuls the fire was suspended. After a delay of twenty-four hours the struggle recommenced, but without result. On the twentieth a steamer brought from Naples decrees reorganizing the council of state, opening up public offices to Sicilians, and promising to provincial councils a voice in local affairs. The Sicilians demanded the constitution of 1812, with a parliament at Palermo. On the twenty-eighth of January the King issued a decree to the subjects of the entire realm promising a constitution. Hostilities meanwhile continued in Sicily, which now began to insist upon a separate administration. Messina joined in the insurrection. A serious dispute ensued, in which neither party would give way. On the morning of the fifteenth barricades were erected in the streets, and the royal palace was garrisoned by troops; artillerymen stood to their guns with lighted matches. The King thereupon declared that he acceded to the wishes of the deputies, and called upon the National Guards to withdraw from the barricades and remove them. The latter replied that they would do so as soon as the royal decree was signed and issued, and not before. As invariably happens at such crises, "a musket of a National Guard went off by accident." The other guards thought that the Swiss troops were attacking them, and fired a volley. A bloody fight now ensued, which lasted for eight hours. The *lazzaroni* were let loose on the side of the King, and poignarded and plundered in all directions. At length Admiral Baudin, who was in the harbor, notified to the government that if it were not ended he would land a force to restore order. The troops now ceased firing, the King was once more absolute, and the chamber was dissolved. Naples was subdued, but Sicily remained. On August twentieth a body of 15,000 soldiers sailed to Messina, and joined the royal troops in garrison. On the twentieth of September an attack was made on the part of the garrison, the fleet in the harbor, and a force which had landed on the shore. After a bombardment of four days, during which the people fought with heroic courage, the city was taken—a heap of ruins. On the twenty-eighth of March hostilities against the Sicilians were again resumed, but Catania was taken by General Filangieri, after a bombardment which

laid a great part of the city in ruins; Syracuse surrendered without resistance; and on the twenty-second of April Palermo opened its gates to the King's forces.

Since that time the kingdom has been entirely in Ferdinand's power. The first revelations concerning prisons were made by Mr. Gladstone, and since then successive applications have been made to the King by the English and French Governments, in the hope of inducing him to moderate his conduct. These proving useless, diplomatic relations with his government were entirely suspended, and have remained so up to the present time.

**DEATH OF HUMBOLDT.**—Alexander von Humboldt, who to English readers is best known by his latest work, *Kosmos*, is dead. He was born at Berlin on the 14th of September, 1769. He was an undergraduate at Göttingen, which University he left for Frankfort-on-the-Oder. Geography and geology were his chief studies. His intelligence and zeal were not overlooked by the Government, and in 1795 he was sent to study the nature of the volcanic eruptions of Vesuvius; but his mind took a wider range, and he aspired to investigate regions unknown. Africa was his object, and he went to Marseilles and joined Bonpland, who was on the point of starting on a similar mission, with the intention of accompanying him. This plan failed, but, through the interest of Baron Forell, the Saxon Ambassador, Humboldt obtained permission and authority to make a scientific tour of Spanish America. During eighteen months Humboldt examined, geologically and geographically, every part of Venezuela, the Orinoco, and the Rio Negro. He afterwards visited Bogota, the Cordilleras, and Quito. At this latter place Humboldt, at great personal risk, investigated the volcanic mountains. He spent some time at Lima, and in August, 1804, landed at Havre, rich in experience, and with an invaluable collection of specimens of geological and botanical interest. He then fixed his residence at Paris, taking an occasional trip to London; but Prussia could not spare so valuable a man, and the King requested Humboldt to return. The King made him a Privy Councillor, and offered him various diplomatic missions; but mountains, not men, were Humboldt's object. He wished to explore the Andes and Himalayas, to make a comparison of their respective dimensions. The plan failed. He, however, succeeded in another, started for Siberia, and then visited the chief cities of Russia. There is not one branch of science to which Humboldt has not contributed, and his powers seemed to increase with his labors. The friend of Kings, he was a Liberal, and he took a large view of the world in a political sense, while investigating with the utmost minuteness the conformation of some unknown substance. In sheer intellectual capacity Humboldt has, perhaps, not left his equal. A letter, dated Berlin, Tuesday, says: "The solemn funeral procession of Alexander von Humboldt is now on its way to the Cathedral. All that represents science, art, and intelligence in Berlin joins in the procession. Three

chamberlains, in gold costume, bearing the orders of the illustrious deceased, precede the funeral-car, which is drawn by six horses from the royal stables. Upon the car is a simple, uncovered coffin of oak, adorned with flowers and laurel. On either side of the car are students, bearing green palm branches. A line of carriages of immense length closes the procession. The Prince Regent and all the Princes and Princesses are assembled in the Cathedral, awaiting the arrival of the great philosopher's mortal remains. A mournful aspect overspreads the whole town."

THE REGENCY IN FRANCE.—The *Moniteur* publishes the following Imperial decree:

"Napoleon, by the grace of God and the national will, Emperor of the French, to all present and future greeting:

"Wishing to give to our beloved wife, the Empress, the marks of high confidence we place in her;

"And considering that it is our intention to assume the command of the Army of Italy, we have resolved to confer, as we confer by these presents, upon our well-loved wife, the Empress, the title of Regent, to exercise the functions of the same during our absence, in conformity with our instructions and our orders, such as we shall have made known in the General Order of the service which we shall establish, and which shall be inscribed in the Great Book of the State.

"Let it be understood that cognizance shall be given to our uncle, Prince Jerome, to the Presidents of the great bodies of the State, to the members of our Privy Council, and to the Ministers, of such orders and instructions; and that in no case can the Empress deviate from their tenor in the exercise of the functions of Regent.

"It is our wish that the Empress should preside, in our name, at the Privy Council and at the Council of Ministers. However, it is not our intention that the Empress Regent should authorize by her signature the promulgation of any *senatus-consultum*, or any law of the State other than those which are actually pending before the Senate, the Legislative Body, and the Council of State, referring ourselves in this respect to the orders and instructions above mentioned.

"We charge our Minister of State to give communication of the present letters patent to the Senate, which will have them registered, and to our Keeper of the Seals, Minister of Justice, who will have them published in the *Bulletin des Lois*.

"Given at the Palace of the Tuileries, this third of May, 1859."

The *Moniteur* also publishes the following:

"Napoleon, by the grace of God and the national will Emperor of the French, to all who may see these presents greeting:

"On the point of starting to take command of the Army of Italy, we have, by our letters patent of this day, confided the Regency to our well-beloved wife the Empress, and we have regulated for the time of our absence the order of service by an act placed in the State archives, and made known to our uncle, Prince Jerome Napoleon, to the members of the Privy Council, to the Presidents of the Senate, of the Legislative Body, and of the Council of State.

"Desirous of giving to our uncle, Prince Jerome, marks of the high confidence we place in him, and, by the aid of his intelligence, experience, and devotion to our person to facilitate the task of our well-beloved wife, we have decided and do decide that

the Empress Regent shall take, on the resolutions and decrees which may be submitted to her, the counsel of the Prince our uncle. We have, moreover, conferred upon him, as we confer upon him by these presents, the right of presiding, in the absence of the Empress Regent, at the Privy Council and at the Council of Ministers.

"Given at the Palace of the Tuileries, this third of May, 1859."

DEATH OF DR. LARDNER.—Dr. Lardner died on Thursday evening at Paris, at the age of 66. Few if any, scientific men have done more than he towards extending scientific knowledge among the people, and none were more eminently qualified for the work. The son of a Dublin solicitor, Dr. Dionysius Lardner, after receiving such education as was to be had in Irish schools at the beginning of the present century, was placed in his father's office. Evincing, however, a distaste for law, he was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, and rapidly gained an extraordinary number of prizes in pure mathematics, as well as in natural philosophy, astronomy, and other branches of study. In 1817 he obtained a B.A. degree, and for ten years he remained at the university, publishing at first various treatises on mathematics, including the differential and integral calculus, and subsequently on the steam-engine. For this he obtained a gold medal from the Royal Dublin Society; and he began to contribute to the *Edinburgh Encyclopedia* and the *Encyclopedia Metropolitana*. In 1827, on the establishment of the London University, Dr. Lardner accepted the chair of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy, and set on foot the scheme for the *Cabinet Encyclopedia*, in which most of the scientific articles are due to Dr. Lardner himself. In 1840 he went to the United States, and delivered with much success a series of lectures, which have since been published. After devoting much time to *Railway Economy*, and writing a good deal on this and other subjects, Dr. Lardner started his last important work, the *Museum of Science and Art*. Dr. Lardner has left one son, a commissary-general of the British army, and two daughters, the issue of two marriages.

FOUR WORKS BY DESCARTES, FOUND.—It had long been a matter of regret to scientific men that four manuscripts, known to have been written by Descartes, and bearing the following titles, *Considerations on Science in General*, *Something on Algebra*, *Experimenta*, and *Olympica*, had disappeared, leaving no trace of their existence. Count Foucher de Careil has now discovered copies of them in an old press, which had not been opened for years, in the library of Hanover.

THE Chevalier Guidi has just discovered at the excavations which are being made at Ostia, in the Papal States, a statue of Venus of the size of life, in an attitude similar to that of the Venus de Medici. The newly-discovered statue is in a better state of preservation than the other, and some artists even assert that it is more beautiful.

THE source of the Ticino, about which we now read so much, is in Switzerland, near Mount St. Gothard. The river is about one hundred and twelve miles in length, but it is navigable for only seventy miles. It was on the borders of the Ticino that Hannibal, descending from the Alps, defeated Publius Cornelius Scipio.

**THE HORRORS OF WAR.**—A correspondent of the *Times* sends the following extract from that journal of May 21, 1813: "*Gazette*, St. Petersburg, April 20, 1813. In conformity to the directions issued by Government for the complete destruction of the dead bodies of men and horses, belonging to the enemy, which fell in battle or perished from the cold, and had not been committed to the earth, the following reports have been transmitted by the Governors of different provinces: 'In the government of Minsk, up to the end of January, 18,797 dead bodies of men and 2746 of horses, had been burnt; and there still remained to be burnt—of the former 30,106, and of the latter 27,316, the greater part of which were found on the banks of the Berezina. In the government of Moscow, up to the fifteenth of February, 49,754 dead bodies of men, and 27,894 of horses, had been burnt, besides a number of others that were buried. In the government of Smolensk, up to the second of March, 71,735 dead bodies of men, and 51,430 of horses, had been committed to the flames. In the government of Wilna, up to the fifth of March, 72,202 dead bodies of men, and 9407 of horses, had been put under ground. In the government of Kaluga, up to the eleventh of March, 1017 human corpses, and 4384 dead horses, had been burnt. The sum of the whole was 213,516 human corpses, and 95,816 dead horses.'"

**EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY.**—**PHOTOGRAPHING SOUND.**—In another part of our columns will be found the details of a very singular discovery of M. L. Scott, by means of which sounds may be made to record themselves, whether these sounds are those of musical instruments, or emitted by the voice in singing or speaking. Professor Wheatstone, during his recent visit to Paris, was invited by the Abbé Moigno to inspect the papers on which these sounds had printed themselves, and is said to have been greatly surprised and pleased with what he saw. The mark produced on the paper by a particular note is invariably the same; so, also, if a person speaks, the tone of voice in which he speaks is faithfully recorded. As yet no practical advantage has been obtained by this discovery; but Mr. Scott is sanguine that in course of time, he will so far improve his apparatus that it will be capable of printing a speech which may be written off verbatim, to the great saving of labor to Parliamentary reporters.—*The Photographic News*.

**AN ENGLISH LADY AND AUSTRIAN FORAGER.**—An English lady, resident on the Lago Maggiore, received a visit of a detachment of Austrians. She hoisted the British flag over her house, and courageously warned them not to enter. They sulkily obeyed, but, in pure wantonness, and notwithstanding that money was offered them to desist, they cut down a much-cherished plantation of fine orange trees, the prime ornament of the grounds. They wanted wood, they said. Wood was offered them in abundance, of a kind better suited to their purposes; but the Vandals persisted, and our countrywoman sits among faded orange blossoms and mourns the pride of her garden.—*Turin Correspondent of the Times*.

The Emperor Napoleon, as at the time of the Crimean war, has in his cabinet a telegraphic service by which he can communicate directly with his generals at the seat of war. He is also accompanied by a small and select printing-office.

**THE ITALIAN STRUGGLE.**—It is now clear from this desperate struggle that the Italian campaign will be one of the deadliest in history. We see it stated that the Austrians have 240,000 men at present in that country, and by the middle of next month the number will be increased to 325,000, with 75,000 horses, and 900 guns. "There are people," says the Vienna correspondent of the *Times*, who supplies this information, "that talk of the war being ended in one campaign; but Napoleon has an enemy to deal with whom he will not either to be able to overcome at all, or only after a long and desperate struggle." The German *Quarterly Review*, quoted by the same authority, gives France credit for 660,000 men and 1200 pieces of field-artillery. Austria, on the other hand, it is asserted, can raise between 750,000 to 800,000 men and 1344 guns. Is it not probable that the absence of that great sinew of war—hard cash—may bring this terrible contest to a speedier close than the belligerents at present imagine? The French peasant will grow sick of lending to his Government when disasters come, and the capitalists of London may yet dictate the terms of peace. As for Austria, her bankruptcy is hopeless and undisguised.

**ENORMOUS FRESH-WATER EEL.**—On Saturday, the fourteenth instant, two apprentice lads while passing the small canal which supplies Pulteney-town distillery with water from Hemprigg's Loch, Caithness-shire, discovered a large eel in the bed of the canal, to which they gave chase, and succeeded in capturing it. It measured six feet four inches in length and eighteen inches in circumference. It was of a dark color, and was furnished with very strong teeth, so much so that upon an old boot being put into its mouth it fastened its teeth so firmly in the leather that its whole weight was suspended by the boot for a considerable time. Unfortunately it was not weighed, but from a moderate calculation it could not be much short of fifty pounds weight, being fully one-half larger than any fresh-water eel which was ever heard of in this country.—*Glasgow Mail*.

**THE CHOLERA IN JAPAN.**—The cholera has been raging in the northern part of Japan to a frightful extent. At Jeddo alone the deaths are reported at 150,000 in one month. Allisima and Odowara had also suffered greatly. The outbreak of this dreadful scourge so soon after the time the foreign embassies had settled at Jeddo had led the people to attribute to them its introduction into their country, and superstition points to the coincidence as a punishment for opening Japan to foreigners.

A **TURIN** letter of May fifth states positively that, in consequence of the spoliation of his towns and villages by the Austrian troops, King Victor Emmanuel has written an autograph letter to the Emperor of Austria, asking him whether he means to make war as a general or as a brigand chief. Another story has it that Marshal Canrobert wrote this letter.

AN extraordinary general meeting of the Atlantic Telegraph Company is called, to approve the heads of a provisional arrangement made with Government. Authority will be asked for the creation of new capital to the extent of £600,000 in preference shares of £5 each.

The Empress Eugénie has addressed a letter of condolence to Madame Beuret, widow of General Beuret, killed at Montebello.

A FRENCH ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF MONTEBELLO.—I passed about five hours yesterday in the twice celebrated village, which now serves as headquarters of Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers. I met with a foot chasseur, who very kindly pointed out to me the roads, the little hillocks, and the different houses where the principal episodes of the struggle took place. On seeing the ground, it would be difficult not to comprehend the great efforts which it must have required on the part of General Forey's division to resist the attack of the Austrian army. The latter occupied all the elevated points; their batteries swept the plain and commanded the roads, and it was by those roads and by the plain that the French troops came up. Each elevated position required, as it were, a particular attack. The soldiers of Count de Stadion and General Braum fired from an elevation and without any irregularity, and most of their shots must have told. The French, however, by their vigor, made up for inferiority of number and of position. On a little slope, (which might be compared to the first step of a staircase,) leading to the town, the Austrian artillery took up a fine position. But they were in the end obliged to retire, being pressed so closely in by the French battalions, and when the struggle had drawn to a close the slope was covered with dead bodies. Led by my guide, I crossed corn-fields and vineyards, where the enemy had made a short resistance, and nearly at every step I was obliged to make a circuit in order not to trample on a newly-covered trench filled with bodies. The ground is covered with remnants of cartridges, and here and there were shreds of clothing of the French and Austrian soldiers, torn from them by the stakes of the vines or by the saber and bayonet. It is really astonishing how the Austrians could have abandoned a position like Montebello. Such a step can scarcely be comprehended. Every thing was in their favor; they had forces certainly three times superior to the French; they held the ground with artillery, firmly established, and with cavalry strongly posted and well placed for acting. After having gone over the ground near the village, I entered several of the houses which had been sacked by the Austrians. In one of them a wounded Austrian soldier had been discovered only two days before. A ball had passed through his thigh, and the unfortunate man had had the resolution to remain concealed for four days behind a large wine-cask, without food, and suffering severely from his wound. He was half-dead from pain and fear, and yet dared not show himself. The night after the battle he had strength enough to dress his wound by covering it with a colored handkerchief, but the dye of it had brought on violent inflammation. He is now in the hospital at Voghera. The fortitude shown by the wounded Austrian during four days of privation and suffering, has its source in the exaggerated fear which had been excited in his mind with regard to the French soldiers. The Austrian Generals have represented them to be so many savages, and stated that they put all their prisoners to death. Turning to a point of etymology, it is said that Montebello derives its name from the Romans having called it *Mons belli*, because its position in the middle of a valley, which leads towards Central Italy, always made it a field of battle. The adjacent village of Casteggio appears to have derived its name from the Romans having established there a defensive camp, (*castrum*.) The supplying the French soldiers with provisions at Casteggio and Montebello is difficult, as they have to rely solely

on their own resources. The country has been completely devastated, and both the inhabitants and the cattle are deprived of food. The organization of the army is, however, such that the supply of provisions goes on with perfect regularity.

THE FRENCH SIEGE FLEET.—The siege fleet is fitting out with hot haste at Toulon. Independently of screw liners and frigates, it is to consist of ten screw gun-boats, drawing very little water, and intended to operate in the shallows of the Adriatic. Each is to be armed with a heavy gun, working on a pivot, on the fore part of the deck, and behind a semi-circular shield of rolled iron plates, stout enough to resist the heaviest shots, and so to protect the men working the gun. The vessels themselves are said to be constructed of iron plates, possessing the same force of resistance, so that they are, in fact, shot-proof floating steam-batteries. It is difficult to ascertain the exact caliber of the pivot-guns, but they are believed to be 50-pounders, similar to what have been of late years introduced into the French navy. It was also said, with what truth I know not, that they are rifled; if so, they will be very formidable instruments of war, rendering the land batteries and forts of Venice and the coast open to attack with comparative impunity; for it will be almost impossible to hit them from the shore, as they will fight the gun stem on, and present a small surface, which will be kept constantly in motion. It appears pretty certain that both the French army and navy are provided with rifled guns of much larger caliber than the four-pounders mentioned in my letter of yesterday week. Five of the gunboats are made so as to admit of their being taken to pieces and conveyed overland, with a view, it is asserted, of their being ultimately employed on the Lac de Garda, which forms a portion of the Austrians' great line of defense, extending from the famous rectangle of Mantua and Verona to the Tyrol. Should the French be able to launch the gun-boats on the lake they would doubtless do good service, but to get them there will be the great difficulty, for they will have to pass through the whole of the Austrian army, which occupies the country between the lake and the shores of the Adriatic.

The equipment of the fleet is proceeding with such rapidity, that merchant-vessels are left without crews, except the superior officers, or so short-handed as to be unable to put to sea. The captains are entering seamen of all nations, and in some cases Englishmen.

THERE is at this moment, at the Great Britain Hotel, in Turin, a very rich Milanese countess, whose two sons are volunteers. The elder is twenty-two and the younger nineteen. The mother of these two young soldiers has taken up her residence in Turin that she may be near her children; she can not see them, for they are fighting at the front posts, but she receives news from them every day, and will not return to Lombardy until the Franco-Sardinian army shall have itself entered at the point of the bayonet.

ADVICES from Marseilles state that the steamers arriving at that port from Italy are crowded with passengers. The English are leaving Tuscany, the Roman States, and Naples.

THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET.—The Gibraltar Chronicle says the Mediterranean fleet is to be augmented to thirty-five screw-ships of the line.







TRIAL OF QUEEN KATHARINE.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. H. B. HARRIS

